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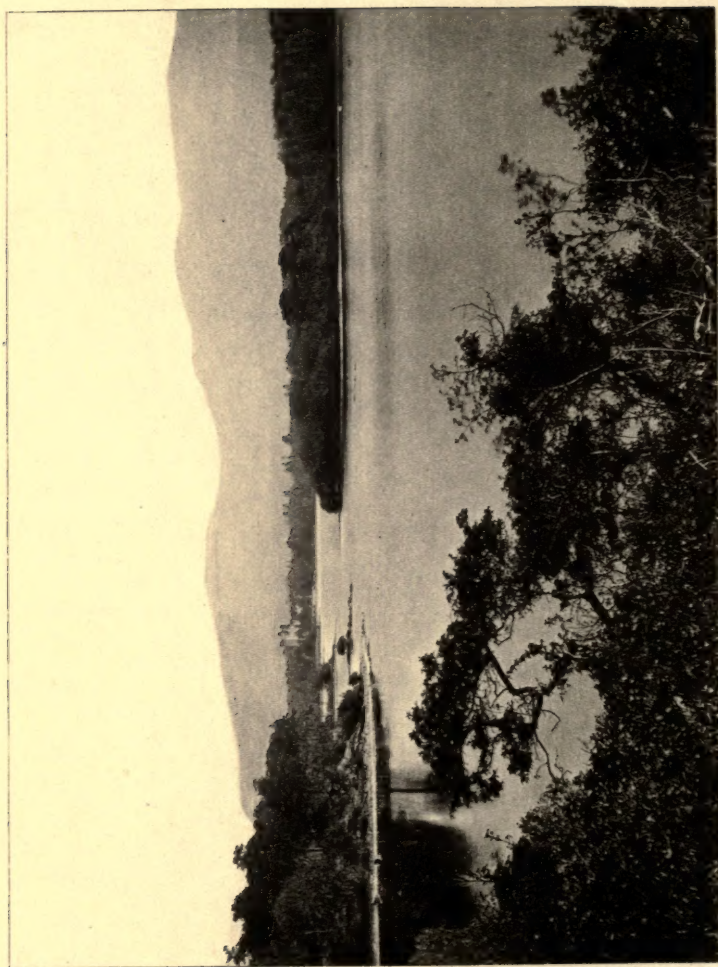
Irene Owen Andrews

February 1- 1915.

IRELAND
ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER
AND HISTORY

VOLUME TWO





IRELAND

165

SCENERY CHARACTER

AND

HISTORY

BY MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL

*In Six Volumes
Vol II*

*Illustrated From
paintings by F. S. Walker
and photographs*



*Francis A. Nicolls
& Company*

Boston 1911

Ross Castle, Killarney

Reproduced from an Original Photograph



Ross Castle, Killarney
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

KERRY

THE entrance to the county of Kerry ("the kingdom of Kerry," as it was anciently called), from that of Cork, is through a tunnel, of about two hundred yards in length; a very short distance from which there are two others of much more limited extent. They have been cut through rocks—peaks to the mountain we have described as overlooking Glengariff.¹ As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him—very opposite in character to that which he leaves immediately behind; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and watered "glen," he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the brinks of which he is riding, and gazes with a shudder down into the far off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles; scattered through the vale and among the hill slopes, are many cottages, white always and generally slated; while to several of them are attached the picturesque lime-kilns; so numerous in all parts of the coun-

try. The road, of which there is a view almost the whole way to the Kenmare River, is a gradual descent, and has been so admirably constructed and is kept so carefully in repair, that it is smooth and finished enough to be the entry to a demesne; and is classed, by universal consent, among the best roads of the kingdom. The whole district, we believe, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne; and a better ordered estate, or a more flourishing tenantry are not to be found in any mountain district of Ireland. Such was not always the case, at one period it was proverbial for the poverty of the land and the wretchedness of its inhabitants. The misery of the soil has been illustrated by a saying that "a Kerry cow never looks up at a passing stranger, *for fear it would lose the bite:*" and it was asserted that, at stated seasons, his lordship's agents stationed themselves at the old entrance into the county, to meet the beggars as they were returning homewards from Cork to Kerry, and received the rents of their cabins by taking from them the halfpence they had collected.² We had heard of its old character, but not of the change that had taken place in the district; and were as much surprised as gratified to meet everywhere evidences of improvement, that could only have been the result of a sincere desire and zealous determination, on the part of the landlord, to promote the welfare of the tenant by encouraging his industry and securing to him a certain and enduring reward for his capital, of labour, expended upon the soil. The consequence has been most

beneficial to both; the one has materially enhanced the value of his property, and the other has obtained comforts which have already essentially advanced him in the scale of humanity. We refer to the large tract of country which intervenes between the border of the county and the town of Kenmare—a distance of about thirteen miles; but the town, also, is undergoing a proportionate improvement; its natural advantages are, at least, equal to those of any town in the kingdom; the river being navigable from the Atlantic to the quays, and a suspension bridge recently erected over it by the joint subscriptions of the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Board of Works, at an expense of five thousand pounds, is not only an object of great beauty, but saves a distance of three or four miles to the traveller from Glengariff and the large tract of country south, and nearly double that distance to the dwellers in Castletown and its populous vicinity.³

We had scarcely passed the tunnel, and entered the county of Kerry, when we encountered a group that interested us greatly; on enquiry we learned that a wedding had taken place at a cottage pointed out to us, in a little glen among the mountains, and that the husband was bringing home his bride. She was mounted on a white pony, guided by as smart looking and well dressed a youth as we had seen in the country; his face was absolutely radiant with joy; the parents of the bride and bridegroom followed; and a little girl clung to the dress of a staid and sober matron—whom we at once knew to be the mother

of the bride, for her aspect was pensive, almost to sorrow; her daughter was quitting for another home the cottage in which she had been reared—to become a wife.

We may take advantage of the occasion to describe the ceremonies and formalities connected with an Irish wedding; presuming, however, that a very essential part of them—the drinking to intoxication “for the honour of the bride,”—has been, of late, essentially abridged.

When the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from his parish-priest that he is free to contract marriage *cum quâvis similiter solutâ* (it is always written in Latin), with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments; to this a fee is always attached, we believe five shillings. He must also procure from the bishop or vicar-general, a license to marry, to which, also, a fee is attached, of seven shillings and sixpence. This being done, he repairs with his bride to the house of *her* parish priest, accompanied by his and her friends, as many as they can muster, and before he is married pays down to the priest the marriage fee according to his circumstances. The friends of both parties are also called upon to pay down something, and between their reluctance to meet the demand and the priest's refusal to marry them till he is satisfied, a scene, sometimes humorous and sometimes discreditable, often arises. If the bride's father or brother be a “strong” farmer, who can afford to furnish a good dinner, the marriage takes place at the

bride's house, the bridegroom bringing with him as many of his friends as choose to accompany him. The same process as to *money* takes place here, and it is not uncommon for the collection to amount to twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty or fifty pounds, where the parties are comfortable and have a long line of followers.⁴ The ceremony is in Latin what, or nearly what the church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it, by saying "give your wife the kiss of peace." A struggle often ensues for this bride's kiss, (the first kiss?) between some young wag of the party and the bridegroom; the latter generally surrendering it good-humouredly. The priests, in some instances, discountenance, and in others, overlook, the practice. We have seen a priest give a severe slap on the face to a young fellow who attempted to snatch the kiss.

The time most in favour for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, "squireens," farmers, down to the common labourer,—wives, of course, included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family; and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials, and the neigh-

bouring gentry allow their cooks, &c. to assist, and lend dinner services, &c.; it is always "got up" in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the barn—in which the dinner generally takes place.

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round, as at any ordinary dinner-party. In the course of an hour or so, part of the range of tables is removed, and the musicians (consisting, usually, of a piper and a fiddler), who, during the dinner, had been playing some of the more slow and plaintive of the national airs, now *strike up*, and the dance immediately commences. First single parties dance reels, jigs, and doubles.⁵ Country-dances now succeed, in which, as in the single dances, priest and laic, old and young, rich and poor, the master and his maid, the landlord and his tenant's daughter, as well as the landlord's daughter and his tenant's son—all join to-

gether without distinction. Yet it is pleasing to observe how the poor peasants return, on such occasions, the condescension of their superiors with additional respect. During the intervals of the dance, drinking is, or rather was, resumed; and though on these occasions it was often carried to excess, we never knew, nor never met any one who knew, of anything like a quarrel taking place at a country wedding. Indeed, we have seen people who, as the saying goes, were "wicked in their licker," get intoxicated at these joyous festivals without manifesting ill-temper—on the contrary, they have been remarkably entertaining, as if the general harmony had expelled the demon of discord. Songs are also sung both in English and Irish.

The Irish words of one of them were given to us by a friend, accompanied by a literal translation; we have endeavoured to return them to verse; they are sung to the well-known air "Shule Aroon."

Oh, have you seen my Norah Fay?
She's left me all the sad long day,
Alone to sing a weary lay;

Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun;
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lume,
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.^a

You'll know her by her raven hair,
Her deep blue eye, her forehead fair,
Her step and laugh that banish care;
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

In form you may her semblance find,
 But none like her, of womankind,
 If you can see her heart and mind;
 As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

Oh, bring to me my Norah Fay,
 For hours are days when she's away;
 The sun looks dark, and sweet birds say,
 Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun,
 Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
 Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,
 Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lume,
 As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

In the course of the night a collection is made for "the music," and another for the poor. The dancing generally continues till morning, when the first intimation of breaking up is the dancing of the figure called "Sir Roger de Coverley." As soon as that dance is over, all the more timid part of the female guests slip out of the barn to avoid the *finale*, which is as follows:—the music striking up the quadrille air called "Voulez-vous danser," a "gentleman" goes round with a handkerchief, which he throws round the neck of any "lady" he chooses, falls on his knees, gently pulls her down and kisses her; then giving her the handkerchief, continues a kind of trot round the barn; the lady does the same with any gentleman she likes, and giving him the handkerchief, catches the first gentleman by the skirts of the coat and trots after him around the barn. This is done alternately by all present, until all the young men and women are trotting round catching hold of each

other as in the play of "Chickens come cluck." They then form a ring around the last person who has the handkerchief, who selects a lady or gentleman, as the case may be, and after another salutation leads his or her partner to a seat. This is done until the whole circle is broken up; and thus terminates a country wedding.⁷

Our readers will bear in mind, however, that we are describing a picture as exhibited in the cottage of a small farmer, where there is comparative abundance; and on such occasions the national hospitality is never bounded even by prudence. Far less merry, and infinitely less plentiful of good cheer, is the scene enacted within one of the common cabins of the hard-handed labourer, where, not unfrequently, the marriage feast is little more than a dish of potatoes, and a jug of sweet milk.

Yet, amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how closely heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates disunion, and never separation. The fidelity of the poor Irish wife is proverbial; she will endure labour, hunger, and even ill usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow; we have known cases in abundance.

"He beat me," said a pretty weeping girl, not nineteen, who had married from the service of an old friend,— "He beat me, ma'am, long ago; but I never thought more of it since; and

yet that didn't hurt me half so much as he's saying that maybe little Ned wasn't his; that's breaking the heart in me intirely, though I know he didn't mane it, and that it was the temper that spoke in him—the weary on it for temper!—I've known nothing but hardship since I married him; but I didn't complain of *that*; *we both expected nothing else*; and I don't mind a hasty stroke, for it's hard on him to see us wanting a potato, and he wet and weary—an *ould man* before his time with the slavery—and though I put little Neddy to bed early to *sleep off the hunger*, yet often it's too teasing on the poor child, and wakes him in spite of me, and I know the little hungry face of the darlint aggravates his father. I know all that; but *he* ought to know that I'd follow him faithful through the gates of death, if *that* would save him an hour's pain; he ought to know it—and he does know it—I'm sure he does; and he kissed me this morning on his *fasting breath*, leaving the handful of potatoes for me, and saying the masther, where he gives his strength for eightpence a day, ordered him a breakfast, which I'm sure ain't the truth. The love's in his heart as strong as ever; but the misery, ma'am, often hardens the man, while it softens the woman; he didn't mane it, and he knows it's not true, but it's hard to listen to such a word as that. He was my first love, and he'll be my last. None of us can tell what's before us, but I'd go all my trouble over again if it would do him any sarvice!”

It is also worthy of remark that *second mar-*

riages are very rare among the peasantry, and, we may perhaps add, *comparatively*, among the higher classes. This affords a strong proof of the depth of their attachment, for it is very improbable that *prudence* can restrain in the second instance those who take so little of her counsel in the first. They do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology:—"It's a father I was forced to put over HIS children, because I had no way for them, God help me! and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder yer prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in rason, or *out* of rason either;' an' troth he has kep his word wonderful." And the neighbours of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—"Well, to be sure! we must consider he had a whole houseful of *soft* children, and no one to turn round on the flure or do a hand's turn for them; so it's small blame to him after all." Or they condemn—"Yarra huish! to see an old *struckawn* like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown up daughters in his house. To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him, and put up with him, and slaved for him and his children, is powdering into dust—passing the grave where the grass isn't yet long, with a slip of a girleen in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the ready hand. Oh, bedad! she'll punish him I'll

engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first.⁸

It is not a little strange that a people so indifferent to consequences as the Irish certainly are, should, when they have anything to bestow in the way of a marriage portion on their children, frequently drive the hardest and most heartless bargains. If two young people form an attachment for each other, and have hardly enough between them to pay the priest his dues, the only parental observation is, "Well, sure!—We did the same thing ourselves."—"They can't be worse off than they are;"—"It's asy to halve the potato where there's love."—"It's an *ould* saying, marriages are made in heaven;" and so on. But if a farmer can bestow a cow with his daughter, he will insist on a horse, or an equivalent in pigs, 'slips,' or full-grown. We have known a match broken off, without the question ever being asked whether the young people's affections were engaged or not, only because the girl's father would not bestow a feather-bed on the young couple as a set-off against the "two-year-old" heifer which the boy's parent proposed to give. "See now, I wouldn't be putting betwixt them," said old Dennis; "but sorra a taste of your whisky shall pass my lips, barrin' ye' consint to put the bed agin the heifer; and only I have a grate regard for you and yours, Mr. Barney, Sir, it isn't only *that* I'd be asking. Johnny's a nate boy—not that I've a word to say against Nancy

—but he's the sort of boy to have the pick of the fair." "I'm not denying it, Misther Dennis, he's a clever likely boy, though a little inclined to be foxy; but as to the bed, it's clane out of the question. I don't say but if we're lucky with the ould pig that I won't halve the *bon-neens*⁹ with them. Mary's a fine sonsy girl, with eyes to see, and a tongue in her head that would win the birds off the bushes." "She's been a good while batin' the bush then," rejoins Dennis, who is a regular '*hard* man,' and in no hurry to marry his son. "Mary's purty hardy,¹⁰ but that's neither here nor there; I've nothing to say agin the dacent girl, only in regard of the two-year-ould beautiful heifer, it's small price I set upon her to be evenin' her to a bit of a feather bed!"—"Well, some people's unconscionable, but there's no harrum done;" &c. &c. And thus one cunning old fellow endeavours to outwit the other, without, as we have said, either consulting the affections of his child.

Instances of disobedience are rare amongst the peasantry; the love of the child towards the parent is almost invariably devoted, and a more bitter reproach cannot be cast upon a child than "She turned her back upon the mother that bore her." "She forgot the love of her father."¹¹ We remember in our childhood an old beggar-woman, who travelled from county to county with her mother on her back, and a little grand-child running by her side; the *very* old woman had lost the use of her limbs, and her face was furrowed by wrinkles; *one* of the links had been

broken by an early death—the young child's mother died when she was only sixteen: it was a singular group, strongly evincing the power and durability of Irish affection.

We would not advocate disobedience in children towards their parents, but we grieve when parental authority is too harshly exercised. We ourselves knew an instance where a young girl, loved and admired by all who knew her, fell a victim to that species of domestic tyranny we desire to condemn; and the folly, or wickedness, of which we cannot better illustrate than by relating her story.

Jack Casey was a prosperous and wealthy farmer, but his neighbours called him 'hard and honest,' and certainly, whatever were his claims to the latter distinction, there could be no doubt as to his meriting the former. He had two daughters, Anty and Honor; the eldest, a cheerful, sunny-hearted girl, the youngest, a gentle, beautiful creature four years younger. Anty had mirth and mischief enough in her composition to enliven half-a-dozen farms; she was the very consolation of her mother, who by some unexplained obtuseness of female intellect had never been able to discover her husband's weak points so as to turn them to domestic advantage; though married to him for twenty years, the poor woman had only become thoroughly acquainted with his obstinate ones, which she unfortunately strengthened by opposition. Anty, though afraid of her father, was the bird of his bosom—the peace-maker—the joy-giver—the harmony of the

house, taking off the rough edges of unkindness by her sweet words and kindly manners, and being withal the gayest at the rustic dance, as well as the most devout at the parish chapel; her nature was warm and enthusiastic, and her mother, doubtless remembering her own young days, importuned the Virgin with many a prayer to 'overlook' her beloved Anastatia, and keep her from trouble. The poor woman for a long time believed her prayers were answered; but it so happened that a young farmer of a neighbouring parish was so captivated by Anty, that he took every opportunity of meeting her whenever her father was absent, well knowing that a sort of faction-feud which had existed for many years between the Coyne of Ballyduff, and the Caseys of Ballyran, of which each was a member, added to the impossibility of his telling down guinea for guinea with 'hard Jack Casey,' would effectually prevent the old man's favouring his suit; he trusted, however, to time—and chance—and his 'luck'—the old man's love for his daughter—to all and everything in fact which lovers trust to, without looking closely into the future. To HOPE he trusted, believing it would do all for them both. Anty did not care whether her lover was a Casey or a Coyne; she loved him with all the enthusiasm of a young warm heart, and without inquiring of herself *why* she did so. From her mother, hitherto, she had never had a secret, but she had cherished a dangerous habit of evasion and concealment with her father, a habit which extreme sternness invariably originates, and the

only person in her perfect confidence was her little sister Honor. Still, the knowledge that she was carrying on a clandestine courtship damped her spirits; instead of her voice echoing through the house in merry laughter, her very footsteps descended upon the floor as though she would not have them heard. If this absence and care of manner was at all noticed, she would atone for it by a burst of merriment too boisterous to be natural even in an Irish woman, or break into some of those wild snatches of song so characteristic of a people whose feelings are easily excited.

One clear moonlight night, Anty had met her lover at the old Tryst—a tree near to a Holy Well, under the shadow of which they had spent many hours together, talking over the various ‘nothings’ which time out of mind have made up the sum of lovers’ ‘somethings.’

“My heart misgives me, John,” she said; “not so much on account of my father, for sure it wouldn’t be possible to do anything with him—but my mother, John dear—my kind gentle mother, that I never told a lie to about any but you—that’s what’s grievin’ me and making my heart heavy; and I’m thinking, John, no blessing will be over us this way; and the last time I was with the priest, he told me as much; and that’s another thing, it has kept me from *my duty*¹² lately; and John *agra*, maybe it would be better we unsaid the words that——”

Her lover would not permit her to finish the sentence. “Unsaid the words!” he repeated;

"do you mean, Anty Casey, that we should unsay the promise we made kneeling by that blessed well, to each other, in the sight of God, with his stars looking down upon us; haven't we the same hearts in our breasts, the same feelings towards each other? the Coynes and the Caseys are not farther off than they were. At the very last fair-day, though hurling Casey dragged his coat through the fair green, daring a Coyne to touch it, did I lift a finger to him? and for whose sake did I stand back, with the eyes of all my people on me, but for yours? And this is my thanks? Oh, Anty, I never thought it would come to this!" and he dashed himself passionately on the ground; while poor Anty, terrified at his vehemence, stood by trembling, not knowing how to appease his anger.

"John, dear, sure I hope for the best," she said at last while kneeling by his side, "it was for the best, I spoke, only to unsay the words, until such time as I could tell my mother the truth, and maybe bring my father to rason; he's bitther intirely lately on account of Jim Coyne of the mill's boast, that you heard of, and that stirred up all the bad blood of the family. And my mother, that seldom takes part in anything, joined my father last night against every Coyne that ever broke the world's bread."

"And you agreed with her," again interrupted the impetuous young man, springing up, "you know you did, Anty, or you would not be for unsaying the words; it's all because hardship has weighed heavy on the Coynes, while the Caseys

have got up in the world; but I care no more than you."

"But I *do* care, John; God, he sees my heart, for it's light to him; and he knows I would rather beg my bread with you through Ireland's ground this minute, than live in a palace with any other—and that's more," she added, turning away her face, upon which the moon shone brightly, as if ashamed of the confession—"that's more almost than I ever dare own to myself before." Her lover pressed her to his bosom, and instead of 'unsaying the words,' they repeated their vows of mutual affection! kneeling before the cross which some pilgrim had carved ages ago upon the south side of the well; and was regarded with extreme veneration by the peasants—who mingle religion with the business of their lives;—some call it superstition, and so it is, to a certain extent, but still it proceeds from a 'looking upwards' at all times and under all circumstances—a firm belief in the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Creator; and a trust in Him, which never fails them, is never shaken, and seems to grow stronger the more they prove the instability of all worldly promises. And yet, when Anty returned home, her spirits were heavier than ever, and though her father was in excellent humour, she could hardly prevent tears from rising to, and overflowing her eyelids.

"Anty, avourneen," he said, "put a brighter colour in yer cheek, and a finer polish on yer hair against this time to-morrow night,—there's one

will be here then that will be proud of ye, as well he may be,—and you of him; Anty, a cushla, I'm not going to keep my daughters moulding at home; hould up your heads, girls, there's money bid for ye; the best in the counthry know there's something in Jack Casey's house besides smoke. Come, Honor, take the plate from yer sister, and get supper; we can't have her always, nor you either, little Honor, when yer time comes; a cushla machree, we'll have a bright house this time to-morrow, when Alick Cotter and his father's to the fore——."

"Anty, what ails you, agra!" inquired her mother: "Anty my jewel; Anty, honey!—Oh, John, the life has left her; she's both cowl'd and heavy in my arms! Anty! mother's blessing! spake to me darlint!" Anty had fainted on her mother's bosom.

"What ails her?" inquired her father, sternly, when she had somewhat recovered, "what ails her?"—

"A wakeness came over her," said Honor, tremblingly.

"I'll have no such wakenesses come over my girls," observed the old man, in a determined tone; "I'm not going to give them what I earned by the labour of my hands and the sweat of my brow, unless they plaze me in the only thing I want them to plaze me in."

"I want nothing from you father, dear," exclaimed Anty, falling at her father's feet; "I ask nothing but to let me remain here, to slave for you and my mother to the day of my death,

if you'll not ask me to marry Alick Cotter—that's all—but I'll die first—I'll never say the words for him before Priest or Bishop. Oh, father, sure you'll never crush the heart of your poor Anty."—A loud and angry scene followed, but Anty lacked courage to confess the truth:—errors in domestic management acquire fearful strength as they grow—and the first harshness—the first equivocation—the first duplicity—if not stifled in its birth, is certain to produce a base and powerful progeny.

The farmer was not to be turned from his determination. The next evening Alexander and his father arrived at Ballyran, where all was made ready to receive him, and Anty, in obedience to commands she had not the power to dispute, moved silently about the house, more changed in her appearance within twenty-four hours, than if ten years of ordinary existence had passed over her head.—After supper the two fathers sat at the table with the punch 'screetching hot' between them, arguing stock against stock, advantage against advantage, guinea against guinea; while the lover, not consulted in any way in the transaction, was left, as was supposed, to make the best progress he could in the affections of his intended bride; in accordance with this design, he seated himself by her side on the 'settle' which was close to a wall that projects in Irish cottages before the door, so as to form a sort of screen to protect those who sit round the fire from draughts. He addressed the poor girl in the rural jargon of prescribed love-

making, while her mother and sister were busied about the house. She listened to all he said as one who heard not; but on his endeavouring to kiss her, she sprang from her seat, and, casting a look of horror and disgust on the perplexed youth, rushed from the room;—while the fathers were so intent on their traffic as not to note the occurrence. Alick was sufficiently astonished to remain with his eyes fixed on the fire for some minutes, and then endeavoured to keep himself awake by setting the dog and cat to fight; a pastime they sometimes indulged in after the fashion of the master and mistress of the house, reversing, however, the finale, as the cat usually came off conqueror. This, however, was put an end to by “the misthress” throwing a pitcher of water over the combatants; and, being informed by Honor that “Anty was above in the room, and would not come down,” the lover, imagining his duty ended, folded his arms, and fell asleep.

“And now, children,” said John Casey, rising, at last, “and now, children, having settled this business to our entire satisfaction, it only remains for us to give ye’ our blessin’, and fix the day for his reverence to spake the words—but thunder and ages, Mr. Cotter, why, yer boy’s fast asleep — and — Mitty — Honor — where’s Anty? — where’s Anty? I say.” He continued furiously, stamping, while Honor and her mother, after telling, what they believed, that she was “above in the room,” shrank in affright before him, and young Cotter, roused at last, looked stupid and

astonished, as sleepy-headed people do when suddenly awakened.

Anty was nowhere to be found; she had taken nothing with her; even her bonnet and cloak were in their accustomed places. Honor, as much terrified as her mother, at her absence, flew towards the well, the trysting-place, where she thought she might find her sister. She was followed by her father and young Cotter; it was a fine clear night, but the moon hardly showed above the horizon. "You needn't run so fast, Honor," said her father; "I found only this morning who she had fixed her mind on, and the message she sent to one who I'd rather see her a corpse at my feet than married to. And I fastened her pretty messenger in until this night was over, for he wouldn't tell me the rights of what she entrusted to him. No need to hurry, she'll be met at the well, but not by *him* she expected."

"Here she is, father, like a silver rod under the starlight; for the love of God, don't terrify the life out of her. Anty, I'm here," shouted Honor.

"To disgrace her family this way," muttered the old man between his clenched teeth, grasping his shillelah more tightly in his rigid hand, "to disgrace me and mine!" It would appear that Anty, not meeting her lover as she expected, saw who was coming, and knowing the stern violence of her father's nature, resolved, in a moment of desperation, that he should not overtake her. She flew like an antelope across the field.

"Father, father," exclaimed Honor, in irre-

pressible agony, "she's making for my aunt's house, and the foot-bridge is broke. Oh, father, the narrow strame is deep enough there to drown ten men.—Stand back, father; let me call." And she did—but in vain; Anty unconsciously rushed forward to her doom. They saw her on the very edge of the bank—and then she disappeared. Honor and the young man arrived almost together at the fatal spot; nor was old Casey far behind;—in an instant both the men had plunged into the dark water, from the broken edge of the frail bridge, which they had often talked about repairing. Once, while they were striving with the rapid stream, Honor saw, or fancied she saw, her sister far below where she stood. It might have been she—or the sudden brightness of the moon—she could not tell which. Had not her screams brought help, and speedily, Casey would have shared his daughter's fate;—Alick's arms were strong—and he was a good swimmer,—he dived moreover, and well—but brought nothing from below save the broad leaves of the water-lilies, which clung around him like a shroud. The next morning, the once light-hearted and joy-giving girl was found in a pool—about three hundred yards from where the accident occurred—into which the eddy of the stream must have hurried her, even while the voices of her father and her sister were ringing in her ears. There she lay—as if asleep—one hand grasping a bunch of rushes, the other tangled in her hair. In death, she was even more beautiful than in life; and no one who looked

upon her ever forgot her;—bitter were the lamentations at her untimely end. The most celebrated *keener* in the country composed a *keen* expressly for her, calling her “The fair-haired girl of the clear stream;” “The white dove of the valley;” “The early blossom shaken from the bough by the north wind;” “The music of the waters;” and other epithets equally gentle and endearing. Her young companions kissed her in her shroud; and her broken-hearted lover presented himself at her wake; and after pouring a torrent of bitter reproaches upon the grey-haired old man, demanded the privilege of carrying her head, *i. e.* walking under the head of her coffin, to the grave. The Coynes mingled with the Caseys at this mournful funeral. The people call the pool the Grave of the Maid, or the Maiden’s Grave, to this day. The village boy will not ply his idle business of angling in its waters, but cross himself, and pass on to another spot. Nor do the young even now deem it lucky to meet their sweethearts under the shadow of the well-tree. Coyne emigrated soon after; and a long, long time, elapsed before the bereaved parents were observed to go about their usual occupations. Time, however, though it does not obliterate, disperses, sorrow.

Honor grew in stature and in beauty, and the love of both father and mother twined close, and more closely, round their surviving child.

“I’m thinking,” said the old man to his wife, “I’m thinking—don’t let the little colour that the throuble has left there quit your ould face

intirely, agra, whenever I'm going to spake to ye; but I *am* thinking that Honor has more than a mind to take up with young Lawrence Coyne." "Lord, save us!" muttered the old woman, laying down her knitting, and looking over her spectacles at her husband, while she trembled violently at what might follow. "I'm sure of it; my ears hear nothing but her step and her voice, and the study of my life is to try to see into her heart"—he paused—"if it is so," he continued, "and I know it is, I'll not put against it," (his wife clasped her hands in silent thankfulness,) "I'll never put against it, even if it broke my heart; though the spirit's going out of the factions, and the boys are forgetting their *ould* ways, and born foes are dying friends; still a Coyne's a Coyne, and a Casey's a Casey; but I'll not put against it either for the sake of the dead or the living; if Jack Casey's heart was hard, it has had enough to soften it; and you, my poor woman," he added, with the touching emotion of a stern man, the more powerful, from being so seldom excited, "you have had enough to break yours, poor Mitty! *you* war young and handsome—so like HER when I had you first—and you bore that thrial without ever throwing one reproach in my face—or meetin' me once, even once, with a could look, though *I murdered your child!*" The old man laid his furrowed brow upon the faded cheek of her loving wife, and their tears mingled together.

"It was her hard fortune, John, dear; it was the will of God; and she's one of the bright

angels long ago. I often think, and I laying awake in the night, I often think what a time it will be when we see her in glory! and she maybe the angel sent by the Lord's goodness, to give us the first insight into the ways of heaven! But don't give way, John, agra. Sure it was the will of God."

"Not it," he exclaimed, starting up; "It was the wilfulness of man, that flew in the Lord's face."

"Whisht, whisht, Alana machree, and don't be talking such wild words, that's enough to lift the roof of the house—it *was* the will of God, avourneen! and that's my great comfort—His holy will be done!" and she covered her face with her hands and rocked herself backwards and forwards, while her husband paced up and down to subdue his emotion.

"Well!" he said at last, "but about Honor. Lawrence isn't a bad boy for a Coyne; though he has nothing but his hands and his heart."

"Many an Irish boy has made great way intirely in the world with no more."

"I can't take what we've got out of the world," said the man, his old *hardness* dictating an apology for his present liberality.

"And if you could, dear, sure, it wouldn't be any use! there's a dale of differ betwixt the riches of earth, and the riches of heaven."

"You may tell Honor—that—she may ask Lawrence Coyne here—or, do you do it; that will be better—he's a good boy, though a Coyne; one can't go past luck, and so—a Coyne must

be in the family—that's sartin—his house can be mended with the thrifle she'll have at first, and in God's name, let him take home his bride—let him take home his bride—better *he* should take her home than death, Mitty. We know that the *ould* man must part with his money—better his money than his child, you know; and they'll be *convanient*, not far away from us in our *ould* age—there's no going past luck—a Coyne and a Casey, in these times!" And so he muttered to himself, and walked up and down long after his wife had hastened to communicate the tidings to Honor, who could hardly believe it possible that the good news was true, and that she was at liberty to make her own choice.

In the early part of the next spring, a group—similar in character to that we have pictured—was seen passing along the road leading from Ballyran to Ballyduff: the bride was 'bringing home' to her husband's house, followed by her aged parents and the blessings of her people.

About three or four miles east of Kenmare are the copper and lead mines of the "Kenmare Mining Association;" the former at Ardtulley, the royalty belonging to J. D. Croker, Esq. (but the property is at present in dispute), the latter on the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne at Shonagarry. They have been three years at work, but with limited success; a ship-load of seventy-eight tons had been just sent off to Swansea; we have not been able to ascertain the price it brought. It is a peacock ore;

the principal shaft has been sunk seventeen or eighteen fathoms; and a steam engine was erecting to facilitate the progress of the work. The mines give employment to about 120 persons, nearly the whole of whom are Irish. The lead mine we were satisfied to inspect only on the surface; the copper mine we descended, accompanied by the captain, Thomas. The levels extend from east to west above sixty fathoms; the vein is generally about five feet wide, part in a bed of limestone, and part in a stone of much softer character. The land-carriage is three miles; but where man and horse labour are cheap, this is no material drawback, the cost of transfer to the quay being somewhat less than 2*s.* per ton.

The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest; it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron castle, once the hospitable seat of the O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuss, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay; the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the steep sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron mountains; and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

Twelve miles to the west, the antiquary may

obtain one of the rarest treats which the country supplies, by visiting, on the verge of the coast, the singular fort of Staigue, or Staigue-an-ar, "the staired place of slaughter." It is a circular stone structure, standing on a hill, within a deep hollow, formed by surrounding mountains, and open only on the south, to the sea. The periphery is divided into ten compartments of steps or seats, ascending to the top; the whole surrounded on the outside by a moat twenty-six feet wide and six feet in depth. Mr. Windle considers it "a remain of the primitive Cyclopean or Pelasgic-Irish architecture, used in the early fortresses of Ireland, and indifferently called 'Cahir,' 'Boen,' and 'Caisiol.'" Vallancey has pronounced it to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and describes it as unique. But since his time, many other erections of a similar kind, or varying from it in no essential points, have been discovered in various parts of the island, and in this district in particular.

The new road to Killarney is one of the best roads of the kingdom, and the surveyor who laid it down should receive a passing benediction from the lips of every traveller; the old road which lay between Mangerton and Torc is now completely deserted. The present course leads for some miles along a range of hills which overlook the Upper Lake. For a considerable space the eye and heart are cheered and invigorated by a striking contrast to the wildness of the barren hills and rushy valleys—the grandeur and beauty of the scene gradually expand, the

foliage becomes thicker and more varied, as he advances; and, at length, when he has passed "the Tunnel" cut through a huge rock, the whole glory of the lake bursts upon him. It is the foretaste of a banquet, abundant, healthful, and delicious.

The lakes of Killarney are three in number; the UPPER LAKE, the TORC (or Middle) LAKE, and the LOWER LAKE: these we shall endeavour to describe, with the islands, and other attractive objects, they contain; and, afterwards, such matters of interest and importance as are to be encountered in their immediate neighbourhood.

The Upper Lake is the first at which the traveller arrives, if he journey from Kenmare; but the last to be examined, if his starting-point be the town of Killarney.¹³ It is the smallest of the three, and much narrower than either of the others; but for grace and beauty, and all that makes the scene attractive, we cannot class it below them. It is situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains; the effect of which is considerably heightened by the comparatively limited space the lake occupies. From the police station (marked on the map) the best view will be obtained.

The tourist on approaching the lakes of Killarney is, at once, struck by the peculiarity and the variety of the foliage in the woods that clothe the hills by which on all sides they are surrounded. The effect produced is novel, striking, and beautiful; and is caused chiefly by



Killarney
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

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the abundant mixture of the tree-shrub (*Arbutus Unedo*¹⁴) with the forest-trees. The *Arbutus* grows in rich profusion in nearly all parts of Ireland; but nowhere is it found of so large a size, or in such rich luxuriance, as at Killarney. The extreme western position, the mild and humid atmosphere, (for, in Ireland, there is fact as well as fancy in the poet's image,

"Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise,")

and the rarity of frosts, contribute to its propagation, and nurture it to an enormous growth, far surpassing that which it attains in any part of Great Britain; although, even at Killarney, it is never of so great a size as it is found clothing the sides of Mount Athos. In Dinis Island there is one, the stem of which is seven feet in circumference, and its height is in proportion, being equal to that of an ash-tree of the same girth which stands near it; and on Rough Island, opposite O'Sullivan's cascade, there is another, the circumference of which is nine feet and a half. Alone, its character is not picturesque; the branches are bare, long, gnarled, and crooked; presenting in its wild state a remarkable contrast to its trim, formal, and bush-like figure in our cultivated gardens. Mingled with other trees, however, it is exceedingly beautiful; its bright green leaves happily mixing with the light, or dark, drapery of its neighbours—the elm and the ash, or the holly and yew, with which it is almost invariably intermixed. It

strikes its roots apparently into the very rocks—thus filling up spaces that would otherwise be barren spots in the scenery. Its beautiful berries, when arrived at maturity, are no doubt conveyed by the birds, who feed upon them, to the heights of inaccessible mountains, where they readily vegetate in situations almost destitute of soil.¹⁵ Its most remarkable peculiarity is, that the flower (not unlike the lily-of-the-valley) and the fruit—ripe and unripe—are found at the same time, together, on the same tree. The berry has an insipid though not an unpleasant taste, is nearly round, and resembles in colour the wood-strawberry; whence its common name—the Strawberry-tree. It appears to the greatest advantage in October, when it is covered with a profusion of flowers in drooping clusters, and scarlet berries of the last year; and when its gay green is strongly contrasted with the brown and yellow tints which autumn has given to its neighbours. It is said that, although now found universally in Ireland, and more especially in the counties of Cork and Kerry, it is not a native of the soil, but was introduced into the country by Spanish monks.¹⁶

While upon this subject, it will be well to notice another remarkable botanical production to be met with in the immediate vicinity of Killarney.

The Bristle Fern (*Trichomanes speciosum*) is peculiar to Ireland, and has not hitherto been discovered either in England, Scotland, or Wales. It is described by Edward Newman,

Esq. F.L.S., in his elegant and interesting "History of British Ferns," as growing luxuriantly at Glandine, near Youghal, and at Torc Waterfall, Killarney; but it seems questionable whether it has ever been found in any other part of the island; and it appears limited even in the vicinity of the lakes to this single locality.¹⁷ "I visited the waterfalls," he says, "all round Killarney, but without success; and it was only at the often-recorded habitat of Torc that I found the slightest trace of *Trichomanes*." He perceived it to the left of the seat, whence tourists take the grand view of the fall; completely clothing the rocky bank—the dark green fronds hanging heavily down, dripping with wet; and if the sun is shining, begemmed with drops, it is a beautiful sight.

The guide—an old soldier of the 89th regiment of foot—who has exclusive jurisdiction over the waterfall, is not a little proud of the distinction it enjoys, and described to us with kindred enthusiasm the delight of Mr. Newman, on discovering the treasure he had so long and vainly sought. The naturalist literally danced with joy, and gave vent to his ecstasy in a loud halloo that was heard above the roar of the cataract. The veteran has, however, since grown so chary of his wealth, that he bestows a leaf only as a mark of peculiar favour, and is careful never to pluck one while any of the regular guides are by, that the secret of the mine may not be communicated to many, and its riches be exhausted by continual robberies of the curious or the care-

less;—a very wise precaution, of which, particularly as it was not exerted to our prejudice, we can in no degree disapprove.

The exceedingly beautiful road, we have described, led us—after a course of five or six miles along the shores of the Upper Lake—to the pretty little inn at Colghreen, immediately facing the entrance gate to Mucross. “The Mucross Hotel,” kept by Edward Roche, is a long narrow building, with but one story above the ground floor—it is constructed with due care to comfort and convenience, and contains a large number of rooms. The situation is peculiarly eligible—lying almost at the foot of Mangerton, close to the Torc Waterfall, and almost adjoining the Abbey. It does not, however, from any point, command a view of the lakes. Mr. Roche is unremitting in his attention to his guests, and is not unfrequently their guide, or their pilot, among the adjacent wonders. The servants, too, are active, civil, and obliging; the head waiter, in especial, merits a compliment from us—he was ever at hand when wanted, always ready with a word of caution, or a sentence of advice, yet never intruding either; and he contributed largely to the many sources of enjoyment the pretty and unpretending inn supplied. The “charges” for “entertainment” at this fashionable resort of persons who have no immediate or pressing thought of economy were absolutely startling, and may be added to the novelties, as well as the recommendations, of the scene.¹⁸

Our first duty after our arrival, was to select "a guide."

Irish guides are, as our readers will imagine, the most amusing fellows in the world; always ready to do anything, explain any matter, go anywhere—for if the tourist proposes a trip to the moon, the guide will undertake to lead the way—"Bedad he will, wid all the pleasures in life." They are invariably heart-anxious to please; sparing no personal exertion; enduring willingly the extreme of fatigue; carrying as much luggage as a pack-horse; familiar, but not intrusive; never out of temper; never wearied of either walking or talking; and, generally full of humour. They enliven the dreariest road by their wit, and are, of course, rich in old stories; some they hear, others they coin, and, occasionally, make a strange hodge-podge of history—working a volume of wonders out of a solitary fact. If they sometimes exact more than is in "the bond," they do it with irresistible suavity; the guides of all countries extort; the Irish guide does so only by—"laving it to your honour."

The car-driver we hired in Cork was sober, civil, thoughtful, and attentive not only to our directions, but to our comforts. "If yer honour will change sides with the lady she'll not feel the hill wind so keen," or "Shall I face about, that ye may have a sight of the view? I can turn first this side, then that; for it's aqual both sides, though different." John soon ascertained that we were view-hunters; and, though he certainly had no taste for the picturesque, he was most

anxious to minister to ours. He got on very well until he arrived at Glengariff, but John's knowledge of roads extended no farther; the consequence was a hint that a guide would be an acquisition to our party, and it was taken. We selected one who recommended himself as "the boy to run aside or afore the horse to keep his spirit up—and was as light of foot as of heart." When the lad received his appointment he was surrounded by half a score of competitors, all highly lauding themselves and disparaging their rivals; the moment he was fixed in office, however, they warmly congratulated him and us:—"Yer honour's lucky to have the smartest boy in the barony," said one; "He's as good as a road-book for the curiosities," quoth another; while a third half whispered, "It'll be worth yer ladyship's while to be lost in a mountain, or stuck in a bog, to see the cuteness of Rody." Rody commenced duty at once by ordering the crowd round our car to keep back, in a tone of official importance; and as one woman with a fish-basket was rather troublesome, he exclaimed "Be off wid ye, Biddy Braddy, sure the lady knows that the grandfathers of all the Bantry cockles were reared upon Frinchmen."

Rody was a famous example of his class—the boy-guides; shrewd and intelligent; while the racy spirit of the mountain animated his expressive features. Sometimes he would grasp the back step of the car and run behind it, kicking out, every now and then; and, when a little more familiar, indulging the genuine Irish pro-

pensity of asking questions either of us or of John. Once, when we had not seen him for some minutes, we looked through the front windows, and perceived him coiled up on the horse's shoulders, perched like an imp, and grinning with mischievous delight, inasmuch as he had succeeded in persuading our innocent driver that a "tunder storm was on to'der side de mountain," and would blow us all up, if it met us—"lonesome like." He told us his father "could talk Latin wid a priest; he was a Kerry boy; indeed, he'd bate any one at Irish history, and could tell de battle of Ventry harbour out of de face, widout looking into a book at all at all." He himself had "walked tree mile to school, and tree back over de mountain—and to a fine scholar, able to tache Greek to de school-master of de Nashanol School—indeed he wanted to be a poor scholar himself, and travel de country for his idication; but wouldn't like to be a priest."—"Why?"—Rody did not answer at first, but looked sly and shy; at last, when pressed very much, he confessed that "indeed he mightn't be comfortable widout a wife!" Information as to his own personal affairs was interspersed with sundry "speerings" with regard to our objects and occupations. We had "a power and all of books—he'd engage we had fine larnin'"—and then he gave us the names of every mountain-pass and stream; exchanged laughing salutations with the few we met; and told John a wonderful story of a "lady who walked the tunnel ladin' into the kingdom of

Kerry, sometimes wid a head and sometimes wid-out one;" adding a divertissment, apparently for his own amusement, of a "Cork boy," a stranger, who entered the tunnel a "fine hearty boy, and came out to'der side *eat all to de legs*." "Lord save us," ejaculated John, "and is that true?" "Why den," replied the Kerry scout, drawing himself up in his rags, which were kept together by a sort of invisible machinery that we could not comprehend; "De ye think it's imposin' on ye I'd be? Sure de legs do be walkin' all alone by themselves, in de sight of one's eyes, over de mountains." "Did *you* ever see them?" inquired John, with the air of a man determined to probe truth itself to the bottom;—"Look at de eagle! Look at de eagle!" shouted our guide. "Hoorra for de eagle!" and he sprang upon a projecting rock, where he continued jumping upwards and tossing his arms in the air, calling to the noble bird, who sailed majestically over our heads without an effort, "to let de wran out from under his wing," until we lost sight of both eagle and guide. "That's a never-may-care sort of *sprissawneen* as ever I met with in all my travels," said John, touching his hat, after jogging on quietly for about a quarter of a mile, "and now he's off, and there's the only bothering corner we've come to yet—a cross road—the baste himself doesn't know which to take, on account he was never this way before. I'm thinking we pickt the crooked stick out of the lot of them, for guides." "I'm not as crooked as your own eyes, Johnny from

Cork!" exclaimed the boy, apparently rising from the morass that extended along the road: "for here I am, and here's for the lady"—he placed a bunch of rushes in all the downy beauty of their seed, upon the cushion, and selecting one, blew off the down, which floated away like a small flake of snow—"De girls below in de glin, call it 'light o' love,'" he said, laughing, "and more call it a rush!"¹⁹

The night did not overtake us on the mountains, though a growling thunder-cloud, scattering a few drops of heavy rain, rattled past, and made us thankful for the shelter, of a mighty rock. Rody crouched under the horse, and when we reached the pleasant and improving inn at Kenmare, and dismissed the glen-boy, he took our gratuity with manifest delight and gratitude, though John afterwards declared "He bothered the life out of himself and the horse intirely, with his mighty quare ways."

We have encountered guides in various parts of Ireland; the neat, orderly legend gatherer of the noble ruin of Carrig-a-gunnel, near Limerick; the pretty, barefooted, blithesome maiden at the Abbeys of Adare, who turned us over to a game-keeping man, because, "in troth her feet were *tinder*, so she couldn't keep on the shoes all that morning;" the stout dame at Blarney, who, with all her veneration for her kind and lawful Priest, was not over well pleased to see him do the honours of the lake, the rock-close, and the very top of the castle; hinting, more than once, that "his Reverence, dear gentleman,

had a dale too much larnin' to be showing ould castles, and keepin' all the talk to himself, God bless him for a fine portly man;" the withered, keen-eyed guide at the glorious rock of Cashel, who talked of Walter Scott, and Miss Edgeworth; pointing to where the true patriots of Scotland and Ireland had paused, and praised the ruin, every stone of which was dear to the old man's heart; the woman at Holy-cross, with her "black bitter curse," on the soldiers who "batthered" to pieces the finest monument of the ruin; the innumerable guides at the caves of Mitchelstown, seeming compounded of yellow clay, tallow candles, and rosin—all talking at the same time, chattering, and shouting, and scrambling, and inventing, as if invention could add to the magical beauty and mystery of these extraordinary caverns; the ranting, roaring guide at Glendalough, who tells you in the tone of a Stentor, that "he lost his voice shouting agin the waterfalls, and the false guides, that would be taking the bit out of his mouth, and he the only legal guide of the counthry," and who makes it his boast that he can "invint overnight ould ancient legends enough to intertain the quality a whole summer's day."

But our especial business, now, is with the Killarney guides, and truly their name is 'Legion;' every child, boy or girl, from the time it is able to crawl over the door-step, seems to have a strong natural instinct to become a guide—to climb, or rather trot up, Mangerton, round the Devil's Punch-Bowl, or, what is still

worse for the traveller, disturb the solemnity of the Eagle's Nest, when it reverberates to Spillanes' bugle, by the piping treble of their importunities that you will drink goat's milk fresh from the—cow—taste poteen, or eat wild strawberries.²⁰

As we have said, immediately on our arrival at Gloghreen, we proceeded to appoint our "body-guard;" and, our purpose being known, a score of candidates for the anticipated honour and emolument, presented themselves, chattering eagerly outside the gate of the garden of our hotel. They were, as we found invariably, of all sizes and ages—eager to display their accomplishments, and set themselves off to the best advantage. "I was with the man that was with Sir Walter Scott and Misther Moore himself, ye'r honour. To say nothing of the ladies, that desERVE to have the most said of them; God bless 'em;"—"I'm the boy that's mintioned in Mr. Crofton Croker's book;"—"I know every spot where there's a road, and where there isn't sir,"—"and I'll make a road for the lady, whether there's one in it or not." "Ye can't go wrong if ye hire us all," exclaimed a little fellow, whom his companions called 'Go-by-the-Ground.' "The tall boys'll point out the beauty of the heavens, and the short ones the beauties of the earth." We had however, instituted very minute inquiries as to the qualifications of the several candidates we were likely to encounter; and, in reality, our choice was already made. Common politeness, nevertheless,

compelled us to ask a few questions before our determination was made known. Each, by turns, came forward to state his claims, exhibit his testimonials, and assure us that he above all the rest was the guide especially provided for us by good fortune. Our scrutiny ended by the appointment of three;—Sir Richard Courtenay, “Knight of Mangerton,” as commander-in-chief; a most kind, considerate and attentive fellow—with but one arm—whose name we unfortunately forget; and Mr. Lyons, “the Captain of Mangerton.”²¹ By what means the latter worthy obtained his commission we cannot say, but Sir Richard at once enlightened us in regard to his distinction, by answering in reply to our question, “How did you obtain your title?” “Troth, sir, I was *be-nighted* on the mountain.” The real fact is, however, that the gallant knight—who, like his great prototype, is “*sans et peur sans reproche*,” had once the honour of conducting a Viceroy to the top of the far-famed mountain, where the peer and peasant being both literally “in the clouds,” the latter, at least, descended to mid-earth a much more important personage than he was when he commenced the ascent—and ever since with plain Richard Courtenay, it has been

“Good den, Sir Richard.”

As our readers will have other opportunities for making acquaintance with the intellectual capabilities of this—



Sir Richard Courtenay, Knight of Mangerton
Reproduced from an Original Drawing

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“The finest guide that ever you see,
Who knows every place of curiosity”—

we shall for the present limit our description to his personal appearance; first giving his “veritable portraiture,” carrying the portfolio of Mr. R. D. Tongue—the artist—by whom he has been accurately pictured. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a “caubeen,” although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was “a bran-new beaver;” his small keen grey eyes; his “loose” good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly, phrases; and pronounces scraps of French with the true pronunciation of an actual native—of Kerry; for Sir Richard having mixed in good society, “parley-voos” as well as bows with the grace of a travelled gentleman. His coat was certainly not made by a Stultz, nor his brogue²² by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sun-burnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for the sturdy limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

Before we proceed to visit the Upper Lake—to which we shall first conduct the reader—it will be desirable to lay before him a brief history of the most interesting and the most celebrated portion of Ireland—a scene which far surpasses, in natural beauty, aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for, with scarcely an exception, the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine and the fervid admirers of the

northern English lakes have yielded the palm to those of Killarney; some, however, having qualified the praise they bestow upon "the Pride of Ireland," by admitting only that "the three lakes, considered as one—which they may naturally be, lying so close to each other—are, together, more important than any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland." ²³ A glance at the map will show that the three are separated but by very narrow channels; and that two of them have scarcely any perceptible division. They have, nevertheless, very distinctive characteristics: the Lower Lake is studded with islands, all richly clothed with evergreens; the Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; and the Middle Lake is conspicuous for a happy mingling of both—yet inferior to the one in grace and beauty, and to the other in majestic grandeur.

The romantic beauties of the Killarney lakes were celebrated ages ago; in a very ancient poem they are classed as "the tenth wonder" of Ireland. The Irish name is Loch Lene—"the Lake of Learning," according to some authorities—a name by which it is still recognised among the peasantry, and which it is presumed to have derived from the number of "bookish monks" by whom its monasteries of Innisfallen, Mucross, and Aghadoe were at one time crowded. The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and may be described as an immense res-

ervoir for the several rivers that also flow into them, having received on their way the waters of innumerable tributary streams. The only outlet for the waters thus collected is the narrow and rapid river Laune, a channel along which they proceed to the Atlantic through the beautiful bay of Dingle. The origin of these lakes—covering an extensive valley—is, therefore, self-evident; but fiction has assigned to them one of a far less obvious nature; for, as will be readily supposed, the scene is full of wild legends and marvellous traditions, harmonising with the poetical character of the locality.

The legends which account for the existence of the lakes vary in some respects; but all have one common source—the neglecting to close the entrance to an enchanted fountain, which caused an inundation, and covered, in a single night, fair and fertile fields, and houses and palaces, with water. One of them attributes the misfortune to the daring impiety of an O'Donoghue, who, full of scepticism—and wine, scorned the tradition which doomed to destruction the person who should displace the stone over the well-head, and resolved to expose its falsity, by removing it to his castle: his subjects, with whom his word was law, awaited the result in fear and trembling—all but his favourite jester, who fled to the summit of a neighbouring mountain. When the morning sun broke, he looked down into the valley and saw nothing but a broad sheet of water. Another legend throws the responsibility of the awful event on a fair young peasant

girl, who was wont to meet her lover—a stranger ignorant of the mystic spell—by the fountain-side: one night they were lulled to sleep by the music of its flow; at day-break the girl awoke screaming “The well! the well!” It was too late; the water was rushing forth, and overtook them as they ran. They were drowned, and involved in their fate the inhabitants of the whole district.²⁴

The legends all agree, however, that the men and women who then peopled the lovely valley did not perish, but still exist beneath the lake; where the O'Donoghue continues to lord it over his people; living in his gorgeous palace, surrounded by faithful friends and devoted followers, and enjoying the delights of feasting, dancing, and music, as fully as he did upon the dry land. Many a time and oft, as by the banks of the lake

“The fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.”

The confirmation of the story, does not rest upon proofs so slender as the sight of palaces under water; many living men having—as we shall presently show—not only seen the chieftain during his brief walks or rides upon earth, but actually visited him in his own magnificent halls, and partaken of his boundless hospitality.

The name of O'Donoghue is so closely associated with Killarney, and has been so frequently referred to by writers who have visited

the lakes, that, perhaps, no Irish legend is so familiar to the English reader. Wander where you will in this delicious neighbourhood—either up the mountain, along the valleys, upon the water, or in any one of the islands, you are sure to find some object connected with it; every rock of unusual form is forced into an illustration of the story; the guides and boatmen will point out to the tourist O'Donoghue's horse, O'Donoghue's prison, his stable, his library, his pigeon-house, his table, his cellar, his honeycombs, his pulpit, and his broom; and almost on the summit of lofty Mangerton, a huge stone is described as the shaft of his jaunting-car, which he broke one night returning from a revel with the arch-enemy, who, to give a fitting reception to his gallant guest, had filled for that night the "Devil's Punch-bowl" with the genuine dew of the mountain. Scores of the peasantry may be encountered who have as firm a belief in the existence of the spirit-chieftain as they have in their own; and we have met with persons of education who do not hesitate to express their opinion as to the truth of his periodical appearance.

Although its variations are numerous, the original story may be told in a few words. In ages long past, O'Donoghue of Ross was lord of the lake, its islands, and the land that surrounded it. His sway was just and generous, and his reign propitious; he was the sworn foe of the oppressor; he was brave, hospitable, and wise. Annually since his death, or rather disap-

pearance, he is said to revisit the pleasant places among which he lived—

“ So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander’d o’er.”

Every May morning he may be seen gliding over the lake mounted on a white steed, richly caparisoned, preceded and followed by youths and maidens, who strew spring flowers in his way; while sounds of unearthly sweetness glide along the waters, and become thunder as they make their way up the surrounding hills. Although he appears in state only on May morning—

(“ For when last April sun grows dim
The Naiads prepare his steed for him,
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee,”)

he is seen on various other occasions; and lucky is the child of earth by whom the immortal spirit is encountered; for be he peer or peasant, good fortune is sure to wait upon him—and therefore many are they who peer with longing eyes along the lake, at sunrise, or in twilight, to catch a glimpse of the chieftain, and listen with eager ears for the music that heralds his approach.

We have said that many living witnesses are ready to testify to the appearance of the O’Donoghue, either riding over the lake, walking on the shore, or playing “ hurly ” upon the surface of the waters; and we have conversed with so many of them, of credit and repute, that we can have no hesitation in believing them to have

actually beheld that which they affirm they *have* "seen with their two eyes." The circumstance, however, is now easily accounted for; although, a few years ago, it was impossible to consider it otherwise than supernatural. The legend, told in so many ways, is a fertile source of amusement to visitors. Every rock of the Lower Lake is in some way or other associated with it: the most remarkable of these rocks is "O'Donoghue's horse,"²⁵ (See Plate No. 5.); although from some points of view it bears a much closer resemblance to the form of the animal whose name it bears. We were the more desirous of preserving a copy of this natural wonder, for, its base being nearly undermined by the continual action of the water, it is not likely it can long remain on the comparatively slender props that now sustain it. In a few years the "horse" may be an inmate of the chieftain's stable under the waves; but he will cease to be an object of interest and attraction to the dwellers upon earth. The guides and boatmen have all, of course, "had a sight" of the chieftain, and will tell the tourist amusing stories—but those they have only heard—of their ancestors, who not only saw, but conversed with him and shared his hospitality in his palace below the waves. One anecdote will, perhaps, bear repetition; it was told us of the way in which Gandsey, the famous piper—to hear him play is one of the richest and rarest treats of Killarney—"got his pipes." The adventure, however, did not happen to Gandsey himself, but to the party from whom he obtained

the bequest of the bagpipes—as being the only musician of the district worthy to inherit so precious a gift.²⁶ We questioned the kind old man as to the accuracy of our authority. He smiled and bowed, but was silent. As he did not, therefore, express any doubt concerning the fact, we shall relate it in the words of our informant—no less a person than Sir Richard Courtenay himself.

“Ye see, yer honours, Thady Connor (who was own brother of Maurice Connor, that had the wonderful tune, by the manes of which he married the grand sea lady at Trafraska), was the gratest piper in these parts, and taught Mr. Gandsey a power of fine music; and the both of them, as well as Maurice, were stone blind. Well, Thady’s pipes war ould and cracked, and had a squeak in ’em that bate the Millinavat pig hollow; and the gentry war mighty fond of him, and many a time said something about the new pipes they intinded for him; but, somehow, they ever and always remimbered to forget, and the dickons a dacent pair Thady would ever have had, but for the grate O’Donaghue, that gave ’em to him in the ind. And the way of it was this: Thady, like his brother, loved a drop—and a big one—and two drops better nor one. And one night he spint at a wake, and wint off airly, on account of a weddin’ he had to be at, the morrow morning, a long way off, among the Reeks. So, to be sure, he was overtaken wid a wakeness, and an imprission about his heart. ‘Arrah, what’s this?’ says he; ‘sure it can’t be the liquor, and I after dhrinking no more than sixteen

tumblers, to keep myself sober!’ Wid that he sits down by the road side, and begins to play to himself to keep himself from sleeping; and then, all of a sudden, he hears a troop of horsemen ridin’ past him. ‘A pretty set of boys ye must be,’ says Thady, ‘to be out at this time o’ night,’ says he; ‘fitter for ye to be in your dacent beds,’ says he, ‘than gambo-ling about the country; I’ll go bail ye’re all drunk,’ says he. Well, wid that, up comes one of ’em, and says, ‘here’s a piper, let’s have him wid us.’ ‘Couldn’t ye say—by yer lave?’ says Thady. ‘Well, then, by yer lave,’ says the horseman; ‘And that ye won’t have, seeing I must be at Tim Mahony’s weddin’ by daybrake,’ says Thady, ‘or I’ll lose my good seven thirteens.’ So, widout a word, they claps him upon a horse’s back, and one of ’em lays hould of him by the scruff of his neck, and away they rode like the March wind—ay, or faster. After a while they stopped: ‘And where am I at all, at all?’ says Thady. ‘Open yer eyes, and see,’ says a voice. And so he did—the dark man that never saw the sun till that blessed night; and millia murther! if there wasn’t troops of fine gintlemen and ladies, wid swoords, and feathers, and spurs of goold, and lashins of mate and drink upon tables of solid diamonds, and everything grand that the world con-tained, since the world was a world. ‘Ye’re welcim,’ says the voice, ‘to the castle of the grate O’Donaghue.’ ‘I often heerd talk of it,’ says Thady, nothing danted—‘and is the Prence to the fore?’ ‘I’m here,’ says the Prence, coming for’ards;

and a fine, portly man he was, sure enough, wid a cocked hat and a coat of mail. 'And here's yer health, Mr. Connor, and the health of all my descindants, grate and small,' says he—'and when they're tired of the sod, they'll know where to get the best entertainment for man and baste,' says he, 'every one that ever owned the name.' If Thady passed the bottle, yer honours, 'twas the first time and the last. Well, to continue; the dance began, and didn't Thady play for the dear life 'Jig Polthoge,' and 'Planxty Moriarty,' and all the jigs that ever war invinted by man or mortal. And the gentlemen and ladies danced wid their hearts in their toes. 'Twas all very well till the ould ancient harper of the O'Donaghues asked for a thrial agin Thady, to see wouldn't he get louder music out of a handful o' cats-guts; and Thady bate him to smithereens; when the blaguard that was bet comes behind Thady, and, wid an ould knife they called a skeen, cuts the bag of his pipes, and lets out the wind that makes the music. 'I'm done now,' says Thady; but first he hits my fine harper a rap on the head, that sent him reeling along the flure; and all the company set up a loud ullagone that the dancing was over, and Thady might go home. 'And who'll pay me for my pipes?' says Thady, 'that war as good as new,' says he—for he was a cunning boy, and wouldn't be crying down his own lawful property—'that war as good as new,' says he, 'and that arn't worth minding,' says he. 'Fair exchange is no robbery,' says the Prence, 'and

here's a pair that'll make yer fortune; so be off as fast as ye can, for the harper is bringing up his faction, and he'll sarve you as he did yer pipes.' Well Thady makes a spring; there was a whizzing in his ears, and the waters rushed into his eyes, blinding him agin; and he hears a voice after him that he thought was the harper's—only it wasn't; but it was his wife Biddy, that was waking him, and he asleep, under the very hedge where the O'Donaghue found him over night. And now, plase yer honours, nobody misbelieved the story he tould the neighbours, because, ye see, the bran new pipes were to the fore; there he had 'em under his arm; and sure, how 'ud he get 'em, if it wasn't from the O'Donaghue himself?"

As a contrast, as well as an associate, to this legend, we may give another. Our guide directed our attention to a scene of surpassing beauty, and exclaimed, "That's the place, and a beautiful place it is—a place that any country may be proud of. I've seen people that would float beneath the shadow of those mountain woods for a whole summer day, and then return again in the twilight, and wait to see the moon rise, and then stay out until she had nearly finished her rounds in the heavens. I don't like it," added Sir Richard, shaking his head, "I don't at all like it; the lakes are mighty lonely, and even along the shores you seldom hear the song of a bird, or any *living* noise, except the belling of the deer. It's a lonesome place without the company of one's own kind—though I'm not say-

ing that's the *best* one might have in it—still, it's mighty lonesome in itself."

"There is a spot somewhere about this mountain of Glenà, is there not, called 'The Lady's Leap?' "

"There is; and some say it is that point, and others say it is this one, just above us, pushing out there through the trees."

"Do you know the legend?"

"Oh, that's no laigend at all—not the sort of thing Sir Richard do be making to amuse the strangers!" said one of the boatmen; "but as thrue as that the heavens are above us. Everybody knows that the lady who made the leap was never seen afterwards upon earth, any way."

The legend we gathered from the various versions of our guide and boatmen is this:—Long, long ago it was, that a beautiful young lady lived out yonder, in an old ancient castle, which, like many a fine place that was among the hills, and in the glens of Ireland, isn't there now. She was more lovely to look upon than all the other fair daughters of Kerry—bright as a sunbeam, gentle as a dove, lightfooted as a white roe; her hair was darker than midnight, and her young heart spotless as snow when falling; her voice was so full of music that the bards used to listen, and echo it upon their harps, then throw them aside in despair and call them tuneless; the poor blessed her as she passed them, for she came of a generous race, and added fresh glory to their names; and the rich honoured her, though she did not honour *them* because of their

riches. She was the only child of her father; and when he said, "Oh, my daughter, wilt thou not choose for thyself from amongst the princes of Erin one to be a protector and friend to thee, and a father to my people when I am gone?" she turned the light of her bright blue eyes away from her father's face, and wept. It seemed as, with the power of making all hearts love her, she thought not of love towards man, but closed her heart against all earthly affection. Upon this the holy people, priests and nuns, said, "The fair maiden will be one of us, she has no love for the vanities of the world." But the more experienced among them answered, "Not so; behold the fashioning of her robes, their varied colours, and see the blue of her mantle, the curious embroidery, and needle-work, and the jewels that glitter on her brow and in her hair; those who think of cloisters do not delight in gauds." There was only one amongst her maidens—Una, of the raven locks, that kept silence, and opened not her lips; the others called their mistress a second Bridget, and chattered of how they would not use their lovers so—if they had them; but Una, her chosen follower, her humble friend, made no comment; thinking, doubtless, like all of quiet tongue, so much the more. Now every one knew that wherever her lady went, Una followed: and the two maidens would wander days and nights together along the borders of the lakes. Sometimes Una would carry her lady's harp; and when the fishermen heard their voices in conversation or music, they would row far from them,

respecting them too much to disturb their retirement. Sometimes the lady would sit in her boat, which was lined with purest gold, and Una would row her along the silvery lines traced by the moonbeams on the waters; and the lady would play and sing in that lonely way, until the first rays of morning warned her that the night was past. The month of April drew near its end, and when the last day came, the lady said to her attendant, "Una, sleep on to-night, for I mean to work a spell, and discover if it can be given to mortal to converse with him who dwells beneath the glorious waters of the beautiful lake." And Una was sore afraid, and trembled; but she lay down and tried to sleep. But she could not sleep, for she wondered why she should be told to do so; and she followed her mistress secretly and in silence. When Una arrived at the margin of the lake, she concealed herself behind an arbutus; but the lady stood beneath the cliff, and Una could only see the star that glittered on the top of her silver wand as she moved it to and fro.

Una was not long there before she heard a noise as of foaming waters; and then it came nearer and nearer, until she beheld the form of a knight on horseback, his white plumes waving above his helmet, which seemed one huge diamond, his armour laced together with all manner of coloured jewels. The horse was half hidden by the foam of the wave; but Una said it seemed as if the knight bestrode a rainbow. The softest, sweetest music that ever was heard accompanied him to the shore; and when he sprang

upon the bank where her lady stood, every tree on Glenà bowed down its branches to do homage to their native Prince. Una was not so overcome with the sight but that she heard the knight praise her lady's beauty, and promise that if she would be faithful to him, and him alone, for seven years, meeting him on that spot every May morning until the seventh morning, that on the seventh he would bear her away to his lake-guarded palace, and make her his bride. This she promised to do; and sorry was Una to hear her, for she thought within herself, how sad it would be for the country to lose so fair a blossom, the poor so good a friend, and her aged father so dutiful a daughter.

For six May mornings, following each other with their flowers, and wreaths of hawthorn, and tender lambs, and singing-birds, and maids as innocent as the one and as blithe as the other—for six May mornings, before the lark sung its carol, or the thrush left its young to seek for food—did the lady meet her royal lover in the same place. The seventh morning was at hand. She changed not, she thought of no other. Her heart was with the Water-king; and every other suitor was dismissed, to her father's grief and the disappointment of her people.

Una counted the days of April with sorrow; mingling her tears with its showers, and watching her beloved lady with more than usual anxiety. "Surely," she thought, "she will never have the heart to leave her old grey-headed father;" and she thought this the more, when

she saw how her lady's eyes filled with tears when the good old man kissed and blessed her—alas! for the last time. This night, also, she permitted Una to receive her saffron robe and jewelled coronet, and, then taking her hand, she told her she had been a faithful servant, and, she knew, had kept her secret; and Una fell at her feet and embraced them, and lifted up her voice and wept bitterly; and she felt her lady tremble, and hot, large tears fall upon her brow; but she said, “Una, I am pledged to my love to be his bride, and I go to keep my word—do thou be a child, unto his death, to my father, and divide my jewels and garments amongst the poor. I shall take nothing with me save this white robe—my bridal robe—and this wreath upon my head;” and the wreath was made of the white water-lilies—their cups more pure than silver, and their threads more bright than gold. This wreath she placed upon her brow with her own hands; and then walked out into the balmy air, while the stars were alive in the sky, and the wood-pigeons dreaming over their nests. Una followed at a distance, and saw that the Lake-king was waiting for his bride. For a moment her lady stood upon the bank, and waved her arms towards the home of her youth, then paused, and turned towards her lover, whose noble steed stood as firmly on the liquid waters as if his silver shoes had pressed the earth—the white plumes of his helmet waved and danced in the morning air, he stood in his stirrups to receive her, and the same moment the sweetest music floated all around. The lady

sprang from earth for ever; and away—away—away—swifter and brighter than a thousand sunbeams—the Prince and his beautiful Bride flashed across the lake!

“ And spirits, from all the lake’s deep bowers,
Glide o’er the blue wave scattering flowers.”

Our readers may believe as much or as little as they please of these stories of actual interviews between children of earth and the spirit of the disembodied prince: but that he has been seen, accompanied by “troops of friends,” there can be no rational doubt. Among other witnesses to the fact, we summoned one who was very unlikely to be influenced by pre-established superstition—an Englishman, a Protestant, and, moreover, a soldier of the 30th regiment, of the name of Thomas Reynolds. We sent for him to our hotel, and found him a plain-spoken native of Devonshire; a sturdy ploughman, who last year won the prize at a ploughing-match; the man had evidently no imagination, and was as little likely to invent a fiction, or to give it currency, as any one we have ever seen. His story was this; he was ploughing at Innisfallen with another man, an Irishman; they were engaged in ploughing up the ancient church-yard of the island—a labour which Reynolds disliked, and to which his comrade strongly objected; but Lord Kenmare’s steward insisted on its being done. The morning following the day on which they commenced their work they were mooring the boat in which they had proceeded to the island,

when they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old church-yard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds was himself terribly alarmed; but his companion fainted in the boat. The circumstance occurred at daybreak, when it was almost twilight. He affirmed that he saw, repeatedly afterwards, smaller groups of figures; but no crowd so numerous. In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted that he would declare it if he were on his death-bed. The people, he added, were astonished to find him—an Englishman and a Protestant—confirming their story. The man had certainly no object in coining a deceit; we have not heard of his ever having told it to any stranger; it was a mere accident that made us acquainted with it; and he was evidently indisposed to satisfy the inquiries of the curious.

Before the science of optics was well understood, these very curious and very interesting appearances were supposed to be the result of supernatural agency. We now know that all such phenomena are the effects of natural causes, and can even be reproduced artificially. They are caused by refraction or reflection of the rays of light, and sometimes by both combined, and differ from “the airy child of vapour and the sun” (Rainbow) only in being more rare; because they require more unusual atmospheric changes, and uncommon localities, of hill and plain, land and water, to produce them.²⁷



THE UPPER LAKE will require no very detailed description. Its length is somewhat more than two miles; it is in no place more than a mile in breadth: its circumference being about eight miles. It is narrow and straggling; the islands it contains, though small, are numerous and gracefully wooded; but its chief value is derived from the mountains—the most conspicuous being “The Blacks”—by which it is, on all sides, surrounded; and which throw their dark shadows upon the water, so as to give it a character of gloom, in perfect keeping with the loneliness of the scene. One feels as if the sound of a human voice would disturb its solitude; and wishes the oars, that row him over it, were muffled. The more prominent of the islands are “Oak Island or Rossburkie,” “Stag Island,” “Eagles’ Island,” “Ronayne’s Island,” and “Arbutus Island;” and nearly in the centre the fine and beautiful cascade of Derricunnihy sends its abundant tribute to the lake. Its superabundant waters are discharged through the pass which commences at “Colman’s Eye”—a promontory that juts into the lake, and limits the passage to a breadth of about thirty feet.

There are three modes of visiting the upper lake—one by water, another by the Kenmare road, crossing the old West bridge, and the other by proceeding through the Gap of Dunloe; the latter is to be recommended, as affording the tourist who is willing to rise early, an opportunity of examining, in one day, the most remarkable points in the Dumberry, proceeding by land and

The Gap of Dunloe
Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick



The Gap of Dunloe
Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick

THE UPPER LAKE will require no very detailed description. Its length is somewhat more than two miles; it is in no place more than a mile in breadth: its circumference being about eight miles. It is narrow and straggling; the islands it contains, though small, are numerous and gracefully wooded; but its chief value is derived from the mountains—the most conspicuous being “the Reeks”—by which it is, on all sides, surrounded; and which throw their dark shadows upon the water, so as to give it a character of gloom, in perfect keeping with the loneliness of the scene. One feels as if the sound of a human voice would disturb its solitude; and wishes the oars, that row him over it, were muffled. The more prominent of the islands are “Oak Island or Rossburkie,” “Stag Island,” “Eagles’ Island,” “Ronayne’s Island,” and “Arbutus Island;” and nearly in the centre the fine and beautiful cascade of Derricunnihy sends its abundant tribute to the lake. Its superabundant waters are discharged through the pass which commences at “Colman’s Eye”—a promontory that juts into the lake, and limits the passage to a breadth of about thirty feet.²⁸

There are three modes of visiting the upper lake—one by water, another by the Kenmare road, crossing the old Weir bridge, and the other by proceeding through the Gap of Dunloe; the latter is to be recommended, as affording the tourist who is willing to rise early, an opportunity of examining, in one day, the most remarkable points in the scenery, proceeding by land and

returning by water through the three lakes.

The Gap of Dunloe is, in itself, one of the greatest, if it be not altogether the greatest, of the Killarney wonders. The entrance to the Gap is between three and four miles from the town of Killarney; the pass is about four miles in extent; and the pedestrian will find a pretty considerable "bit" in addition before he arrives at the lake, where arrangements have been—of course previously—made for the boat to meet him. The journey to the entrance may be in a carriage; but the remainder must be made either on foot or on the back of one of the little sure-footed ponies that know every rock and stone they will have to encounter. A slight deviation from the road will conduct to the ancient and venerable ruins of Aghadoe, consisting of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a round castle, called sometimes "the Pulpit" and sometimes "the Bishop's Chair." The church is a low oblong building, consisting of two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity. The ornamented doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful. The church is rendered revolting by the relics of mortality that lie scattered in heaps in all directions around it. Many of the skulls have been bleached by the rains and winds of centuries, and are as white as the clearest paper.

A short distance from the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe, there is a singular cave which the tourist should on no account omit to visit. It is

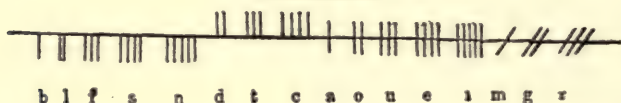
situated on a field immediately adjoining the high road; and was discovered in 1838, by some workmen who, in constructing a sunk fence, broke into a subterranean chamber of a circular form, the walls of which were of uncemented stones inclining inwards, with a roof, also, of long transverse stones. In the passage were found several human skulls and bones.

The cave of Dunloe must be regarded as an ancient Irish library lately disinterred, and restored to the light. The books are the large impost stones which form the roof. Their angles contain the writing. A library of such a literature was never heard of in England before, and scarcely in Ireland; and yet it is of the highest antiquity. The discovery opens a new page concerning the hitherto disputed question touching the acquaintance of the ancient Irish with letters. The *Ogham* writing, as it is called, is stated to have been known and practised in Ireland long before the era of Christianity; it is to the Irish antiquary what the *Runes* are in the north, and the *Arrow-headed* or *Wedge* character is in Babylonia and Persepolis. It is more intelligible, however, than the latter, but far less known and elucidated than the former. As we have said, it has been a much-disputed question amongst Irish writers; and as, until a late period, it was nowhere found on monuments, there were not wanting persons disposed to treat the claims of its upholders with contempt, and to regard the Character as the imposture of idle bards and sennachies. The scale consists of four series of

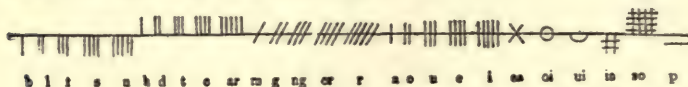
scores, each series embracing five characters, and each letter ranging from one score to five. The position of these groups in reference to a main or medial line, called *Fleasg*, constitutes their power. It has been called the *Craov* or branch Ogham, because it has been assimilated to a tree; the *fleasg* answering to the trunk or stem, and the scores, at either side, or passing through it horizontally, or diagonally, to the branches. On the majority of the monuments on which it has been found, the angle is availed of to form the fleasg. On the Callan-stone, and on one other hitherto discovered, the medial line is cut on the centre of the stone.

The scale originally consisted, and indeed properly does so still, of but sixteen letters. This must also be regarded as an additional proof of its high antiquity. Such was the Phœnician, Pelasgic, Etruscan, and Celtiberian number. O'Halloran has given us the Ogham in its original extent.

O'HALLORAN.



In subsequent ages it was corrupted or improved by the addition of compounds, diphthongs, and letters of foreign extraction, so that the present scale consists of twenty-five primitive and compound characters.



The earliest written piece of Ogham writing, at present known, is in an ancient vellum MS. of the eleventh century, which had been at one time in the hands of Sir James Ware, and is now preserved in the British Museum.

During a subsequent visit to Killarney, we discovered a cave of a different character; but one of the antiquity of which there can be no doubt, and of its singular interest there can be as little question.

It was rumoured that an ancient house of the O'Donoghue's, in the same vicinity, was abandoned soon after it was built, as "unlucky," in consequence of the builder's erecting it "convenient to a Rath." This was a clue; we followed it up, and, under the guardianship of Sir Richard, proceeded to make our inquiries. The result was the proceeding about half a mile from this ruined house, with half a score of candles, and a couple of stout fellows with spades. We found the Rath easily—a green mound on the summit of a small hill, perfectly circular, the circle formed by a hedge of mould, of the artificial character of which there could be no doubt. We saw what we supposed to be the entrance to the chambers underneath; it was nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and open—as they all are—to the east. With some difficulty we persuaded our workmen to aid us in the task of clearing away the stones that had been flung into this opening. After a couple of hours' hard labour, we had the satisfaction to find the passage clear, and wide enough to admit the body of a man.²⁹

As the service was one of some little danger, we drew lots with Sir Richard who should adventure first. The task fell to him. Lighting each a couple of candles, and bearing each a small stick, we entered as nearly together as we could. Having descended about ten yards—a gradual slope—there was a sort of landing, upon which we took rest: the passage was so narrow that we could not sit upright.

The descent was resumed. Presently some loosened stones fell, and informed us that beneath us there was water, about twelve yards lower, and to this water we came. The stick assured us that its depth was not dangerous; and so into the cave we went—the first of human beings, most probably, who had entered it for two thousand years. The cave was a perfect circle, about sixty feet in diameter, and in height not above five feet. We could not stand upright. The water was about two feet deep, so that, unfortunately, it was impossible for us to ascertain if any object of interest was to be found on the floor, for the water became muddied very rapidly.³⁰ Probably some remains of bones might have been discovered; for the best authorities seem to consider them sepulchral. Peering narrowly about us, we perceived a hole that looked like a fox-hole. It was, however, barely big enough for us to crawl through; and we entered another cave, smaller, but similar in form and character. Another such passage led us into another such cave. We could find only those three, but have no doubt that others exist; indeed, we felt quite certain that

another hole in the Rath, much about the size and character of the one we opened, would lead to precisely the same results—the discovery of a line of subterranean chambers; and we have little doubt that they go all round the hill. An old man pointed our attention to a spot somewhat distant, both from the entrance we explored, and that to which we now call attention, which he said he recollected to be named “the chimney,” and which assuredly was an opening into a room under ground.

The chambers we explored appeared to have been merely scooped out, and in a very rough manner; there was no evidence of the exercise of skill, except that the corners of two of the rooms were formed by a wall of uncemented stones, each about 14 inches by 7, and evidently selected with some care. These had been laid one above another from the floor to, we imagine, within two feet of the roof; they of course passed considerably higher than the rooms, which, we have observed, were only five feet high.

The entrance to the Gap is a sudden introduction to its marvels; the visitor is at once convinced that he is about to visit a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart for ever. Any where, and under any circumstances, this rugged and gloomy pass would be a most striking object; but its interest

and importance are, no doubt, considerably enhanced by the position it occupies in the very centre of gentle and delicious beauty. The varied greenery of the pleasant glades that skirt the lakes, or line the banks of their tributary rivers, has hardly faded from the eye, before the bleak and barren rocks, of forms as varied and fantastic as they are numerous, are placed before it; and the ear, in lieu of the mingled harmony of dancing leaves, and rippling waters, and songs of birds, is compelled to listen only to the brawling and angry stream rushing onwards, wasting its strength in foam, but continually changing its form—here a creeping rivulet—here a broad lake—and there a fierce cataract. Along the banks of the river is a narrow and, of course, circuitous, path. On the right, the Reeks, with their grand-master, Carran-tuel—"the inverted sickle"—the highest mountain in Ireland, look down upon the dark glen; while, on the left, Tomies and the Purple mountain rise above it, and with a more gracious countenance; for their sides are not so steep but that the goat finds sure footing and pleasant pasture; and the cow—if it be Kerry born—may also wander and ruminate at leisure. The road, or rather bridle track—the pony that treads it must not be a stranger—often passes along the brink of precipices, and then descends into absolute pits; the roar of the rushing torrent is heard plainly all the while—now and then in the depths below, and now and then as a talkative and warning guide by the side of the wayfarer. The dark stream

is the Loe; and in its limited course through the Gap it expands at several points into lakes of various and unequal magnitude, and again contracts itself to gather force for a new rush through the valley. The rocks along the pass are of forms most grotesque; and each has received some distinguishing name from the peasantry.³¹ Although the mountains on either side are for the most part bare, they present occasionally patches of cultivation, "few and far between;" but sufficient to show that even in this savage region the hand of industry may be employed with advantage. From some crevices, too, peep out the gay evergreens—high up, and often so far distant that the eye cannot distinguish the arbutus from the prickly furze. Occasionally, too, the deep gloom of the pass is dispelled by the notes of Spillane's bugle—waking the echoes of the mighty hills; and now and then the eagle soars above the valley. Still it would be impossible for the very lightest-hearted to be otherwise than sad while passing through this dark and deep ravine; it oppresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy. Yet it has its own peculiar sources of pleasure; and, strange as it may seem, nothing at Killarney afforded us so much intense enjoyment.³²

When the Pass terminates, and the Tourist is, as will be supposed, wearied in heart and foot, he suddenly comes upon a scene of unrivalled beauty. A turning in the narrow pathway, brings him just over the Upper Lake; and hanging above "the black valley"—the Coom Duv.

It was with an uncontrollable burst of enjoyment that we gazed upon the delicious scene. A short time before we had thus indulged in a luxuriant draught of nature, we had examined one of the most singular relics of very ancient art. On the side of a lofty hill is the "Logan Stone"—about twenty-four feet in circumference. The peasants call it the "balance rock," and it is doubtless a Druidical remain of remote antiquity. Moore likens it to the poet's heart, which

"The slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth's power could not shake from its base."

Leaving "the Black Valley," with the white cataract that crowns it, the tourist passes through "Lord Brandon's demesne;" and having found his boat waiting in one of the sweet and lonely creeks, of which there are so many, he takes his seat, and prepares for pleasure of a less fatiguing character—the oars rapidly convey him through the Upper Lake.

The narrow and tortuous channel, about four miles in length, that leads from the Upper to the Middle, or Torc lake, is full of interest and beauty; the water is clear and rapid; and on either side it is amply wooded; the "patrician trees" happily mingling with the "plebeian underwood;" through which glimpses of the huge mountains are occasionally caught.

About midway is the far-famed Eagle's Nest, the most perfect, glorious, and exciting of the Killarney echoes. The rock, (for in comparison with the mountains that look down upon it, it is



The Eagle's Nest, Killarney
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

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Leaving "the Black Valley," with the white extract that crowns it, the tourist passes through "Lord Kenilworth's domain," and having found his boat waiting in one of the secret and lonely creeks, of which there are so many, he takes his seat, and prepares for pleasure of a less fatiguing character—the cars rapidly convey him through the Upper Lake.

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nothing more, although, when at its base, it appears of prodigious height,) derives its name from the fact that, for centuries it has been the favoured residence of the royal birds, by whose descendants it is still inhabited; their eyrie being secured by nature against all human trespassers.³³ The rock is of a pyramidical form, about 1700 feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare towards the summit; where the nest of the bird is pointed out, in a small crevice nearly concealed by stunted shrubs. We put into a little creek on the opposite side of the river; but remained in our boat, having been recommended to do so. Our expectations of the coming treat had been highly raised, and we were in breathless anxiety to enjoy it. The bugle-player, Spillane—to whose skill and attention we gladly add our testimony to that of every traveller who has preceded us—landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips—the effect was MAGICAL—the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then Spillane blew a few notes—ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent

forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again Spillane sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds; the effect was indeed that of "enchanting ravishment"—giving

"resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies."

It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of a most wonderful property of Nature; sure we are that we shall be guilty of no exaggeration if we say, that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompense to the tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes. When Spillane had exhausted his ability to minister to our enjoyment—and the day was declining before we had expressed ourselves content—preparations were made for firing off the cannon. As soon as they were completed, the match was applied. In an instant every mountain for miles around us seemed instinct with angry life, and replied in voices of thunder to the insignificant and miserable sound that had roused them from their slumbers. The imagination was excited to absolute terror; the gnomes of the mountains were about to issue forth and punish the mortals who had dared to rouse them from their solitude; and it was easy for a moment to fancy every

creek and crevice peopled with "airy things." The sound was multiplied a thousand-fold, and with infinite variety; at first it was repeated with a terrific growl; then a fearful crash; both were caught up and returned by the surrounding hills; mingling together, now in perfect harmony, now in utter discordance; while those that were nearest became silent, awaiting the on coming of those that were distant; then joining together in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only created them; then breaking forth again into a combined roar that would seem to have been heard hundreds of miles away.³⁴ It is not only by these louder sounds the echoes of the hills are awakened; the clapping of a hand will call them forth; almost a whisper will be repeated—far off—ceasing—resuming—ceasing again. The most eloquent poet of our age has happily expressed the idea we desire to convey:—

"A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on,
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime,
Of æry voices lock'd in unison,—
Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and sublime."

About a mile from the Eagle's Nest is the old Weir Bridge, a bridge of two arches, of which only one affords a passage for boats, and through which the water of the upper lake rushes into Torc lake on its way, through the Laune, to the sea. The current is exceedingly rapid, and it is usual for tourists to disembark and walk across the isthmus, meeting the boat on the other side,

the passage being considered one of much danger to persons who are easily alarmed or indisposed to take the advice of the boatmen, "plase to sit quiet." Mr. Roche, who acted as our helmsman, was, however, anxious to try the strength of our nerves, as well as to exhibit one of the Killarney lions in its wrath and power, shaking its mane in angry vigour; he, therefore, gave us no warning until we were actually within the fierce current. We shot through it with frightful rapidity; and it was evident that a very small deviation either to the right or the left would have flung us among the breakers, the result of which must inevitably have been fatal. The men, who had rested on their oars, were watching us with some anxiety, and the moment we were in safety they awoke the echoes with a loud shout, and congratulated us on our "bowldness."

We can claim but little merit for our heroism; having been perfectly unconscious of the peril we encountered until it was over. We had forgotten the disasters that Mr. Weld records, and to which Derrick made reference half a century before him. We may, therefore, be excused for our ignorance of the warning conveyed in a poem entitled "The Old Weir Bridge," by one of the poets of the district:—

"Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,
The sky though unclouded, the landscape though fair,
Trust not to the current—for death may be there."

When the bridge is passed, the tourist is in Torc lake, and immediately facing Dinis Island



Meeting of the Waters, Killarney
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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—the property of Mr. Herbert of Mucross, who has generously built upon it an exceedingly pretty, picturesque, and commodious cottage, for the gratuitous use of visitors. It is furnished with every requisite for their entertainment; and the housekeeper, a most attentive and obliging person, is ready with her friendly greeting and willing service to those who may require her attendance; a turf fire being always prepared for that necessary portion of an Irish feast—the potatoes; and, moreover, with arbutus skewers, to aid in producing a luxury that may give a new pleasure to the most refined epicure—the salmon sliced and roasted within a few minutes after he has been a free denizen of the lake.³⁵

At Dinis Pool the current divides; one branch, turning to the right, enters Torc Lake; the other, turning to the left, runs between Dinis Island and Glenà mountain, and joins the Lower Lake at the Bay of Glenà—beautiful Glenà! It is said that Sir Walter Scott, standing somewhere near this junction of the waters of the three lakes, exclaimed in a quotation from Coleridge,—

“ Beautiful exceedingly ! ”

There is, we think, nothing at Killarney, where nature is everywhere charming to absolute fascination, to equal this surpassingly lovely spot. The mountain of Glenà, clothed to luxuriance with the richest evergreens, looks down upon a little vale endowed with the rarest natural gifts, and which the hand of taste has touched, here and there, without impairing its primitive character.

Glenà—a name that signifies “the glen of good fortune,”—is the property of Lord Kenmare, whose accomplished and excellent lady—we heard her virtues very often lauded by the tongue of humble though powerless gratitude—has built a cottage-ornée in this delicious valley; it is in happy keeping with the beautiful and graceful scene; and the walks and gardens that surround it are so formed and disposed as in no degree to deduct from its simple beauty. Here also, a pretty and convenient cottage has been erected for the accommodation of strangers; it is placed in one of the forest glades, close to the shore; and is spacious enough to afford entertainment for several parties.³⁶ Glenà—although we have described it here—properly belongs to the Lower Lake.

THE TORC, or Middle, or Mucross, LAKE,³⁷ for it is known by each of these names, is more sheltered, and less crowded with islands than the other lakes. The entrance into it from the upper lake we have described; that from the lower lake is either round by Dinis Island (a course seldom taken) or under Brickeen Bridge, a bridge of a single arch, which connects Bricken Island with the Peninsula of Mucross. Upon this Peninsula is the far-famed Mucross Abbey; and the great tributary to the lake is the beautiful Torc cascade, supplied from the “Devil’s Punch-Bowl,” in the mountain of Mangerton, conveyed through a narrow channel, called “the Devil’s Stream.” The cascade is in a chasm between the mountains of Torc and Mangerton:

the fall is between sixty and seventy feet. The path that leads to it by the side of the rushing and brawling current, which conducts it to the lake, has been judiciously curved so as to conceal the full view until the visitor is immediately under it; but the opposite hill has been beautifully planted—Art having been summoned to the aid of Nature—and the tall young trees are blended with the evergreen arbutus, the holly, and a vast variety of shrubs. As we advance, the rush of waters gradually breaks upon the ear, and at a sudden turning the cataract is beheld in all its glory. It is exceedingly beautiful. At times the torrent is very great; but not unfrequently the supply is so limited, that it dwindles, by comparison, into a mere mill stream.³⁸

The abbey of Mucross adjoins the pretty village of Cloghreen, and is in the demesne of Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq., which includes the whole of the peninsula. The site was chosen with the usual judgment and taste of “the monks of old,” who invariably selected the pleasantest of all pleasant places. The original name was Ire-lough—and it appears that long prior to the erection of this, now ruined structure, a church existed in the same spot, which was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey was built for Franciscan monks, according to Archdall, in 1440; but the annals of the Four Masters give its date a century earlier: both, however, ascribe its foundation to one of the Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond. It was several times repaired, and once subsequently to the Reformation, as we learn from the

following inscription, on a stone let into the north wall of the choir:

“Orate p. felici statu fris Thade Moleni qui hunc sacru convetu de novo reparare curabit Anno Domini millesimo sercentesimo bigesimo serto.”

The building consists of two principal parts—the convent and the church. The church is about one hundred feet in length and twenty-four in breadth; the steeple, which stands between the nave and the chancel, rests on four high and slender pointed arches.³⁹ The principal entrance is by a handsome pointed door-way, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which is seen the great eastern window. The intermediate space, as indeed every part of the ruined edifice, is filled with tombs, the greater number distinguished only by a slight elevation from the mould around them; but some containing inscriptions to direct the stranger where especial honour should be paid. A large modern tomb, in the centre of the choir, covers the vault, in which in ancient times were interred the Mac Carthys Mor,⁴⁰ and more recently the O'Donoghue Mor of the Glens, whose descendants were buried here so late as the year 1833. Close to this tomb, but on a level with the earth, is the slab which formerly covered the vault. It is without inscription, but bears the arms of the Earl of Clancare.⁴¹ The convent as well as the church is in very tolerable preservation; and Mr. Herbert has taken especial care, as far as he can, to baulk the consumer, Time, of the remnants of his glorious feast. He

has repaired the foundations in some parts and the parapets in others, and so judiciously that the eye is never annoyed by the intrusion of the new among the old; the ivy furnishing him with a ready means for hiding the unhallowed brick and mortar from the sight. In his "caretaker," too, he has a valuable auxiliary; and a watch is set, first to discover tokens of decay, then to prevent their spread, and then to twist and twine the young shoots of the aged trees over and around them.

The dormitories, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, the infirmary, and other chambers, are still in a state of comparative preservation; the upper rooms are unroofed; and the coarse grass grows abundantly among them. The great fireplace of the refectory is curious and interesting—affording evidence that the good monks were not forgetful of the duty they owed themselves, or of the bond they had entered into, to act upon the advice of St. Paul, and be "given to hospitality." This recess is pointed out as the bed of John Drake—a pilgrim who, about a century ago, took up his abode in the Abbey, and continued its inmate during a period of several years. As will be supposed, his singular choice of residence has given rise to abundant stories, and the mention of his name to any of the guides or boatmen will at once produce a volume of the marvellous. We gathered from a score of relators the facts we have here put together. When the man made his dwelling in this lonely and awful place—the companion of the dead, living among

the frightful and half-decayed relics of mortality—it is said, his hands were small and delicate, his air and manner tranquil and dignified, and his “tongue” was not of the south. He appeared to be under forty years of age, and made no effort to gain a reputation for sanctity. The belief among the peasantry is, that he had committed some crime which, in accordance with their creed, demanded desperate atonement, and that his penance was to be made within the holy yet haunted walls of Mucross Abbey—it is certain that he braved the weather-changes of either seven or eleven years—without any shelter, but what the chimney afforded—without any covering, but his ordinary clothes, and a single blanket, bestowed by the charity of some gentle-hearted dweller in the village: he never asked alms, nor would receive more at a time than a single penny; he never ate in any dwelling but his own, if so it might be called; and yet he had enough to pay for his potatoes and fish at all times, and to bestow a halfpenny and his prayers on those who seemed more miserable than himself. He was seldom, if ever, seen at chapel, though he prayed daily at particular spots in the abbey-yard, devoting the remainder of his day to the cultivation of his garden. We gathered a bough from a currant-bush, still fresh and vigorous, that had been planted by the poor penitent, “who came,” as the guide said, “as suddenly amongst them as a flash of lightning.” It was reported and believed that this lonely man had frequent and personal contests with the author of all evil, that

he was doomed to wrestle with him in the flesh, and that it was only by prayer and fasting he was able to overcome. We never met with one of the inhabitants who had courage enough to venture within the holy precincts of Mucross after nightfall; but some hardy fellows had been near the walls, and reported that they heard bitter groans, loud and angry words, and sounds as if of men engaged in mortal combat. If John Drake was missed from the village for any length of time, some of the peasants would ascend to his bed—the old chimney, which, when we saw it, was garnished by an enormous tree of ivy, that clasps the wall in its gigantic arms,—and there they would find him, worn, and sad, and weary. This, however, occurred but seldom: he was always gentle and patient, and frequently cheerful—kind to children, who curtsied when he passed. Once a woman of the village, inheriting her sex's curiosity, asked him if he had ever seen "anything" in the ruins. "Nothing," he replied; "*nothing worse than myself.*" Whatever the cause of his seclusion—whatever he endured, he kept to himself: he neither found fault with others, nor interfered with them in any way. Once an old man on the verge of the grave demanded his prayers: "God help you, my poor man," he said; "and God will help you: but as for me, all the prayers I can say from sunrise to sunset are not sufficient for myself." It is almost needless to add, that he partook of no pastime; observing, that "those who were harmless had a right to be happy," and those who were

not, would try to be so in vain. He excited so strong a sympathy in the minds of his kind-hearted neighbours, that it was no uncommon thing, when the young girls said their usual prayers for the repose of their parents' souls beside their graves, to tell over an extra rosary for "the sins of poor John Drake." John never talked of the past or the future, and the peasantry imagined he would leave his bones amongst them. Such, however, was not the case. One day (it was in spring) he was nowhere seen; another and another passed; and at last they sought him in his usual place. He was gone: the straw of his bed was damp, his staff and wallet had vanished; the wren, the sparrow, and the robin peered from the nests he had protected, and twittered their anxiety for his return; the humble fruit-trees he had cared for were full of blossom, and the roses venturing forth their tender buds earlier than usual—but John Drake was gone. In a retired neighbourhood small events produce great sensations: the reports as to his sudden disappearance where he had resided so long were numerous; some declared "he had been spirited away;" others, that "he drowneded himself in the lake;" again, that "he had been seen crossing the Flesk-bridge." In short, the reports were as varied as numerous, until the summer, with its influx of visitors, created new themes, and John Drake's name might have been forgotten, but that it added a new feature of interest to the beautiful abbey of Mucross. Whether the continuation of the mystery be

romance or not, we cannot say; but they tell how, about ten years after John Drake's disappearance, a lady, "a furriner by her tongue," arrived at Killarney, where she remained for many weeks; how she inquired about the pilgrim; how, day by day, she used to ascend to the solitary garden, and weep floods of tears over his couch; then pray where he had prayed, and distribute abundant alms to all who had been kind to him. She would answer no questions; and the two servants who attended upon her could not speak English. After much prayer and penance, she departed as she came, a lonely, unknown lady; and John Drake was heard of—no more.

The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches, ten of them semicircular and twelve pointed, is the best preserved portion of the abbey. In the centre grows a magnificent yew-tree, which covers, as a roof, the whole area; its circumference is thirteen feet, and its height in proportion. It is more than probable that the tree is coeval with the abbey; that it was planted by the hands of the monks who built the sacred edifice centuries ago. The yew, it is known, lives to a prodigious age; and in England, there are many of a date considerably earlier than that which may be safely assigned to this.⁴²

Although for a very long period the monks must have lived and died in the abbey of Mucross, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes;

but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the surface; and as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is, that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin-planks, and skulls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator.⁴³ This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross by the care of Mr. Herbert, and now there is no disagreeable object to intrude upon the sight.

A visit to Mucross Abbey may naturally suggest some account of the funeral ceremonies of the Irish, which are peculiar, remarkable, and interesting.

The most anxious thoughts of the Irish peasant through life revert to his death; and he will endure the extreme of poverty in order that he may scrape together the means of obtaining "a fine wake" and a "decent funeral." He will, indeed, hoard for this purpose, though he will economize for no other; and it is by no means rare to find among a family clothed with rags, and living in entire wretchedness, a few un-



Muckross Abbey
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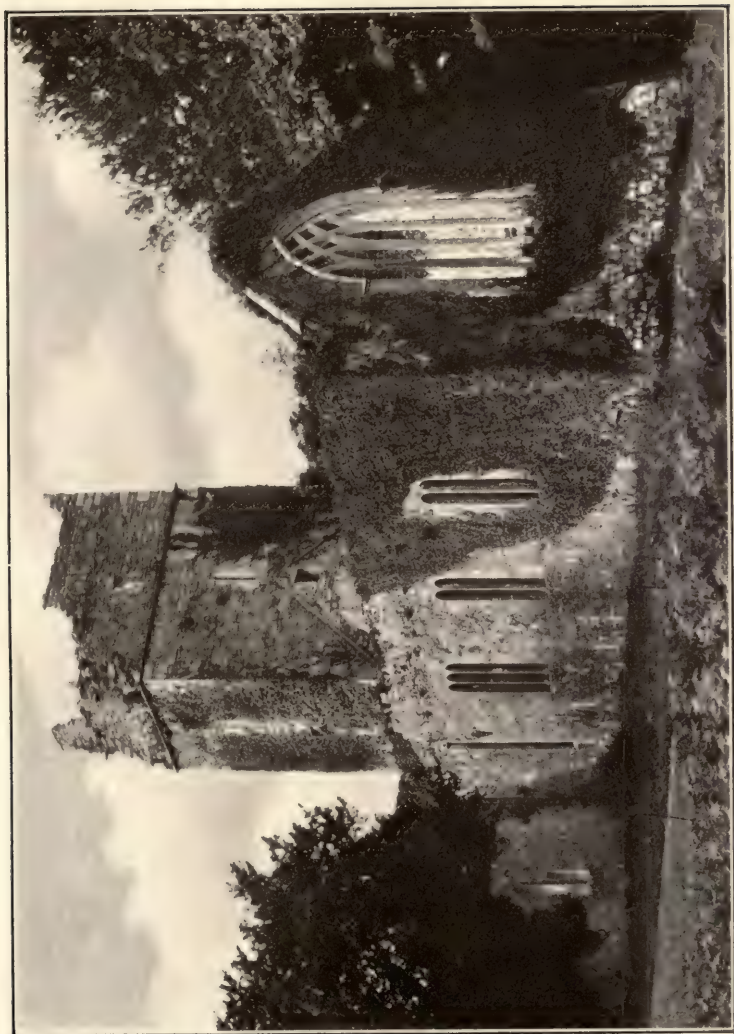
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touched garments laid aside for the day of burial.⁴⁴ It is not for himself only that he cares; his continual and engrossing desire is, that his friends may enjoy "full and plenty" at his wake; and however miserable his circumstances, "the neighbours" are sure to have a merry meeting and an abundant treat after he is dead.⁴⁵ His first care is, as his end approaches, to obtain the consolations of his religion; his next, to arrange the order of the coming feast. To "die without the priest" is regarded as an awful calamity. We have more than once heard a dying man exclaim in piteous accents, mingled with moans—"Oh, for the Lord's sake, keep the life in me till the priest comes!" In every serious case of illness the priest is called in without delay, and it is a duty which he never omits; the most urgent business, the most seductive pleasure, the severest weather, the most painful illness, will fail in tempting him to neglect the most solemn and imperative of all his obligations—the preparing a member of his flock to meet his Creator. When the Roman Catholic sacrament of extreme unction has been administered, death has lost its terrors—the sufferer usually dies with calmness, and even cheerfulness. He has still, however, some of the anxieties of earth; and, unhappily, they are less given to the future destinies of his family, than to the ceremonies and preparations for his approaching wake.

The formalities commence almost immediately after life has ceased.⁴⁶ The corpse is at once laid out, and the wake begins; the priest having

been first summoned to say mass for the repose of the departed soul, which he generally does in the apartment in which the body reposes! It is regarded by the friends of the deceased as a sacred duty, to watch by the corpse until laid in the grave; and only less sacred is the duty of attending it thither.

The ceremonies differ somewhat in various districts, but only in a few minor and unimportant particulars. The body, decently laid out on a table or bed, is covered with white linen, and, not unfrequently, adorned with black ribbons, if an adult; white, if the party be unmarried; and flowers, if a child.⁴⁷ Close by it, or upon it, are plates of tobacco and snuff; around it are lighted candles. Usually a quantity of salt is laid upon it also.⁴⁸ The women of the household range themselves at either side, and the keen (*caoine* ⁴⁹) at once commences. They rise with one accord, and, moving their bodies with a slow motion to and fro, their arms apart, they continue to keep up a heart-rending cry. This cry is interrupted for a while to give the *ban caointhe* (the leading keener) an opportunity of commencing. At the close of every stanza of the dirge, the cry is repeated, to fill up, as it were, the pause, and then dropped; the woman then again proceeds with the dirge, and so on to the close. The only interruption which this manner of conducting a wake suffers, is from the entrance of some relative of the deceased, who, living remote, or from some other cause, may not have been in at the commencement. In this case, the *ban caointhe*

ceases, all the women rise and begin the cry, which is continued until the new-comer has cried enough. During the pauses of the women's wailing, the men, seated in groups by the fire, or in the corners of the room, are indulging in jokes, exchanging repartees, and bantering each other, some about their sweethearts, and some about their wives, or talking over the affairs of the day—prices and politics, priests and parsons, the all-engrossing subjects of Irish conversation.

A very accurate idea of an Irish wake may be gathered from a verse of a rude song, with the singular title of "O'Reilly's Frolics," beginning—"When Death at the bowlster approaches to summon me." We purchased it from a ballad-vendor in Limerick, who was bawling it through the streets in the voice of a stentor:—

"When my corpse will be laid on a table along the room,
With a white sheet on me down to my toes,
My lawful wife by me, and she crying most bitterly,
And my dear loving children making their moans!
The night of my wake long steamers of tobacco,
Cut on a plate, on my navel for fashion's sake,
Mould candles in rows, like torches, watching me,
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of day."

It is needless to observe, that the merriment is in ill keeping with the solemnity of the death chamber, and that very disgraceful scenes are, or rather were, of frequent occurrence; the whiskey being always abundant, and the men and women nothing loath to partake of it to intoxication.⁵⁰

The keener is usually paid for her services—

the charge varying from a crown to a pound, according to the circumstances of the employer. They

“live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.”

It often happens, however, that the family has some friend or relation, rich in the gift of poetry; and who will, for love of her kin, give the unbought eulogy to the memory of the deceased. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter, and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful: the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles that glare upon the corpse—the manner of repetition or acknowledgment that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence—the deep, yet suppressed sobs of the nearer relatives—and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased,—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried

to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent.⁵¹

This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is supernatural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail, (indicated in the music by the *semibreve* at the conclusion,) in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him “Why did he die?” &c., or a description of his person, qualifications, riches, &c. It is altogether extemporaneous; and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her.⁵² This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has “the gift” of poetry may put in his or her verse: and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. But we have witnessed the arrivals of persons who, instead of going over

and sitting down by the corpse, (which indicated an intention to join in the keen,) fell on their knees immediately on entering, and offered up a silent prayer for the repose of the departed soul. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent—they are often filled up by “small plays” on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged, or more serious, by tales of fairie and phantasie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling Protestants.

The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. We can never forget a scene in which one whom we remember played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of “decent people,” and had a “fine wake.” The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep set greys peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat; but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithe-some.—When she arose, as if by a sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body,

and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chant in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated; and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. "Swift and sure was his foot," she said, "on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveller never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood—and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country—but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many, both on hill and valley, and they would revenge his death!" Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervour of Irish hatred. "May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing, like snow in summer! May your own blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take be the bitterest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy!" To each of her curses there was a deep "Amen," which the ban caointhe paused to hear, and then

resumed her maledictions. Akin to this is another keen, of which we have been favoured with a translation:—A keen, by a poor widow on her two sons, executed for treason on the testimony of a perjured informer, whose name it appears was Hugh: translated as literally as the idiom of the English language will permit.

“ My beloved, my faithful boys,
When yesterday your case was called,
Soon started up Hugh.
How many falsehoods did he not swear,
That would hang men a hundred and one.
Then shook the court to its foundations;
The earth shook, and the skies,
The bolt of heaven fell;
It blasted the bloom of the trees,
It stopped the song of the birds.
Alas! alas! a thousand times,
That the bolt fell not on Hugh.

“ Evil befall the grand jury and the judge;
Evil befall the twelve who tried you.

“ That did not look upon your brows,
To see the bloom of youth there,
And give arms to each upon his shoulders,
And send you beyond the waters far away;
For even then your mother would hope for you.
Oh that she was not your judge or your jury!
She would spend days twenty and one,
Without or food or drink,
That she might save her boys.”

The following is brief, but contains a volume of Irish history. A female member of the Mc Carthy More family dying in indigence, was

carried to the grave on the shoulders of peasants; her coffin supported by poles. An old woman, named Mary Riordan, celebrated in the south for her caoines, seeing her thus borne to her last home, pronounced the following lamentation:—

“ O mo cara, thu as mo run-
cri,
A gaoil na prunci,
As na Carhach coolmui,

A mead na diag a nun div,

As nar vaag a thruliv,

Don clan do rug cunthis,

D’iaria Muiseri,
Ad vreh er da stumpin,
Thri do duhiv.”

“ O my love, my heart’s
love,
Thou kin of princes,
The yellow-haired Mc
Carthys—
Of those who went not
into exile,
Or were not drowned in
the waves,
The children whom a
countess bore
To the Earl of Muskerry,
Carried on two poor sticks
Throughout thine own ter-
ritory.”

Another caoine of this woman’s has been preserved; she was known by the name of Maura Vaan—“ White Mary ”—this being a distinctive title of her kindred, perhaps from the colour of their hair. An indigent stranger, an itinerant vender of small wares, died at a farmstead. The neighbours attended his poor wake; and among them was this woman. In the course of the night some one said, “ It is a pity to let him lie there like a cow or a horse; get up, Mary, and say something over him.” “ What can I say? ”

she answered; "I know nothing about him." She was prevailed upon; and thus began:—

"Approach me, women:

If you grieve not for him who lies here,
You have yourselves lost many friends."

In this manner she continued to appeal to their private feelings and sorrows—reminding one of the loss of a husband, another of a lover, another of a father; and worked upon their feelings to such a degree, that every woman present was soon in tears, and all of them rose with one accord, and over the corpse of the unknown indulged each her own private grief.

Besides *caoinés*, extempore compositions over the dead, *thirrios*, or written elegies, deserve mention. They are composed almost exclusively by men, as the *caoinés* are by women. Many of them are of no mean pretensions as efforts of genius. Specimens are to be found in manuscript in the house of every peasant who cultivates the language of his country. They differ from the keens in little more than that they are written with more regard to metre. The measure, in English called *heroic*, is the most common, and suits them best.

We might greatly extend this portion of our inquiries; but, however interesting to some, we should do so at the risk of being tedious in the opinion of a large portion of our readers. The following, however, we must be permitted to transcribe; it is a translation from the original Irish by Mr. Callanan, the poet, whose lines on Gougane Barra we have already quoted. It is

said to be the composition of "a fosterer" of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, the chieftain of Berehaven, who was shot in attempting to resist the service of a warrant for his arrest under a charge of murdering a gentleman, his near neighbour. His body was conveyed to Cork, lashed to the stern of a king's cutter, and towed through the ocean. His head was subsequently exposed on the gaol of that city. He was, it is said, betrayed by one of his own followers:—

"The sun on Ivera no longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music no longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens the light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling, O'Sullivan Bear.

"Scully, thou false one! you basely betrayed him
In his strong hour of need, when thy right hand
should aid him;
He fed thee, he clad thee, you had all could delight
thee,
You left him, you sold him; may Heaven requite thee!

"Scully, may all kinds of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life, may no kind one befriend
thee!
May fevers long burn thee, and agues long freeze
thee! y
May the strong hand of God in his red anger seize
thee!

Had he died calmly, I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs, through ocean
to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,—'tis therefore I wail him.

"Long may the curse of his people pursue them:
Scully, that sold him, and soldier that slew him!

One glimpse of Heaven's light may they see never!
May the hearthstone of hell be their best bed for ever!

"In the hole which the vile hands of soldiers had made
thee,
Unhonoured, unshrouded, and headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee, no eye to rain o'er thee:
No dirge to lament thee, no friend to deplore thee.

"Dear head of my darling! how gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee, high spiked on their gaol!
Thy cheek in the summer sun ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light, but the flash of the storm.

"A curse, blessed ocean, is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork to Ivera of slaughter!
Since thy billows were dyed with the red wounds of
fear,
Of Muiertach Oge, our O'Sullivan Bear."

The wake usually lasts two days; sometimes it is extended to three, and occasionally to four. Where the survivors are "poor and proud," however, the body is consigned to earth within twenty-four hours after death; for it is obvious that the expenditure is too great to allow of its continuance longer than is absolutely necessary. When the corpse is about to be taken out, the wail ⁱⁿ comes most violent; but as then *nature* is most predominant, it is less *musical*. Before the coffin is nailed down, each of the relatives and friends kisses the corpse, then the coffin is brought out and placed on chairs before the door; and in some districts, the candles (which from the first were kept constantly lighted) are brought out also, and placed on other chairs in the same relative position they occupied within, and they are not taken away until the coffin is settled in the

hearse, and the procession beginning to move.

The funerals are invariably attended by a numerous concourse; some from affection to the deceased; others, as a tribute of respect to a neighbour; and a large proportion, because time is of small value, and a day unemployed is not looked upon in the light of money lost. No invitations are ever issued. Among the upper classes, females seldom accompany the mourners to the grave; but among the peasantry the women always assemble largely.

The procession, unless the churchyard is very near, (which is seldom the case,) consists mostly of equestrians—the women being mounted behind the men on pillions; but there are also a number of cars, of every variety. The wail rises and dies away, at intervals, like the fitful breeze. On coming to a cross road, it is customary, in some places, for the followers to stop and offer up a prayer for the departed soul; and in passing through a town or village, they always make a circuit round the site of an ancient cross.⁵³ In former times the scene at a wake was re-enacted with infinitely less decorum in the churchyard; and country funerals were often disgraced by riot and confusion. Itinerant venders of whiskey always mingled among the crowd, and found ready markets for their inflammatory merchandise. Party fights were consequently very common; persons were frequently set to guard the ground where it was expected an obnoxious individual was about to be interred; and it often happened that, after such conflicts, the van-

quished party have returned to the grave, disinterred the body, and left it exposed on the highway.⁵⁴ The horror against suicide is so great in Ireland, that it is by no means rare to find the body of a wretched man, who has been guilty of the crime, remaining for weeks without interment—parties having been set to watch every neighbouring churchyard to prevent its being deposited in that which they consider belongs peculiarly to them.

It is well known, that if two funerals meet at the same churchyard, a contest immediately takes place to know which will enter first; and happily, if descrying each other at a distance, it is only a contest of speed; for it is often a contest of strength, terminating in bloodshed and sometimes in death. This arises from a belief that the last person buried in a churchyard is employed in bringing water to his fellow-tenants of the “narrow house,” until he is relieved in turn by the arrival of a new sojourner in the dreary regions of mortality.

The lower classes of the Irish have always held in exceeding abhorrence the practice of disinterment the dead for the purpose of assisting science; and the men who, in former times, were employed by surgeons to procure “subjects,” always held their lives by very slight tenures.⁵⁵ Indeed, the surgeons themselves were generally objects of suspicion, and not unfrequently of dislike. In order to prevent the possibility of disinterment, we have known parties watch the grave night after night—always in large groups,

and, in those days, never without an abundant supply of whiskey. To many of the country churchyards—the church having vanished ages ago—a rude hovel is attached, where the parties may sit at night; and where some man is paid to watch, by the friends of the deceased persons.

The most touching and sad though interesting funeral we ever attended, was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that “we were in great luck, for two widows’ sons were to be buried that day:”—adding, “I’m sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curiosity to see it, I’m glad they’re to come to-day.”

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd, we heard the keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse in this district; but the Kerry keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin—what, in England, would be called a shell: and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four-post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother,

shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighbourhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved—no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony. The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a “neighbour;” and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the churchyard. This one had no hired keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves were preparing, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the churchyard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both: like the crones in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, they discoursed of the departed.

"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said—it was mighty quare—'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door—"

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'."

"'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week!'

"'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life, when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen—there's Betsey Doolan out there, showing her bran-new shawl at a funeral! Well, the consate of some people! Do you know where the up funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say—an only son too!"

"Oh Peggy, you aint in airnest, are ye?"

"Fait, it's as thrue as gospel, Ally! or may I never light another pipe—two lone women's only

sons: aint it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day; and sure that was some comfort to her, to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that *was* some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I—"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a dacent man. Yah! yah! hear to that screech, it bates the head-keener of them all—the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye."

"I wonder will any of the quality in Kilarney look to her? It's a pity my Lady Kenmare's not in it; sure she looks to every poor craythur that wants. Oh, thin, sure the power of the blessings she resaves from the poor will carry her soul to heaven! It's a comfortable blanket I had from her last frost. May she have all her heart's delight to the end of her days."

"Some people have grate luck," said the other woman with a sneer; "but by dis and by dat, I never made a poor mouth to the quality."

"And the dickons thank ye for yer perliteness, and the man that owns ye in constant work; not like a poor craythur such as me, who has no head, God help us, these ten years to think for the childer—only our own two hands to gather for them and ourselves the scrapings of the earth." ⁵⁶

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. There was no priest of any description present, nor do the Catholic priests in general attend the humble funerals. This we think exceedingly improper; it is distinctly and positively his duty—a duty he owes to the poor as well as the rich; and yet the victim of sudden death had prayers, many and sincere, offered up over his grave! When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly gravedigger threw down his spade, every person in the churchyard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded to the spot, and knelt silently and reverently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken—no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps, for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations.

The other funeral was soon over; and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends—for the poor are the friends of the poor—persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used towards them. Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little: but it was impossible to

mistake the eager looks and sympathizing tears of many who were present.

It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth. "I'm sorry for your trouble, my poor woman," said the mountain widow to the townswoman.

"Thank ye, and kindly too; the Lord's hand is heavy on us both;" she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who was a much younger woman. "Two only sons!" she added—"they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen"—and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face—"did your boy die hard?"⁵⁷

"God be praised! he did not; he wasted away without any pain or trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him—my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so." She paused to weep, while the people round her—some in Irish, some in English—exclaimed, "God comfort her!"—"the Lord look down on her!"—"Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has grate strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added, "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God always," said the old woman—"thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbours will tell you how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of

strength as the finest deer on Glenà, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked on it! think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy, the throuble is too strong for her intirely, and no wonder."

THE LOWER LAKE is, as we have said, much larger than either Tork Lake or the Upper Lake; and tourists generally prefer it to either of its sister rivals. It is more cheerful, and in parts more beautiful; but, as we have intimated, less graceful than the one, and far less grand than the other.

There are islands, small and large, in the Lower Lake, to the number of about five-and-thirty, including those of all sizes and proportions, that are not merely bare rocks; and nearly the whole of them are luxuriantly clothed in the richest verdure and foliage. The principal in extent and the most distinguished for beauty are, Ross, Innisfallen, and Rabbit Island; but among the lesser "stars of earth," there are several that surpass their comparatively giant neighbours in natural loveliness and grace;—

such, for example, is Mouse Island, the tiny speck that lies between Ross and Innisfallen. It will be unnecessary for us to do more than point attention to them on the map; the two greater islands, however, call for some descriptive details.

The usual place of embarkation for strangers, who design to visit the various objects of attraction that must be seen by water, is at a quay on Ross Island, immediately under the walls of Ross Castle, to which there is a carriage road, crossing a small bridge, from the town of Killarney. The guests at the two hotels, "Roche's" and "the Victoria," have their own miniature piers; the former at a little creek under the banks of Mucross. Ross is more properly a peninsula than an island, being separated from the main land only by a narrow cut through a morass, which it is more than probable was a work of art, with a view to strengthen the fortifications of the castle. The island, for so it must now be termed, is the largest of the lakes, containing about eighty plantation acres. It is richly and luxuriantly cultivated; a portion of it is converted into a graceful and carefully-kept flower-garden, where seats are placed so as to command the more striking and picturesque views; and in every part Nature has been so judiciously trained and guided, that the whole scene is one of exceeding beauty. The castle is a fine remain; much less injured by time than the majority of its co-mates in Kerry county. It is a tall square embattled building, based upon a lime-

stone rock, sustained at the land side by a plain massive buttress; from the north-east and north-west angles, project two machicolated defences. It contains a spiral staircase of cut stone. It was erected by one of the earlier chieftains of the Donoghues.⁵⁸ It forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape from every part of the Lower Lake; and as the modern additions to the ancient structure are rapidly becoming ruins also, they will ere long increase rather than lessen its interest—more certainly if Lord Kenmare will take some trouble to cover them with ivy. During the war, the out-buildings were used as a barrack. The castle is famous in Irish history, as being the last in Munster to hold out against the Parliamentary army; in 1652, Ludlow, the successor of Ireton, assisted by Sir Hardress Waller, laid siege to it. It was defended by Lord Muskerry, with a sufficiency of troops, and an ample supply of provisions: yet the castle, so well prepared for defence, surrendered upon articles, without striking a vigorous blow. The circumstance is attributable to the terror that seized upon the garrison, when they beheld war-ships floating on the lake, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, which foretold that the castle could be taken only when an event occurred—almost as improbable as that “Birnam forest” should come “to Dunsinane.” Although it is very unlikely that Ludlow had heard of this tradition, or would have heeded it if he had, it is certain that, having considered it wisest to attack the castle by water, he had constructed

boats for the purpose; “and,” as he says, “when we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy, which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them.” General Ludlow does not explain how the boats were conveyed into the lakes; and so great must have been the difficulty of transporting them from any distant part, covered as this district of Ireland then was with bog and forests, that the boat has been generally considered to have been nothing more than a raft. An accident enabled us to remove all doubts on the subject.

In the wall of the ancient church of St. Multose, at Kinsale, we discovered an old tomb, partly concealed by rubbish; and learned that this division of the structure had, until very lately, been blocked up by heaps of stone and mortar. The inscription on a wooden pannel, almost rotted away, and fixed immediately over the grave, was in Latin; the word “*Kerria*” excited our curiosity; and, on clearing the stone, we were amply rewarded for our labour. We read as follows:—

“*Spem reponant alii sanctis et angelis;*

JESUS,

En nomen venerandum quod liberavit nos.

*Cum genitore jacet Thomas cognomine Chudleigh,
Regibus Anglorum struxit uterque rates,
Ars genitoris erat præstans, heu! heu! brevis ætas,*

Causavit terris velificasse ratem,
Velificare ratem terris bene Kerria novit,
Rossensis turris capta labore probat;
Pergito musa precor, natum cantare studeto,
Ingeniosus erat, præditus arte pari,
Ille ratem regi cui dat Kinsalia nomen,
Condidit ast alii laus data magna fuit,
Condidit hanc inquam lector tulit alter honores,
Sic alii sibi non, dulcia vitis habet,
Sic alii sibi non, grandia portat equuz,
Sic alii sibi non, cursitat arva canis,
Sic alii sibi non, navigat ipsa rates." 59

As we have observed, from all parts of the lake, and from every one of the adjacent mountains, the castle of Ross is a most interesting and attractive point in the scenery; and it amply repays the honour it receives by enabling the visitor to obtain, from the summit of its tower, a commanding view of every important object by which it is surrounded. An hour passed in walking round the island will be an hour pleasantly and profitably spent; and curiosity may be gratified by inspecting the surface of the famous copper mine, the debris of which is scattered in profusion upon the western shore; among them are several huge portions of a steam-engine—the first, we believe, ever introduced into Ireland. Of these mines we have already given some notice. When opened by Colonel Hall in 1804, he obtained unequivocal proof that they had been worked previously; but at a period very remote, and when mining, as an art, was utterly unknown. Several rude stone hammers were discovered. We procured two of

them during our recent visit to Killarney, but they are now, of course, becoming scarce. A groove had evidently been cut, or rather rubbed, round it, so as to attach to it a handle by a strap, perhaps of leather; and the larger end, against which the blows were struck, is obviously worn by use. They are popularly called "Danes' Hammers;" and it is not unlikely that the Danes may have been the miners who left them there; but they certainly received their shape from nature, for one of those we obtained had no mark of the groove. Another circumstance, we remember to have heard from Colonel Hall, corroborative of the assertion that the mine was worked ages ago: the miners found the remains of fires all along the vein; these fires must have been lit in order to consume the limestone in which the ore was bedded, so as to form a natural smelting-house in the quarry. Of course the mine had been loosely worked, and very little of its wealth had been removed.⁶⁰

Ross Island is nearly in the centre of the Lower Lake; the next in importance is Innisfallen—sweet Innisfallen! It receives from all tourists the distinction of being the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most interesting, of the lake islands. Its peculiar beauty is derived from the alternating hill and dale within its small circle; the elegance of its miniature creeks and harbours; and the extraordinary size as well as luxuriance of its evergreens; and it far surpasses in interest any one of its graceful neighbours, inasmuch as here, twelve centuries ago, was



Innisfallen
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis Z. Walter, R. H. A.

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founded an Abbey, of which the ruins still exist, from which afterwards issued "the Annals of Innisfallen"—among the earliest and the most authentic of the ancient Irish histories.⁶¹ On approaching it, we seem to be drawing near a thick forest; for the foliage is remarkably close, and extends literally into the water, many of the finest trees having their roots under the lake. On landing, however, we find that the lofty elm and magnificent ash, mingled with hollies of gigantic growth, and other evergreens of prodigious height and girth, only encircle a green sward, of so pure and delicious a colour as to demand for Innisfallen, beyond every other part of Ireland, the character of being pre-eminently "the Emerald Isle." Vistas have been skilfully formed through the trees, presenting on one side a view of the huge mountains, and on the other of the wooded shores of Ross. Of the abbey a few broken walls alone remain; it is said to have been built in the seventh century by Saint Finian Lobhar (the Leper), the descendant of one of the most renowned of the Munster kings; and it was subsequently appropriated to the use of the regular canons of St. Augustin. A far more ancient structure, the small Oratory or Chapel, represented in the print, is an object of considerable interest; its situation is picturesque; and its appearance,

"Being all with ivy overspread,"

is in happy keeping with the ancient character of the island. For upwards of a century it has

been desecrated to the purposes of "a banquet-house" for visitors, who are seldom content with "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;" but, within the last few months, the good taste of Lord Kenmare has caused it to be unroofed, and converted into what it had been since the ejection of the monks—a ruin.

Our guide, Sir Richard, having first conducted us up and down the tiny hillocks, and through the miniature vales, of this delicious isle—

"A chosen plott of fertile land
Amongst wide waves sett, like a little nest;
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best,"—

and having listened with evident pride and pleasure to our expressions of exceeding delight, proceeded to introduce us to the two island-wonders—"the Needle," and "the Bed of Honour." Through the former he led, or rather pushed us; it is a crab-tree with a kind of double trunk, forming an aperture, the forcing through which is said to have a powerful influence on the after-destiny of "the gentler sex;" and to the latter the gallant knight ushered us with all due state and ceremony. The "Bed of Honour" is a seat formed by the matted branches of a yew-tree; but the traditions that account for its name are confused and contradictory; and to its miraculous effects we cannot proffer ourselves as witnesses. Sir Richard, however, and Spillane, who also accompanied us, took ad-

vantage of our disposition "to sit awhile and rest," for the day was very fair, and the sun was sinking

"With a pure light and a mellow,"

to enlighten, and interest, and amuse us, by relating some of the legends of the lakes. Although we have no design to detain our readers for so long a period as these capital raconteurs kept us, under the shadow of the venerable tree, we design to incur the hazard of wearying them by compressing some of the tales—premising that they may be, and we hope will be, told at greater length and with far greater effect, by the two worthies themselves, in the midst of scenery unsurpassed by any country of the globe, to many persons who will here peruse them "shorn of their beams."

They told us——How St. Patrick never came into Kerry; but only looked into it, holding his hands out to it, and saying "I bless all beyond the Reeks."——How Fin Mac Cool kept his tubs of goold in the lake under Mucross, and set his dog Bran to watch them; this was ages ago, long before the flood. An Englishman—a grate diver intirely—came over to try wouldn't he get the goold; and when he went down, the dog woke from his slumbers and seized him; and I'll go bail he never tried th' experimint agin.——How, when O'Donoghue leaped out of the windy of Ross Castle, his enchanted books flew after him—and there they are—O'Donoghue's library, to be seen this day;

only turned into stone, and like the Killarney guide-books—rather heavy.——How, right under the Crebough there was a huge carbuncle, that, of a dark night, lit up the rocks under the lake, and showed the palaces and towers of the ould ancient city that the waters covered.——How Darby got his “garden”—a group of barren rocks in the Lower Lake. He asked ould Lord Kinmare to let him cut wattles out o’ the trees of Innisfallen. “I will,” says my lord, “as many as ye plase, between an hour before and an hour after midnight.” So Darby took him at his word, and went to work. But no sooner did he touch the bark of one of the blessed trees, than he was whisked away in a whirlwind, and flung with a skinful of broken bones upon the bit of bare rock, that we call “Darby’s garden” to this day.——How a holy hermit fell into sin, and did a hard penance for seven long years, just where the trees under Mucross dip into the water. He walked straight into the lake, and stuck his holly-stick into the gravel at the bottom, and made a vow never to leave the spot until the kippen threw out branches and leaves. And for seven years he stood there, without sleep or food; till at last the stick blossomed, and in one night became a grate tree, and then the holy hermit knew he was pardoned; and ’twas he that did the wonderful cures from that day out, till all the county was running after “the Hermit of the holly-tree.”——How the first O’Donoghue was a tall slip of a boy; and he was sitting in his ould nurse’s

cottage, when she set up a screech that the O'Sullivans were staling the cattle. So up he gets, pulls an ould sword out of the thatch, and kills every mother's son of the thieving blaguards. When the fight was over, up comes his gilly, and "didn't we do that nately?" says he; and "were you helping me?" says O'Donoghue; "I was," says the gilly. So with that, O'Donoghue goes out and sticks one of the dead men agin the wall, with his eyes staring open, and his spear in his fist; and he calls out the gilly, "kill me that big fellow," says he; and the gilly was frightened and tried to skulk off. "I knew ye were a coward," says O'Donoghue; and hanged him on the next tree.——How the Englishman inquired of a Kerry peasant, by what means Ireland happened to have so many mountains—to which the Kerry boy made answer thus, "Ye see, Ireland being the finest and the best country in the world, in coorse was the last country that Nature made; and when Ireland was finished, Nature had a dale o' stuff to spare; so she left it there—and that makes the mountains."⁶²——How the giant Eel, that lives in a goulden palace in Lough Kittane, walked one midsummer night into the Lower Lake, kicking up a bobbery in the halls of the O'Donoghue; for which impudence the Eel is chained for ten thousand years to the rock we call O'Donoghue's prison; and many's the man that's heard its moans, and seen the water rise and fall above it, as it twirled and twisted, trying to squeeze itself out of its handcuffs.——

How Fin Mac Cool fought at Ventry Harbour, the battle that continued without interruption three hundred and sixty-six days. And Dalav Dura, the champion of the Monarch of the world, slain six hundred of Fin's best troops in six days, all in single combat; so Fin successively killed Fion M'Cuskeen Loumbunig, Finaughlaugh Trackluskeen, and the champion Dulav Dura; and fought so long and so lustily, that his limbs would have fallen asunder if they hadn't been kept together by his armour; till, in the end, Fin totally destroyed his enemies, and took possession of the field with trumpets sounding, drums bating, and colours flying, having been fighting for it one whole year and a day.——How Macgillicuddy of the Reeks was a boy or gilly to the Mac Carthy Mor; and he went into Connaught to seek his fortune; and he fell in love with a young lady and she with him; and he boasted to her father that he had more ricks than the father's land could grow hay enough to cover with hay-bands; so the father sent a messenger into Kerry to know the truth of his riches, and whether the young stranger had the grate fortune he spoke about. And, to be sure, the daughter gave the messenger a hint; so he thravelled to Kerry, and saw young Macgillicuddy's father ating his dinner on his knees, with heaps of rats all about the cabin he lived in; so he goes back and tells the fair maid's father, that the Macgillicuddy had more live cattle about him than he could count, and was ating off a table he wouldn't part with for half

Connaught. So, in coorse, the boy got the girl. —How Ossian used to see white horses riding through his fields. So, says he, by Jakers, the next time they come, I'll mount one of 'em, says he. And he did. And they took him to the Thier-na-oge—that's the land of eternal youth; and a mighty pleasant place he found it, wid beautiful ladies, fresh and fair as a May morning. Only after a while, "I'll go home," says he, "just to ax how my friends are." "Och, they're dead," says the king; "dead these fifteen hundred years," says he. "Pooh," says Ossian; "sure I haven't been here more than a year." "Well, go and see," says the king; "mount one o' my white horses; but mind, if ye get off his back, ye'll be ould, shrivelled, and withered," says he; "and not the fine bould gorsoon ye are now." So Ossian went; and he wondered gratefully to see such a many ould castles in ruins—for ye see, yer honours, 'twas after Cromwell went through the country like a blast; bad luck to his seed, breed, and generation: Amin! Well, Ossian meets an ould clargy going home to holy Aghadoe, and he trying to lift a sack o' corn on his back; and "help," says he, "for the sake o' the Virgin." "Faiks, I will, honest man," says Ossian; "for the sake of virgin or married woman, or widdy," says he; for ye see Ossian was a hathen, and didn't know what the holy father meant by "the Virgin." So he leaped off his horse, and in a moment he was an ould, shrivelled, withered man, oulder looking a dale than the priest he was going to

help wid the sack o' corn. So the blessed monk of Aghadoe knew that the spell of the enchantment was broke; and he convarted Ossian; made a Christian of him on the spot; and by the same token, it was to a dale finer and better country than the Thierna-na-oge, that Ossian was carried that same night.——How the blessed abbot of Innisfallen walked for two hundred years about the little island that wasn't a mile round. And the way of it was this:—He was praying one morning early, before the sun was up; and he heard a little bird singing so sweetly out of a holly-tree, that he rose from his knees and followed it, listening to the music it was making; and the little bird flew from bush to bush, singing all the while, and the holy father following; for so sweet and happy was the song of the little bird, that he thought he could listen to it for ever; so where it flew he went; and when it changed its place, he was again after it; the little bird singing all the while, and the holy father listening with his ears and his heart. At length the abbot thought it was nearing vesper time; and he blessed the little bird and left it. When he stepped back to his convent, what should he see and hear but strange faces and strange voices; the tongue of the Sassenach in lieu of the wholesome Irish. And the monks asked him what right had he to wear the habit of the holy Augustines? And so he told them his name, that he was their abbot, and that he had been since daybreak following the music of the little bird that was singing sweetly among

the branches of the holly-tree. And they made answer, that two hundred years ago the holy abbot had left the convent, and was never heard of afterwards—and that now the heretic and the stranger was ould Ireland's king. So the holy father said, "Give me absolution some of ye, for my time is come;" and they gave him absolution: and just as the breath was laving him, they heard at the lattice-window the sweetest song that ever bird sung; and they looked out and saw it, with the sun shining on its wings that were white as snow; and while they were watching it, there came another bird; and they sung together for awhile out of the holly-tree, and then both flew up into the sky; and they turned to the holy father—and he was dead.

We must refer to our guide, Sir Richard, for a longer catalogue of Lake Legends; his store will hardly be exhausted between sunrise and sunset of a whole summer day. But his hearers may form their own conclusions as to whether the gallant knight "hath the rare faculty of inventing" as well as of reporting. If, to some, his stories are as good as new, to others, probably, they will be as good as old: at all events we may safely promise that Sir Richard will talk as long as he finds listeners; and that to the last he will neither exhibit signs of weariness, or tokens that the book of his memory is about to close.

It is needless for us to tarry any longer upon the Lower Lake: we can do no more than apply

to every island that graces it—to every little bay into which it runs—to the shores, wooded with rich evergreens, by which it is surrounded—to the streams of the mountain or the valley by which it is supplied—to the cataracts that force their way into it, over huge rocks and through thick forest glades,—the epithets “sublime and beautiful,” upon which we have been compelled to ring the changes again and again.

We cannot quit the subject, however, without requiring the reader to make with us the ascent to the summit of Mangerton; or, if he be in rude health and strength, and time be not of much value, he may encounter Carran Tuel—the highest mountain of Ireland—from the top of which he will see, still more gloriously pictured, the magnificent panorama of the lakes at the foot, the Atlantic Ocean in the distance, and, between them both, a tract of country unparalleled for rude grandeur and gentle beauty.

The village of Cloghreen is a very short distance from the base of Mangerton. The tourist, however, should diverge somewhat from the direct route, to examine the little church of Killaghie—we believe the smallest church in the kingdom. In its construction it is very simple; and is obviously, with the exception of its tower, of remote antiquity. Wild flowers, of various hues, grow from the walls and adorn its roof of stone.

The journey to the summit of Mangerton is not to be thought of lightly, although the labour may excite a smile in those who have climbed

the "Monarch of Mountains." For a very long period, until within the present century indeed, Mangerton had usurped the honour of ranking as the highest of the Irish mountains: so Dr. Smith describes it, although he admits that the Reeks "look more lofty." Since the inquiries of Mr. Nimmo, and the improvements in surveying, Mangerton has, however, been compelled to resign its throne, and "hide its diminished head."⁶³ Still, to dwellers in the valley, and more especially those of the city, its height is sufficient to afford a pretty correct idea of what a veritable mountain actually is. We commenced our excursion on a morning that gave promise of a fine day; mounted on the sure-footed ponies whom "practice had made perfect," and who are never known to stumble. Indeed, a trip would not unfrequently prove fatal to the rider. A road leads from Cloghreen to the base of the mountain. As this portion of his service seemed to be that upon which Sir Richard chiefly prided himself, he had assumed an additional degree of importance; and issued orders "in good set terms" to his subordinates. A crowd soon gathered about us, men, women, girls and boys, with vial-bottles of potheen and cans of goat-milk; each with a greeting—"yer honour's welcome to Mangerton." About a score of them were in attendance as we reached a group of wretched hovels at the foot of the mountain; and the crowd grew like a snowball as it moved onwards. Take a portrait of one of them—a fine hale and healthy mountain maid; as buoyant as the breeze, and as

hardy as the heath that blossoms on its summit. The sure feet of our horses were soon tried; the little rough-coated animals had to make their way over rocks, bogs, and huge stones, through rushing and brawling streams, and along the brinks of precipices—places where it would be very difficult for persons unaccustomed to mountain travelling to move along on foot. At length we reached “the Devil’s Punch Bowl,” a small lake in the midst of rocks almost perpendicular. The water is intensely cold; yet in the severest winter it never freezes. The peasants, of course, attribute this peculiarity to the influence of his satanic majesty; but from its position it is never calm, being in a state of agitation on the mildest summer day.⁶⁴ As it is chiefly supplied by springs that pass over the surrounding peat-beds, the water is of a very dark colour, and its depth is said to be unfathomable. A footpath marks the way to the summit of the mountain. It is a perfect level of considerable extent, and covered with a deep stratum of peat moss, into which the foot sinks some inches even in the driest weather.

The view from the mountain-top defies any attempt at description; it was the most magnificent sight we had ever witnessed—and one that greatly surpassed even the dreams of our imagination. In the far away distance is the broad Atlantic, with the river of Kenmare, the bay of Dingle, and the storm-beaten coasts of Iveragh. Midway are the mountains—of all forms and altitudes, with their lakes and cataracts, and streams of white foam. At our feet lie the three Kil-

larney lakes, with Glenà, and Torc, and even Tomies, looking like protecting walls girdling them round about. The islands in the upper and lower lake have, some of them, dwindled into mere specks, while the larger seem fitted only for the occupation of fairies. The rapid river Laune winds prettily along the valley; and the Flesk-bridge, with its dozen arches, resembles a child's toy. We were peculiarly fortunate as regards the weather; for against the intense cold that prevails at all seasons on the heights, we had been duly warned and prepared; and our guide was loaded with matters we might have sadly missed if they had been withheld till our return. We had scarcely reached the top, when the clouds came suddenly around us—around above and below; we could not see our companions although they were but a few yards from us, and the rough play of the wind prevented us from hearing their voices. At length Sir Richard crept to our side, and, as if infected by the solemn expression of our countenances, he abstained for awhile from breaking the reverie in which we indulged. After a time, however, he murmured some words of alarm lest the clouds should continue and prevent our seeing the glorious prospect he had promised us. The dark light, for it is scarcely paradoxical to say so, continued about us for many minutes. It was a bright white mist in which we were enveloped; and, as we attempted to peer through it, we could compare it to nothing but lying on the ground and looking upwards when the sky is unbroken

by a single cloud. After a time, however, the clouds gradually drifted off; and the whole of the magnificent panorama was displayed beneath us. The effect was exciting to a degree; the beautiful foreground, the magnificent midway, and the sublime distance, were all taken in by the eye at once. While we gazed, however, the clouds again passed over the landscape, and all was once more a blank; after a few minutes they departed, and gave to full view the whole of the grand and beautiful scene; and in this manner above an hour was occupied, with alternate changes of darkness and light. On our way down the mountain, we deviated from the accustomed track to visit Coom-na-goppel—"the Glen of the Horse;"—so called, according to Mr. Weld, "from the excellence of its pastures;" but, according to Mr. Windele, "from the circumstance of one of these poor animals having been accidentally precipitated over a craig into a dark lough at its base." The glen may be likened to a gigantic pit, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular mountain rocks, in which the eagle builds his nest without the fear of man: it is inaccessible except from one particular spot, where its superabundant waters have forced a passage into a still lower valley. To reach it from the heights above would be almost impossible. Following the course of the stream, we are conducted through rich pasture ground to the borders of a spacious lake—Lough Kittane; in extent it nearly equals Tore Lake, but nature has left it without adornment, surrounded by rude and barren hills.

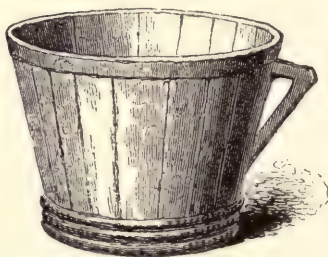
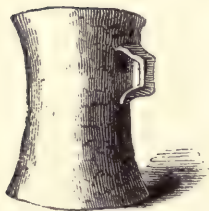


PLATE NUMBER FIVE

On the same side of Mangerton there are many other lakes, each of which sends its tribute to those of "Killarney"—and a visit to any one of which will amply recompense the traveller.

The "boys" and girls of Mangerton followed us through the whole of our day's journey—a very fatiguing one it must have been to those who derived little or no enjoyment from the novelty and beauty of the scene. Their hope was, that we might become fatigued enough to require either the whiskey or the milk, or both, of which each carried a small quantity. The "jugs" are of wood, of various forms, and by no means ungraceful. The four we subjoin, we copied from "the dresser" of a cottage somewhat above the ordinary class; but they are the common drinking vessels of the Kerry peasantry. (See Plate No. 5.) The crowd of half-guides, half-beggars, by whom we were attended, we made content by taking a few drops of their beverage from the can of each; bestowing, in return, a recompense, small enough, but evidently larger than they usually received. When they saw us in safety at the foot of the mountain, they parted from us with a joint and cheerful hurra, and a mingled wish for "good luck" wherever we might go. We had passed some distance on our way homeward, when we overtook a young girl, whose avocations were obviously the very opposite of the idlers we had left. She carried on her back a large and heavy hamper of potatoes, and was walking bare-foot, of course, and with pain. We gave her a single halfpenny. Small as was the coin, it was

repaid by a torrent of eloquence. "Heaven bless yer honour! it's few gives a halfpenny to a poor orphin like me—though it's little the mother that bore me, or the father that nursed me on his knees, thought I'd come to be a *slave* to Mike Sullivan! Sure no sarvint ever stops with him but he murders,—a'most! and I'd not ha' been wid him so long, only he's *on his keepin* on account of a blow he struck a man, who's *down ever since*, and the '*poliesh*' afther Mike."—"And has Mike a wife?"—"He has, sure—and he's not bad to her, though he's such a devil, and she's the same, *on the tongue*, though a kind heart warms her busum—God bless her!"—"How long are your parents dead?" Here the poor girl wept again. "The Lord took my mother and some more of us, *as good* as eight years ago; and my father struggled wid the poverty of the world until four years come Martinmas—then, then, he died, he died! and left me on the stony bed of a cowl'd, cowl'd world. Och hone! it's little I knew the bitter blast of the wind, or the chill of the frost, whin he was in it to *warm me with his sweet smile*, or kind words! Oh, my father! my father! who is in heaven! *I wish I was worthy* to be with you!" This *was* eloquence; the child could not have been fourteen—she was small and finely formed—and the tears couched each other down her cheeks. "What do you get as wages?"—"One and sixpence."—"A week?"—"A yarra, no!—a quarter, and two meals a day: but, glory be to God!

I'm growing bigger and stronger, and though I can't be more willing, I'll be more able to work; and sure that'll be some comfort." We gave her sixpence. The magnitude of the gift amazed her: down she dropped on her knees. "O father in heaven, look down and bless them who looked to yer poor orphin! May the holy saints guide ye, and purtect ye, and make yer bed in heaven!" She was up in an instant; for the horse was ascending one of the perpendicular sort of hills which an English horse (unless born and brought up to steeple-chasing) would condemn as *impracticable*; and then, all smiles, as a moment before she had been all tears, the girl exclaimed, "I'll buy myself a new handketcher when I go to Killarney: I won't tell Mike Sullivan, for fear he'd take it from me—but I'll buy the handketcher. Oh, the Lord purtect ye! I wish I knew how to *pray strong for ye!* but the Lord sees us all, and knows our hearts. That's my way now (pointing over a bog); and sure it's hard for an orphin to turn her back on the friends the Lord sent her on the high-road." And after clasping her hands in blessing, the mountain-child sprang over a rocky fence, and took a foot-path that led round the mountain; she was accompanied by a lean dog, that seemed to attend without companioning the lonely girl; there was no sympathy between them; she did not call to him, but he followed her rather as a matter of necessity than choice. Long after we parted, we could trace them as they ascended, stage by

stage, the mountain-side. What a number of blessings can be purchased in Ireland for sixpence!

It is time that we leave the Killarney lakes; for our design is not to produce "a guide-book."⁶⁵ Our readers need scarcely be told that we have rendered very insufficient justice to their exceeding beauty; or that we have passed over, altogether without notice, numerous objects of great interest and value, from which the tourist will not fail to derive amusement, instruction, and enjoyment. It is, indeed, difficult, if it be not actually impossible, to convey a notion of their numerous and wonderful attractions. The pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist will equally fail to picture them, for they are undergoing perpetual changes that cannot be described; and it will not be easy to recognise at noon, or at evening, the scenes that may have been closely examined, and even copied, in the morning; so infinitely varied are the effects produced by the peculiar fluctuations of light and shade that occur over the whole district—the islands, the shores, the water, and the mountains.⁶⁶

On reviewing what we have written concerning the Lakes—although conscious that we have failed in giving the reader even a limited idea of their grandeur and beauty—we trust we have succeeded in detailing their advantages so far as to induce many persons to visit them, who have hitherto been accustomed to pay their annual vis-

its to the Continent. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character—cannot, we feel assured, project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford so ample a recompense.

Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of the continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be inevitably exacted by the leeches of Germany, France, and Italy. Irish civility and hospitality to strangers have been proverbial for ages—existing even to a fault; strangers will find, wherever they go, a ready zeal and anxiety, among all classes, to produce a favourable impression on behalf of the country; and in lieu of roguish couriers, insolent douaniers, dirty inns, and people courteous only that they may rob with greater certainty and impunity, they will encounter a people naturally kind and intelligent, in whom it is impossible not to feel interested; and even where discomfort is to be endured, it will be deprived of its character of annoyance by the certainty that every effort has been, or will be, exerted to remove it. We shall indeed rejoice, if our statements be the means of

inducing English travellers to direct their course westward—knowing well that, for every new visitor, Ireland will obtain a new friend.⁶⁷

Not only will opinions that have hitherto operated prejudicially towards Ireland be removed by personal intimacy with its people—effects infinitely more important will arise out of it: the greater the intercourse between the two countries, the more will the Irish be convinced how utterly unfounded are assertions that describe the English as regarding them with “unrelenting hate and bigoted detestation;”—assertions that tend to produce incalculable evil, by persuading Ireland, on the one hand, that the spirit from which proceeded centuries of oppression and misrule is the spirit that now prevails over and influences not only the British government, but the English people; and, on the other hand, create suspicion and dislike on the part of the English towards the Irish, by assuring England that it has a dangerous enemy in its neighbour and natural ally. It is equally untrue and unwise to say that the English hate the Irish: the reverse has been proved whenever proof was called for. In old times, indeed, there may have been hatred; but it was, at least, mutual: to revive the memory of, and dilate upon, ancient animosities, can have no other result than to renew and strengthen them.

The tourist in Kerry will be most agreeably disappointed if he imagine that his sources of information and pleasure, in visiting it, are limited to the far-famed lakes. Kerry abounds in

natural wonders; and the beauty and grandeur of the scenes to which we have more especially referred, may certainly be equalled, if not surpassed, in other, although less celebrated, districts of the country; above all, by the wild sublimity of its sea-coast. It will be in our power to do little more than direct the attention of the reader to the map, in order to convey an idea of the numerous bays and harbours by which it is indented from the Shannon to Bantry Bay. Our description of their advantages and attractions can be little more than a mere list of names of places, upon which Nature has abundantly lavished her rarest gifts.

The town of Killarney may be dismissed in a sentence: the tourist will be satisfied with a drive through it: a short time ago, he was compelled to make it his head-quarters, but the inns established on the borders of the lake have ruined those of the streets, although there still exist many neat and convenient lodging-houses for the accomodation of visitors who object either to the cost or bustle of an hotel. In the year 1830, the number of houses exceeded 1000, and the population was about 8000; both, however, have since largely increased. It has little or no trade; and the only approach to manufactures are the toys made of *Arbutus* wood, which are purchased by strangers as souvenirs of the place: the best are made by a widow and her daughters, who have a shop in the High-street, immediately opposite the Kenmare Arms.

Before we direct the attention of the reader to

the sea-coast of Kerry, we shall require him to visit another of the inland lakes, although from its proximity to the sea it appertains almost as much to the ocean as the land—having, to a considerable extent, the advantages and attractions of both. The vicinity of Lough Carah has long been a *terra incognita*—partly owing to the fact, that its beauties were unknown to, and consequently undescribed by, tourists—having been penetrated only by the sportsman, for whom it had, and has, temptations irresistible—and partly in consequence of the bad roads that led to it, and the ill accommodation provided for strangers when there. These obstructions to its fame are now in a great degree removed. There is a small and well-conducted inn, kept by an Englishman, at Glenbay, on the coast of Castlemaine—on the high-road to Iveragh and Cahirceveen—a tolerable centre for the sportsman and the tourist; and it is more than likely that the Magillicuddy, to whom the property belongs, will within a very short period build “a house of entertainment” immediately adjoining the lake.

Carah Lake lies about fifteen miles west of Killarney, and is approached by the high-road to Killarglin, a miserable village, about four miles from the lake, where is also a small inn. The approach on this side, with the exception of the view of the Reeks, is uninteresting. It may be reached also by a new road, branching off from the former about ten miles from Killarney, and leading through a ravine in the Reeks called Glouncetane, by the very beautiful lake of Coos,

and through the valley of Glencar to the upper end of the lake. This road is on the eve of completion, and well deserves to be explored, as there are few parts of Ireland which exceed the valley of Glencar in wild and solitary beauty. The lake of Carah, taking its origin in this valley, runs in a northerly direction to the sea, to which it is connected by the Carah river, about five miles in length, celebrated for its winter salmon-fishing. The length of the lake is about seven miles, and its breadth varies from two to four. It is divided into upper and lower. The lower, which is widest and least picturesque, is however a very fine sheet of water, and contains many objects of interest. From this point is obtained one of the best views of the Reeks. The mountains on the eastern side terminate in that of Gortnagloron; it is almost perpendicular, and luxuriantly wooded. One of the chain contains a singular cave—the retreat of a band of Rapparees in the olden time. The upper lake may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful of the lakes of Kerry, being little, if at all, inferior to its more celebrated namesake of Killarney. The mountains here open, surrounding Glencar like an immense amphitheatre, at the distance of five or six miles, rising one above the other in endless varieties, with the Reeks—and Carran-Tuel towering high above the rest. The lake terminates in a long river or bay, navigable for about two miles, running up into the glen between scenery of surpassing beauty.⁶⁸

Postponing, for a while, our descriptive de-

tails of the wildest but perhaps most picturesque of the Irish counties, we shall take some note of the games in favour with the peasants of the county, and then introduce the reader to a scene and a character peculiar to Kerry—the “Hedge School,” and the “Poor Scholar.”

In some parts they have a singular and primitive mode of playing at backgammon in the fields. The turf is cut out, so as to make “a board” of large size; flat stones are used for the men; and to perform the business of dice, a person sits with his back to the players, and calls out whatever cast he pleases; upon this principle the play is conducted. But the great game in Kerry, and indeed throughout the South, is the game of “Hurley”—a game rather rare, although not unknown in England.⁶⁹ It is a fine manly exercise, with sufficient of danger to produce excitement; and is indeed, par excellence, *the* game of the peasantry of Ireland. To be an expert hurler, a man must possess athletic powers of no ordinary character; he must have a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong arm; he must be a good runner, a skilful wrestler, and withal patient as well as resolute. In some respects it resembles cricket; but the rules, and the form of the bats, are altogether different; the bat of the cricketer being straight, and that of the hurler crooked.

The forms of the game are these:—The players, sometimes to the number of fifty or sixty, being chosen for each side, they are arranged (usually barefoot) in two opposing ranks, with

their hurleys crossed, to await the tossing up of the ball, the wickets or goals being previously fixed at the extremities of the hurling-green, which, from the nature of the play, is required to be a level extensive plain. Then there are two picked men chosen to keep the goal on each side, over whom the opposing party places equally tried men as a counterpoise; the duty of these goal-keepers being to arrest the ball in case of its near approach to that station, and return it back towards that of the opposite party, while those placed over them exert all their energies to drive it through the wicket. All preliminaries being adjusted, the leaders take their places in the centre. A person is chosen to throw up the ball, which is done as straight as possible, when the whole party, withdrawing their hurleys, stand with them elevated, to receive and strike it in its descent; now comes the crash of mimic war, hurleys rattle against hurleys—the ball is struck and re-struck, often for several minutes, without advancing much nearer to either goal; and when some one is lucky enough to get a clear “puck” at it, it is sent flying over the field. It is now followed by the entire party at their utmost speed; the men grapple, wrestle, and toss each other with amazing agility, neither victor nor vanquished waiting to take breath, but following the course of the rolling and flying prize; the best runners watch each other, and keep almost shoulder to shoulder through the play, and the best wrestlers keep as close on them as possible, to arrest or impede their progress. The ball

must not be taken from the ground by the hand; and the tact and skill shown in taking it on the point of the hurley, and running with it half the length of the field, and when too closely pressed, striking it towards the goal, is a matter of astonishment to those who are but slightly acquainted with the play. At the goal, is the chief brunt of the battle. The goal-keepers receive the prize, and are opposed by those set over them; the struggle is tremendous,—every power of strength and skill is exerted; while the parties from opposite sides of the field run at full speed to support their men engaged in the conflict; then, the tossing and straining is at its height; the men often lying in dozens side by side on the grass, while the ball is returned by some strong arm again, flying above their heads, towards the other goal. Thus for hours has the contention been carried on, and frequently the darkness of night arrests the game without giving victory to either side. It is often attended with dangerous, and sometimes with fatal, results.⁷⁰

Kerry, as we have intimated, possesses, pre-eminently, one distinction for which it has long been famous—the ardour with which its natives acquire and communicate knowledge. It is by no means rare to find among the humblest of the peasantry, who have no prospect but that of existing by daily labour, men who can converse fluently in Latin, and have a good knowledge of Greek. A century ago, Smith wrote that “classical reading extends itself, even to a fault,

among the lower and poorer kind in this country; many of whom, to the taking them off more useful works, have greater knowledge in this way than some of the better sort in other places." And he adds, that "in his survey he had met with some good Latin scholars who did not understand the English tongue." A more general spread of information, and increased facilities for acquiring it, have deprived Kerry of the honour of being exclusively the seat of peasant-learning in Ireland; but its inhabitants are still remarkable for the study of the dead languages, acquaintance with which has been formed by the greater proportion of them literally under a hedge.

The genuine "Hedge Schools" of Kerry are rapidly disappearing; and necessarily with them the old picturesque schoolmasters—in some respects a meritorious, in others a pernicious, class: for wherever there was disaffection, the village schoolmaster was either the originator or the sustainer of it; was generally the secretary of illegal associations, the writer of threatening notices, and too frequently the planner and leader in terrible outrages. The national system of education has destroyed their power, by substituting in their places men who are, at all events, responsible to employers interested in their good characters and good conduct. The ancient Domines, however, had their merit; they kept the shrivelled seed of knowledge from utterly perishing, when learning, instead of being considered

"better than house and land,"

was looked upon as an acquirement for the humbler classes, in the light of a razor in the hands of a baboon—a thing that was dangerous, and might be fatal, but which could do no possible good either to the possessor or to society. The Irish schoolmaster is now paid by the state, and not by “sods of turf,” “a kish of praties,” “a dozen of eggs,” or at Christmas and Easter “a roll of fresh butter;” for, very commonly, there was no other way of liquidating his quarterly accounts; yet this mode of payment was adopted eagerly on the one side, and received thankfully on the other, in order that “the gorsoon might have his bit of learning, to keep him up in the world.” The English of the lower classes covet knowledge, but only as a source of wealth; an Irishman longs for it as a means of acquiring moral power and dignity. “Rise up yer head, here’s the master; he’s a fine man with grate larning;” “Whisht! don’t be putting in your word, sure he that’s spaking has fine larning;” “Sure, he had the world at his foot from the strength of the larning;” “A grate man entirely, with a power of larning;” “No good could ever come of him, for he never took to his larning;” “What could you expect from him? since he was the size of a midge he never looked in a book;”—such are the phrases continually in the mouths of the Irish peasantry. Utter worthlessness is invariably supposed to accompany a distaste for information; while he who has obtained even a limited portion of instruction, is always considered superior to his fellows who are without it,

and precedence on all occasions is readily accorded to him. Those who would teach the Irish, have, therefore, a fine and rich soil upon which to work.⁷¹

“The Hedge Schools” are, as we have intimated, almost gone from the country. During our recent visit, we saw but two or three of them; some twenty years ago we should have encountered one, at least, in every parish. They received their peculiar designation from the fact, that in fine weather the school-room was always removed out of doors; the Domine sate usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins, his pupils, were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the “Gough,” or “Voster,” (the standard arithmeticians of Ireland long ago,) scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Cornalius Napos, or occupied upon the more abstruse mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, “book in hand,” upon, or at the base of, the turf-rick, that was always within the master’s ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay anything—“poor scholars,” as they were termed, who received education “*graatis*,” and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, un-

protected orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farm-house as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the "poor scholar" was sure of a "God save you kindly," and "Kindly welcome," wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his ink-horn suspended from his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on "the boy that had his mind turned for good." Now and then a "good-for-nothing" would take upon himself the habit and name of a "poor scholar," and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted. Such fellows used to be seen lounging about the corners of the streets in country towns, pretending they "war goin' to Kerry for larnin, God help 'em, when they got a thrifle to pay their expinses." They were invariably great thieves, and fetchers and carriers of strife and sedition, and generally terminated their career as professed beggars. Very different from such, was a lad we knew in our youth, and whose simple history we delay our readers to hear; it will illustrate the "scholastic system" we are describing, and at the same time exhibit

the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish peasant.

It was towards the middle of September, or as they, in Ireland, usually style the period, "the latter end of harvest," several years ago, that we were sedulously gathering a nosegay of blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, in the field of a dear relative, whose labourers were busily employed in reaping. A group of Irish harvesters are generally noisy, full of jest, and song, and laughter; but we observed that, although not more diligent than usual, these were unusually silent—yet the day was fine, the food abundant, and no "sickness" afflicted the neighbourhood. Our ramble was accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog—Neptune, a fellow worthy of his name. After walking along at our accustomed pace, (for he disdained idle gambols,) Nep came to a dead stand. There was a remarkable old tree in the hedge, so old that it was hollow almost to the top, where a few green boughs and leaves sprouted forth, as remembrances of past days; the open part of the trunk was on the other side, so that a stranger standing where we stood could have no idea how much it was decayed;—at this old tree Nep made a point, as if setting a bird; he would neither advance nor retreat, but stood with fixed eyes and erect ears in a watchful position. It occurred to us that the reapers had whiskey or some smuggled goods concealed there, and we resolved to fathom the mystery. In accordance with this resolution, we commenced first

a descent into what is called the ‘gripe’ of the ditch, and then seizing upon the bough of a sturdy little hawthorn, were about descending, when two rosy-cheeked harvest-girls interposed—

“Ah, thin, don’t iv you plase—(bad luck to you, Nep, for a tale-tellin’ ould baste of a dog!—couldn’t ye let the young lady have her walk?)—don’t, iv you plase, Miss, machree, go up there. Faix, it’s the truth we’re tellin’ ye, ’tisn’t safe. Oh, ye may laugh, but by all the blessed books that ever war shut or opened, it’s true; ’tis *not* safe, and maybe it’s yer death ye’d get if ye go.”

This, of course, only whetted our curiosity. “The men have concealed whiskey there.”

“Oh! bad cess to the dhrop—sure they don’t want it, when they get their glass at the heel of the evenin’ without so much as axing for it; we’ll tell, if ye won’t tell ov us to the master and mis-thress—though we couldn’t help it, for it’s God’s will. Sure the boys there never raised their voice in a song, nor even the *kink* of a laugh ever passed their lips, just out of regard to the quietness—the craythur! and sure the dhrop of new milk, and it just to look at a grain of tea, is all we give on a two-pronged fork or the ould shovel. And the weather’s mighty fine, as it always does be when the likes of them’s in throuble; sure, the dew falls light on the spring chicken!” We pressed still more strongly for an explanation. “Well, it was the loneliest place in the parish,” answered Anty, a blue-eyed girl of sixteen, the very picture of good-nature and mischief, though her features were tutored into an expression of

sobriety and even sympathy. "And what else could I do, barrin I was a baste?" she continued. "And see even that poor dumb dog looks like a Christian at the tree—Nep, asy now, and don't frighten—"

"What, Anty?"

"Whisht! an I'll tell, but you mustn't *let on*,⁷² for maybe I'd lose the work.—It's—*only a little boy we hid in the tree!*"

"A boy!"

"Ay, faix! he *was* a boy, the craythur; but he's an *atomy* now, wid whatever it is—maasles, or small-pox, or feaver, myself that doesn't know—but it's bad enough. He's a poor scholar! the jewel, thravellin to make a man of himself, which, if the Lord doesn't raise him out of the sickness, he'll never be; thravellin the world and ould Ireland for larnin, and was *struck*⁷³ as he came here; and he thinking he'd have six months, or maybe a year, with Mr. Devereux, who has grate haythen as well as christian knowledge; and sure no one would let him into their place for dread of the sickness that brought lamentation into all our houses last year; and I found him," continued the girl, bursting into tears, "I found him shivering under an elder bush, that's unlucky in itself, and pantin' the little breath in his body out; and I'd ha' thought there would ha' been little use in all I could do: only what should I see, whin I took my eyes off him, but a cow licking herself the *wrong way*; and that gave me heart, and I spoke to him, and all he axed for was a drink of wather, and that I'd take him to his mother, the

poor lamb! and she hundreds of miles away, at the back of God-speed maybe; and sure that kilt me intirely, for I thought of my own mother that the Lord took from me before I had sense to ax her blessin'. And ye'd think the life would lave the craythur every minute—so, first of all, myself and this little girl made a fine asy bed for him inside the ould tree, dry and comfortable, with the new straw; and then we stole granny's *plaikeen*⁷⁴ out of the bit of a box, and a blanket, and laid him a top of it; and when we settled him snug, we axed my uncle if we might do it, and he said *he'd murder us*⁷⁵ if we had any call to him; and we said we wouldn't, because we had done it already; but, in the end, my uncle himself was as willing to do a hand's turn to the poor scholar as if he was a *soggarth*,⁷⁶ which he will be, plase God; only the *sickness* is heavy on him still, and the people so *mortal* affeard of it."

"The poor boy," added the other girl, "had bitter usage where he was before, from a cowl'd-hearted *nagur* of a schoolmaster, who loved money better than larning—which proved he had no call to it, at all, at all. We heard the rights of it from one that knew—may the Lord break hard fortune before every poor honest woman's child!—and took his bit of goold from him, and gave him nothing but *dirty English* for it, and *he wanting Latin and the Humanities*—what he hadn't himself, only coming over the people with blarney and big words—the Omadawn!—to think of his taking in a poor soft boy like that, who was away from his mother, trusting only to

the Lord, and the charity of poor Christians that often had nothing but their prayers to send along the road with him! Sure it must be a black bitther heart intirely that would not warm to a boy that quit the home where his heart grew in the love and strength of his mother's eyes, to wander for larning."

In a little time we discovered that the poor scholar, who rejoiced in the thoroughly Irish name of Patrick O'Brien, had been most tenderly cared for, not only by those kind-hearted girls, but by each of the harvesters: two young men in particular took it turn about to sit up with the lone child the greater part of the night, listening to the feeble ravings he uttered about his mother and his home, and moistening his lips with milk and water—the fatigue of the day's labour under a scorching sun, with no more strengthening food than potatoes and milk, did not prevent their performing this deed of love and charity. When we discovered him, the fever—to use Anty's words—*had turned on him for good*, and he was perfectly rational, though feeble almost beyond belief, and only opening his lips to invoke blessings upon his preservers. We found that he had suffered from measles, rendered much worse than they generally are by fatigue, want, and ill-usage. A few evenings after, when the golden grain was gathered into shocks, and the field clear of its labourers, we set forth, accompanied by Patrick's first benefactress, to pay him a visit. The weather was clear and balmy, and so still that we could hear the grass-

hopper rustle in the tufts of grass that grew by the path. The corn-creak ran poking and creaking across the stubble, and, one by one, before the sun had set,

“The wee stars were dreaming their path through the sky.”

It was a silent but not a solitary evening, for every blade of grass was instinct with life, peopled by insect wonders, teeming with existence—creating and fostering thought. Even Anty felt the subduing influence of the scene, and walked without uttering a word. As we drew near the old tree, we heard a faint, low, feeble voice—the voice of a young boy singing, or rather murmuring, snatches of one of those beautiful Latin hymns which form a part of the Roman Catholic service. We knew that it proceeded from poor Patrick; and Anty crossed herself devoutly more than once while we listened. He ceased; and then, by a circuitous path, we got to the hollow side of the tree.

The poor lad was worn down by sickness, and his eyes, naturally large, seemed of enormous size, looking out as they did from amid his long tangled hair. His head was pillowed on his books; and it would seem as though the “plaikens” of half the old women in the parish had been gathered together to do him service. His quivering lips only opened to express gratitude, and his thin hands were clasped in silent prayer when we left him. His tale had nothing remarkable in it—it was but one among many. He was the only son of a widow, who, having wed too

early, was reduced from comfort to the depths of privation; her young husband closed his sorrows in an early grave, and she devoted her energies to the task of providing for her two children; the girl was blind from her birth, and the boy, whose feelings and manners would have led to the belief so prevalent in Ireland of the invariable refinement of "dacent blood," resolved to seek by the way-sides and hedges the information he had no means of obtaining in statelier seminaries. Those who know how strongly the ties of kindred are intertwined round an Irish heart—only those can understand how more than hard it is for the parent to part with the child. Notwithstanding, Patrick was blessed and sent forth by his mother—an Ishmael, without the protecting care of a Hagar—amid the wilderness of the world. More than once he returned to weep upon her bosom, and to repeat the assurance, that when they met again he would be a credit to his name. He had, as Anty said, suffered wrong from an ignorant schoolmaster, who plundered him of the small collection the priest of his parish had made for his benefit, and then ill-used him.

His illness we have told of; his recovery was hailed with hearty joy by "the neighbours," who began to consider him as a property of their own—a creature they had all some interest in. He was duly received at the school, the master of which deserved the reputation he had achieved—for, despite his oddity, and a strong brogue of the true Munster character, he was a good classic of the old régime, and a most kind-hearted man.

Although no Domine ever entertained a more exalted opinion of his own learning, or held *ignoraamus* (as he pronounced the word) in greater contempt than Mr. Devereux, still, when he found a pupil to his mind, who would work hard and constantly, he treated him with such consideration, that the youth was seldom permitted to speak except in the *dead* languages. He wore a rough scratch wig, originally of a light drab colour; and not only did he, like Miss Edgeworth's old steward in "Castle Rackrent," dust his own or a favoured visitor's seat therewith, but he used no other pen-wiper, and the hair bore testimony of having made acquaintance with both red and black ink. He prided himself not only on his Latin and mathematical attainments, but on his "manners;" and even deigned to instruct his pupils in the mysteries of a bow, and the necessity for holding the head in a perfectly erect position. Sometimes he would condescend to bestow a word of advice to one of the gentler sex, such as "Jinny, that's a good girl; I knew yer mother before you were born, and a fine, straight, upright *Girtha* she was—straight in mind an' body; be a good girl, Jinny, and hould up yer head, and never sit back on your chair—only so—like a poplar, and keep yer heels together and yer toes out—that's *rale* manners, Jinny." Often did he exclaim to Patrick, "Lave off dis-coorsing in the vulgar tongue, I tell you, and will you take up your *Cornalius Napos*, to say nothing of Virgil, if you plase, Masther Pathrick, and never heed helping Mickey-the-geese with

his numbers. Hasn't he Gough and Voster, or part of them any way? for the pig ate simple addition and compound fractions out of both the one and the other. And, Ned Lacey, I saw you copying I know what, upon your thumb-nail off Pathrick's slate. I'll thumb nail ye, you mane puppy! to be picking the poor boy's brains that way; but the time will be yet, when you'll be glad to *come to his knee*, for it is he that will have the vestments, and not the first nor the last, plase God, that got them through my instructions. Pathrick, sir, next Sunday, when you go up to the big house as you always do, mind me, sir, never open yer lips to the misthress or the young ladies but in Latin—Greek's too much for them, you understand me, unless they should ask you to give them a touch of it out of feminine curiosity, knowing you have the advantage of being my pupil; but no vulgar tongue out of *your* head, mind that; and when you go into the drawing-room, make yer bow with yer hand on yer heart in the first position, like an Irishman."

Under all his pomposity of manner there was much sterling good—the old schoolmaster never would accept any remuneration from a "fatherless child," and consequently had an abundant supply of widows' children in his seminary. "What does it cost me," he would say, "*but my breath?* and that's small loss—*death will have the less to take when my time comes;* and sure it will penetrate to many a heart, and give them the knowledge that I can't take out of the world with me, no more than *my other garments.*" In

less than a year, Patrick had become his teacher's right hand; he was not only his "first Latin," but in a fair way to become his first Grecian; and the only thing that tormented the worthy schoolmaster was, that Patrick was "no hand" at "mathematicks." He wrote frequently to his mother, and sometimes heard from her; but at last came the mournful intelligence that he could see her no more. She had perished of fever—one of those dreadful fevers that finish the work commenced by starvation, had taken her away from present care, and denied her all participation in the honours she anticipated for her son. The news crushed the heart of the poor scholar; and with it was mingled not only sorrow for the departed, but a deep anxiety on account of his little blind sister. "The neighbours," he said, "will, I know, keep her among them—a bit here, a sup there—and give her clothes enough for summer; but my dread is that she'll turn to begging, and that would be cruel to think of—my poor little blind Nelly!" 77

"Where are you going this evening, Patrick?" inquired the old schoolmaster, as his favourite pupil was leaving, having bade him his usual respectful good-day.

"I promised Mrs. Nowlan, sir, I'd go up there and read a bit with the boys, to help them with you."

"Well," observed Mr. O'Leary, "never mind that now; I want to *discoorse* you this evening."

"Thank you, sir," he replied with a heavy sigh, hanging his hat on the same peg that supported

the Domine's great-coat; "but the throuble has moidered my head—I'm afraid I'm not equal to much to-night, sir."

"Ah!" said the old man, "learning's a fine thing, but there are things that ruin it intirely—in vulgar phrase, that bother it. Sit down, Patrick, and we'll see if for once the master and his pupil—the old man's and the young one's thoughts go the same way."

Patrick did as the "master" desired. "Tell me," inquired the Domine, resting his elbows on his knees,—“tell me, did the news you got, poor fellow, determine you on doing anything particular?”

"It did, master, it did; God help me, and look down upon and bless you, and every one that has been kind and good to me!"

"What have you determined? or have you brought your resolution to a point?"

"I have, sir. It's hard parting—but the little girl, sir—my poor blind sister—the lone darling that never wanted sight while she had her mother's eyes—the tender child, sir; the neighbours are all kind, all good, but they can't be expected to take for a continuance the bit out of their own mouths to put it into hers—that can't be expected—nor it shan't be; I mean to set out for home on Monday, sir, plase God, and be to that poor blind child mother and father, and brother. She is all of my own blood in the world now, and I can't make *her* heart as dark as her eyes. Thanks be to the Almighty, I have health and strength now, which I had not when I left home—health,

strength, and knowledge: though," he added in a tone of intense sorrow, "that knowledge will never lead me to what I once hoped it would."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old schoolmaster: "expound."

"My heart, sir, was set, as you know, on making my way to the altar; but His will be done! I was too ambitious; I must work to keep Nelly—she must not starve or beg while I live upon good men's hearts: we are alone in the wide world; instead of learning, I must labour, that's all; and I'm sure, sir, I hope you won't consider the pains you have taken with me thrown away; you have sown the good seed; if the rock is barren, it is no fault of yours; but it is *not* barren—why should I deny the feelings that stir within me?" He could not proceed for tears; and the old man pushed his spectacles so violently up his forehead as to disturb his wig.

"What's to ail the little girl," said Mr. Devereux at last, "to live, as many have done before her—in *forma pauperis*? Sure—that is, of a certainty, I mean, *you* found nothing painful in stopping a week at Mrs. Rooney's, and a month with the Driscols, and so on, and every one glad to have you."

"God reward them! Yes, sir, that's thrue; and of late, I've given the children, wherever I was stopping, *a lift of the learning*; but poor Nelly has no right to burden any one while my bones are strong enough to work for her—and she **SHALL NOT!**"

"And how *dare* you say that to *my* face,

Patrick O'Brien?" screamed the schoolmaster, flinging his wig right on the nose of a respectable pig, who was poking it over the half-door *intended* to keep in the *little* children, and to keep *out* the pigs. "How dare you—in your pupilage—say 'she shall not?' I say *she shall!* She shall burthen me. I say you shall go for her and bring her here, and my old woman will be to her as she is to her own grandchildren, not a hair in the differ. All belonging to me, glory be to God, are well to do in the world; and a blind child may be a bright blessing. Go, boy, go, and lead the blind girl here. I won't give up the honour and glory of my seminary because of an afflicted *colleen*. When you go to Maynooth, we'll take care of her; my grandchildren are grown too wise, and I'll be glad to have a blind child to tache poems and things that way to, of the long winter evenings, when I'm lonely for want of the lessons; so now no more about it. She'll be all as one as the babby of my old age, and you'll be Father Pat, and maybe I'd have the last blessed sacrament from yer hands yet." And so he had; for this is no romance. The blind child was led by her brother to the old schoolmaster's dwelling. Many of the neighbouring poor said, "God reward you, Misther Devereux, yer a fine man." But the generous act excited no astonishment; generosity of character is so common amongst the peasantry, that it does not produce comment—they are in the constant habit of doing things and making sacrifices, which, if done long ago, would have been

recorded as deeds of heroic virtue; but there are no village annals for village virtues; and at the time the schoolmaster's generosity made little impression on ourselves, simply because it was not rare, for near him lived a poor widow who, in addition to her own three children, fostered one whom the wild waves threw up upon the shore from a wreck; and another, who took three of her brother's orphans to her one-roomed house; and another, who nourished the infant of a beggar who died in her husband's barn, at the breast with her own baby.

The old schoolmaster is dead; but before he died, he had, as we have said, the desire of his heart. A blind sister lives with "the soggarth" to this day, and he is respected as all deserve to be who build their own fortunes bravely and boldly, and having laid a good foundation, are not ashamed of the labour that wins the highest distinction a free-born man can achieve.

The only established route by which the traveller will be enabled to form any idea of the character of the coast scenery of Kerry, is that which conducts him to Killarney through Limerick and Tralee. But a journey so made will supply him with but a very limited notion of its grandeur and beauty. It will be necessary for him to make frequent excursions, in order to visit the several attractions of the county—beginning with Tarbert on the banks of the Shannon, and ending with "the Skelligs," a group of small island-rocks in the Atlantic; or, if his starting-point be "the Lakes," he will examine, first,

the southern parts, beginning with the huge promontory that lies between the Bays of Dingle and Kenmare.

Lough Carah, which we have briefly described, is almost in the direct line to the wild and picturesque district of Cahirciveen, the southern coast of Dingle Bay, and the interesting harbour and island of Valentia—with the exception of “the Blasquets,” the point of land in Ireland nearest to America. In the vicinity of Cahirciveen is “Derrynane,” the seat and the birth-place of the late D. O’Connell, Esq. M.P. It was originally a farm-house; and has been added to from time to time, according to the increase of the property, or family, of its possessor. To determine the order of architecture to which it belongs would be, consequently, difficult. It is beautifully situated; and in its immediate neighbourhood are the picturesque ruins of an abbey, founded in the seventh century by the monks of St. Finbar. The island of Valentia belongs to “the Knight of Kerry,” who resides there. Although very fertile, and still maintaining the distinction which Smith bestows upon it, of being “esteemed the granary of the county,” its only peculiar produce is that from its slate quarries—the slabs from which are of great strength and size, and find a ready market in London. The Spaniards occupied the island and harbour until expelled by Cromwell, whose lieutenant erected forts at both the entrances, in order to put a stop to the privateering purposes to which it was applied. A harbour light-house of great utility has been

opened during the present year. About twelve miles south of the harbour are "the Skelligs," a group of rocks which class among the greatest curiosities of the Atlantic. They were formerly celebrated as the resort of pilgrims; and many a weary penance has been performed upon their naked and inhospitable crags. The Great Skellig consists of two peaks, which rise from the ocean so perpendicularly as closely to approximate to the shape of a sugar-loaf: the larger rising in thirty-four fathoms of the ocean to 710 feet above its level; the occasional projections being clothed with grass of "a delicious verdure and remarkable sweetness." The island is, at all times, nearly covered with sea-fowl; a circumstance for which Dr. Keating, the fanciful "historian" of Ireland, thus accounts:—"There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock;" a notion of which the poet has thus availed himself:—

"Islets so freshly fair
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them."

The peasantry have numerous tales to tell in connexion with these singular rocks; and a whimsical tradition exists, that every madman, if left to his own guidance, would make his way towards them. They have, however, of late years, lost much of their sacred character, and are now-a-days visited by very few penitents.⁷⁸ A few

years ago, two light-houses were erected on the great Skellig, by the Trinity House. The effect has been almost to put an end to wrecks on the coast.

To visit the wild peninsula, north of Dingle Bay—which runs out into the Atlantic, and which contains, on the south, Ventry harbour, Dingle harbour, Mount Eagle, and Castlemaine, and on the north, Smerwick, Mount Brandon, and Tralee Bay,—the tourist should fix his headquarters at Tralee, the principal town of the county. Tralee contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants; the remains of several ruins are in its immediate vicinity; and, among others, that of an abbey, in which, for several centuries, the Desmonds were buried, the first occupants of its tombs being Thomas Fitzgerald, surnamed “the Great,” and his son Maurice, who were both slain at Callan, in a fight with the Mac Carthy Mor. The most interesting monastic remains in Kerry are, however, those of the abbey of Ardfert—about six miles north-west of Tralee. Ardfert is a bishop’s see, held *in commendam* with the bishopric of Limerick. The ruins of the cathedral are still in good preservation, and bear marks of high antiquity. In the western front are four round arches, and in the eastern front three elegant narrow-pointed windows. On the right of the altar are some niches with Saxon mouldings. A round tower, 120 feet high, and built chiefly of a dark marble, which formerly stood near the west front, suddenly fell down in 1771:—

“Where my high steeples whilom used to stand
On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand
For the screech owl to build her baleful bowre.”

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Brandon, and contains the cemeteries of many of the old families of Kerry. In the immediate neighbourhood are the ruins of other churches, of which tradition states that Ardfert formerly had seven. The remains of four may still be traced within the cathedral enclosures. Of the strong castle, the seat of the Lords of Kerry, which formerly protected the churches of Ardfert, there are now standing but a few broken walls; it was, according to Smith, “demolished in the wars of 1641, by one Lawler, an Irish captain, who set it on fire.” But the building then destroyed was a recent structure, erected on the site of the ancient castle “built by Nicholas, the third Lord Kerry, in 1311, and re-edified by Thomas, the eighteenth Lord, in 1590.”⁷⁹ In the village of O’Dorney are the ruins of another abbey, a shapeless pile, but the deformity of which is hidden by the ivy that covers the whole of it.

The peninsula to which we have referred, that stretches out into the Atlantic, is full of interesting historical associations, as well as abundant in natural beauties. We must touch upon them very briefly. The Spaniards had settlements in this district; and remains of the fortifications still exist.⁸⁰ The ruins of old castles are numerous all along the coast. One of the most conspicuous of them is that called Ferriter’s Castle, the

ancient stronghold of the Ferriters, the last of whom, Pierce Ferriter, took part in the troubles of 1641, and, having surrendered under promise of pardon, was betrayed, and, with all his followers, put to the sword. The ruin is situated in a wild spot, almost on the verge of the Atlantic—a single tower is all that endures.

The whole of the peninsula is indented with bays and harbours, from which the mountains ascend, giving a character of rude grandeur to the scenery. Take, for example, a sketch in Dingle Bay. The mail-coach road from Tralee to Limerick passes through the town of Listowel, and that of Tarbert;⁸¹ the former being inland, the latter on the south bank of the Shannon. The far-famed caves of Ballybunian are about an equal distance from both, but on the coast. Listowel is a poor town, with, of course, the ruins of a castle. In the year 1600, this castle, which held out for Lord Kerry against the Lord President, was besieged by Sir Charles Wilmot.⁸² Listowel is watered by the Feal, a river which the Irish poet has immortalised in one of the sweetest of his songs; founded on a tradition, that the young heir of the princely Desmonds, having been benighted while hunting, took shelter in the house of one of his dependants, named Mac Cormac, with whose fair daughter he became suddenly enamoured. “He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.” The

story rests on the authority of Leland; the poet makes the lord thus address his rebellious clan:—

“ You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you’ve eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth? ”

The caves of Ballybunian are not often visited; yet they may be classed among the most remarkable of the natural wonders of Ireland. The old historian alludes to them very briefly:—“ The whole shore here hath a variety of romantic caves and caverns, formed by the dashing of the waves; in some places are high open arches, and in others impending rocks, ready to tumble down upon the first storm; ” a small volume descriptive of them was, however, published in 1834, by William Ainsworth, Esq., to which we must refer the reader. They are distinguished by names, each name bearing reference to some particular circumstance, as the “ Hunter’s Path,” from a tradition that a rider once rode his horse over it; “ Smugglers’ Bay,” for centuries famous as a safe shelter for “ free traders; ” the “ Seal Cave,” &c. &c.⁸³

The county of Kerry is bounded on the north by the estuary of the Shannon, which separates it from the county of Clare, on the east by the counties of Limerick and Cork, and on the south

and west by the Atlantic ocean. Large districts of Kerry are, however, promontories; a circumstance to which Camden refers, when he describes the county as “ shooting forth like a little tongue into the sea, roaring on both sides of it.” A mine of wealth is therefore at hand, which activity and industry, aided by a moderate capital, might easily render available; yet the fisheries are few, and we have heard of none so extensive as to be in proportion to the great supply that Providence has placed within the reach of those who would turn it to account. We may again be permitted to express a hope, that the recent movement in favour of “ Irish manufactures ” will affect the natural sources from whence the prospects of Ireland may be most surely derived, and that, above all, the fisheries—the deep sea and the river fisheries—will receive the consideration to which they are undoubtedly entitled. In the various rivers in the south, the fishermen have a peculiar mode of taking fish, which they call pusha-pike fishing: it is performed by a single man, who, at low water, moors his boat to a pole fixed in the water, and spreading a net loosely over two poles, placed at an angle, lowers it into the narrow channel of the river; when this net is touched by a fish, his hand, which holds the upper part, feels the touch, and he instantly raises the net, and secures the prize. Salmon are often taken in this manner. The great export trade of Kerry is in butter; a large proportion of which finds its way to England through the market of Cork. The

Kerry cow is proverbially small, but of remarkably beautiful shape, and especially valuable for the quantity and quality of its milk.

The fishing-boats, generally, have a curious anchor, of very primitive character. A large flat stone is embraced by wood, the bow being of iron.

Kerry in extent ranks as the fourth of the Irish counties. In 1754, according to the estimate of Dr. Smith, the county contained no more than 10,228 houses, and a population not exceeding 51,140: in 1821, however, it had more than quadrupled that amount; and by the last census it had approached 250,000. The county is divided into eight baronies—Iraghticonner, Clanmaurice, Corkaguiny, Truchanackmy, Magunihy, Iveragh, Dunkerron, and Glanerough; its only towns of note are Tralee, Killarney, Listowel, and Kenmare.



Salmon Leap, Kenmare
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Salmon Leap, Kenmare

Reproduced from an Original Photograph



WATERFORD

WATERFORD is, perhaps, the least interesting, and certainly the least picturesque, of the counties of Ireland; it is, for the most part, barren of trees; and the soil, naturally poor, has had little advantage from cultivation. Its coast, moreover, is inhospitable; its bays and harbours being few; and, with the one great exception, neither safe nor commodious. It resembles Cornwall, not only in its rugged character, and the comparative poverty of its surface—it is likely to rival in mineral wealth the great mining county of England.

The mail-coach road from the borders of the county of Cork to Waterford city is through a barren tract of country, which presents few objects worthy of notice; the tourist will, by taking this route, however, visit Dungarvan, the town that ranks next in importance to the capital of the shire. It is a seaport, but with little trade; and belongs chiefly to the Duke of Devonshire, who has expended a large sum in its improvement.⁸⁴ Persons who are not compelled to pursue the beaten track, and may choose their own route, either in proceeding to or from the South, will no doubt prefer passing through the county of Tipperary, although the journey be somewhat circuitous. The direct course, in either

case, is through Youghal and Lismore; the road between these two towns running along the banks of the Blackwater—one of the most beautiful of all the Irish rivers. At Youghal, a long narrow bridge connects the counties of Cork and Waterford; and over this bridge we passed for the purpose of examining the singular round tower and ruins at Ardmore.⁸⁵ Ardmore is about six miles from Youghal; but the foot passenger, by crossing a ferry and a steep hill, may very materially shorten the distance, so as to bring it within an hour's walk. It is one of the places which, for many reasons, no one should neglect to visit. Though now a miserable village, containing no house, but that of the rector, above the rank of a cabin, time was when Ardmore classed among the high places of Ireland. It was anciently an Episcopal see, erected by St. Declan, in the infancy of the Irish Church, and before the arrival of St. Patrick. St. Declan was, it is said, a native of Ireland, who travelled to Rome, and returned to teach his countrymen, in the year 402. The ruins of two churches, from their architecture nearly coeval with the saint's era, are in the immediate neighbourhood; and one of them, part of the chancel of which had been until lately repaired, and used for service,⁸⁶ is close to the famous Round Tower. It will be our duty to touch this tender subject on some future occasion—but we shall hazard no theory of our own; contenting ourselves with detailing, as succinctly as possible, the various opinions that have been put forth from time to

time as to the age, origin, and purpose of these singular, peculiar, and, it would seem, unmeaning and useless structures, which appear to have been constructed for no earthly object except to set antiquaries by the ears, and puzzle posterity.⁸⁷ The Round Tower at Ardmore differs from all the others that are still standing in Ireland; inasmuch as it is divided by four beltings into as many stories, with a window to each. It is built of elaborately cut stone, is between ninety and one hundred feet high; the entrance is about thirteen feet from the ground; and the circumference of the base is about forty-five feet. In the upper story there are four opposite windows. The conical cap, which has vanished from most of the Irish round towers, still graces that of Ardmore; and in Smith's time, this was surmounted by a rude cross "like a crutch," which, it is said, some sacrilegious soldiers destroyed by making it a mark for musket-shots.

Ardmore has, for a very considerable period, supplied the most striking, painful, and revolting illustration of the superstitious character of the Irish peasantry. Happily, customs that are equally opposed to reason and religion are rapidly removing before the advancing spirit of improvement, and its gigantic ally, Education; and as the Roman Catholic clergy are, at length, convinced that it is their own true interest to discourage or suppress them, they will, no doubt, be noted, ere long, only among histories of gone-by evils and absurdities—to which Ireland

has been, of late years, so extensive a contributor. Although unwilling to describe matters discreditable to the country, and the majority of its people—and which are gradually disappearing from among them—it is impossible for us to avoid a subject that has been so long and so closely associated with Ireland. Nearly every district of the country contains some object of peculiar sanctity, to which ignorance attributes the power of curing diseases, and, frequently, of remitting sins. Visits to these places were formerly, and to some extent are still, enjoined as works of penance for crime; in other cases they were voluntarily undertaken by “penitents;” but the more usual motive was that of obtaining health for the body; and tedious and wearisome journeys have often been made for the purpose of drinking water from some specified fountain, by persons who were apparently hardly able to crawl a few yards from their own thresholds. These holy places are, for the most part, Wells; and many of them have kept their reputations for centuries, the fame of some being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of others probably preceded it—the early Christian teacher having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. These wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by the erection of rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colours, hung upon the

neighbouring bushes, and left as memorials; sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, have been raised above and around them. As an example, we copy the far-famed and wonder-working well of St. Dolough, within a few miles of Dublin, and on the road to the castle of Malahide. (See plate No. 6.) Each holy well has its stated day, when a pilgrimage is supposed to be peculiarly fortunate; the patron-day, *i. e.* the day of its patron saint, attracts crowds of visitors, some with the hope of receiving health from its waters, others as a place of meeting with distant friends; but the great majority of them are lured into the neighbourhood by a love of idleness and dissipation. The scene therefore is, or rather was, disgusting to a degree; but the evil has of late greatly diminished; and, since the spread of temperance, there being neither drinking nor fighting in the vicinity, the attendants are almost entirely limited to the holiday-keepers and the credulous. A few months ago we visited St. Ronogue's well, a place high in repute, distant a few miles from Cork. There were not above a hundred persons of both sexes present, and scarcely a dozen cars were on the ground; the scene was remarkably tranquil; there were baskets full of cakes and biscuits for sale, but no whiskey. The beggars were of course numerous, as usual—the halt, the maimed, the blind, and persons afflicted with all manner of diseases; and we were petitioned for

charity, "for the love of God," in voices of all tones, from the base of the sturdy vendor of relics, to the squeaking treble of the miserable baccach (lame man).⁸⁸ But there was no drinking, no swearing, no fighting, the visitors appeared sober in mind as well as in habit, and acted as though they considered the well a place for serious reflection rather than for idleness and dissipation. Two old women were dipping up the water in tin cans, and exchanging supplies for small coins from the applicants; and when they had filled their bottles (brought for the purpose), and knelt at the rude cross, and repeated a few "paters" and "aves" before it, they departed to their homes in peace and quietness;—the only objects worthy of remark connected with the ceremony being two or three blind pilgrims, who stood by the sides of the well and handed to each comer a thin pebble, with which he signed the mark of the cross upon a large stone at the well-head, and which frequent rubbing had deeply indented. The scene we have described presented a striking contrast to what we recollect it about twenty years ago, when the "pattern" at St. Ronogue's Well was the signal for assembling the worthless and the dissipated of the whole county, when to the superstitious rites of the morning succeeded the saturnalia of the evening;—the having drank of the holy water being considered as a licence for every sort of debauchery; and it was rare indeed that the crowds (which usually amounted to some thousands) separated without having witnessed a fight be-

tween two factions, who invariably fixed the day and place for a settlement of their differences. We have reason to believe, that throughout Ireland similar and equally beneficial changes have taken place; and that pictures of besotted bigotry and disgusting brutality have now reference only to times past.⁸⁹

The drinking of the waters of Holy Wells was, however, but a very mild mode of doing penance for sin, and by no means a severe process, by which the diseased devotee was to be made whole. Other customs of a far more reprehensible nature prevailed. The pilgrimage to "Lough Derg" might have vied with any of the abominations of Juggernaut; the most ignorant and savage of the tribes of Africa have few ceremonies more utterly revolting than that to which, a few years ago, the Irish peasantry were, here, directly and systematically encouraged. It is not necessary for us to publish the details; but the gross observances that so long prevailed at Ardmore, and which to some extent still continue, we cannot pass over; although, as we have intimated, the Roman Catholic clergy now "set their faces" directly against practices which, for ages, they tolerated generally, and encouraged partially; and which consequently are destined—we trust ere long—to be numbered among things of the past.

The 24th of July is the patron-day of St. Declan, whom the Romish Calendar states to have flourished prior to the appearance of St. Patrick. He is said to have landed at Ardmore, and to

have there first preached Christianity; where, also, he built in one night the famous round tower and the adjoining church, of which the ruins still remain. The grave in which he is supposed to have been buried, and a singular mass of rock on the seashore, near the church, are objects of peculiar veneration. The Holy Well, too, is very picturesque. The rock is believed to have floated over the ocean from Rome, with the vestments of the saint, a bell for his tower, and a lighted candle for the celebration of mass. The grave is first visited; here an old hag has fixed herself to sell the clay contained within it, and to which many virtues are attached. It is often mixed with medicine, and taken by the sick; it is also carried abroad by those from the district who emigrate: and there are few Roman Catholic houses in the country round where a portion of it is not kept to guard against evil spirits, misfortune, and sickness. The bottom and sides of the grave are the solid rock, yet there is always clay enough found in it to supply the enormous demands. This is of course managed by the woman who supplies the article; but the fact that it never fails, is attributed to the miraculous influence of the saint.

After paying their devotions at the grave, the people crowd to the Holystone, and having gone on their bare knees several times round it, creep under it lying flat on the belly. The painful contortions of some of these poor people it is distressing to witness, as they force themselves through the narrow passage. It is only at low

water that this part of the ceremony can be performed; the stone (which weighs perhaps four or five tons) rests upon two small rocks, leaving a passage under it. After the superstitious rites have been gone through, the scene of rioting, quarrelling, and drunkenness that ensued, was, formerly, disgusting to a degree—and it was rarely that “a pattern” passed without the loss of lives.⁹⁰

We have alluded to a class of persons who play very conspicuous parts at these patterns—the half beggar, half vender of rosaries and relics, and whole schemer and cheat. With some anecdotes of a notorious vagabond of the genus we have been favoured by a friend in Cork; we shall give his portrait at full length—that of Garrett Mansfield, better known as Garrett the Beggarman; and sometimes called “Garrird a Crooka,” or of the Crook. A likeness of him is worth preserving; for he may be regarded as nearly “the last of his race:” temperance having very largely contributed to diminish their number.

“Garrett” was publicly known in the town of Monaster as a drunkard of the most inveterate description; between his predatory practices, and his appeals to the “neighbours,” as he termed them, he was for many years enabled to indulge in the luxury of fifteen or twenty glasses of raw spirits per day. He was married, and his conjugal character was in keeping with his other irregularities. The neglect of his wife and family was such, that they had to commence the trade of begging on their own account; and he never

visited them, but to beat them for the purpose of extorting money. Yet Garrett professed himself a saint of the most exalted order, and being gifted with an imposing appearance, and a lively imagination, narrated stories of his own sanctity, which were listened to with avidity by the "neighbours," whose love of the marvellous predominated, for the time, over their conviction of Garrett's real character.

On Sundays, Garrett was stationed at the chapel door long before the congregation assembled—here, unlike ordinary beggars, he disdained the vehement antiquated chanting appeals, which assailed the ear from a string of maimed and blind paupers, extending from the chapel gates to a considerable distance; these knelt or prostrated themselves in the middle of the road; but Garrett, under the plea of infirmity, partly real and partly assumed, sat on one side, saying his beads with a patronizing smile, expressive of benevolence, and greeted the parishioners as they arrived with a welcome, as though his anxieties for their spiritual welfare were relieved by the evidence of their attendance at the house of prayer. His manner was intended to convey to each individual that he or she was the object of his particular devotion: "May the Lord bless *you*, at any rate," to one.—"That the Lord may make a bed in Glory for *you*, however," to another. To a gentleman who had been dangerously ill, and made his first appearance after his recovery, he would say, "Welcome, welcome, welcome, by the Grace of the Lord," looking to the

assembled multitude with an air of triumph, "I was not idle;" which none could interpret otherwise than as a conviction that the gentleman's recovery had been brought about by Garrett's prayers.

Hear him on the subject of his sanctity.

"Oncet upon a time, and of all times since the beginning of the world whin should it be but the time of the troubles in the middle of the year ninety-eight. The Lord save us and keep us from such times as thim for ever more. The sojers came to Monaster, (the Caithness fencibles; you often hear tell of them,) and if they did, they done nothing only slashing the people from mornin till night. Why thin, my dear, among the rest o' their good doings I didn't escape them, for they pressed my little car, and my little baste (the benevolence of a gentleman ignorant of his real character had furnished him with both), to car baggage down the counthry. We stharterd for the road, and we were thraveling, and thravelling, and thravelling, until at long last we got down to the bottom of the Black North, until we come to a town that they call it by the name of Ballinrobe.

"In the morning whin I got there, after putting up my little baste and taking the best o' care of him, I wint out to the door o' the carman's stage, and I see all the Christhins going to Mass, for it was a Sunday, the Lord be praised! Whin I see thim all going to the chapil, well become me, I'll engage I joined in with them; and whin we come to the gate, we found

it was locked and not a sowl inside. Why thin, whin they opened the gate, the minnit I put my foot inside the chapil yard, what do you think but, my dear, the bells bigin to ring of themselves, and all the people obsarved there was nobody within to ring em. I did not say a word, nor let on any thing, but away with me into the chapil, and the people follin me. Why, thin as I'm in 'the presence,' as soon as I was inside the door of the chapil, the book on the althar fled open iv itself, and the candles lit up in wan minnit. To be sure the people all wandered in the world what it was, but I only went up to the rails and knelt down, and said my bades for a spell; and thin I wint fair and aisy into a corner, near a big windy that was there, and I knelt down agin, and bigin a saying o' my bades. Why thin the day was mighty close in itself, and whin I was getting too warm intirely, I took off my loose coat, and I looked about me to see would I see a nail or any thing that way, I'd hang it upon till Mass 'ud be over; and whin I couldn't find anything av the sort, I was so bint on my prayers that I only thrun up my coat, and there it staid, my dear, hanging over a grate sthrame o' light, that the sun was shinin in thro' the windy. At long last, the priest came out o' the sachristy, and he wint to the foot of the althar, and from that he wint up the sthips, and whin he got to the althar, and come to the book and seen it open, he turned round and he axed the clerk, says he, 'what on earth ailed you,' says he, 'to open the book?' says he. And when

the clerk tould him he did not, 'was it any o' yees?' says he, to the little boys with their albs on em. 'Was it any o' yees?' says he, 'that opened the book,' says he. 'Twas neer a one of us,' says they. My dear life and soul of the world, when he hear that, he looked very skeered intirely; and he turned round to the althar and he begin turning the laves over, and hether and sthriving to read, and you'd pity the way he was wiping the paspiration off his face. Well, he went on turning, and turning, and turning the laves, 'till all ov a suddint he looked in close to the book, and whin he looked into the book, my dear, he stopt up as if he was shot. My dear, 'twas thin the priest rubbed his face fair and asy with a handkercher, and after looking up and saying some prayers, with his two hands stretched out, he turned round and he tuk off his vestment, and he laid it on the althar. 'Yand,' says he, 'to the congregation,' says he, 'I was in grate throuble since I come to this althar,' says he; 'yand, 'twas by great struggling and sthriving that I got over it,' says he; 'I've found out,' says he, 'there is some angel, or aither some grate holy man in the chapel,' says he; 'yand, if it is a thing that I cannot find out this grate holy man,' says he, 'there is no use in talking, I cannot go on with the mass.' So wid that he come down from the althar, and he ordered the holy wather, and he tuk a brush, and he wint down the length of the chapil, and he spathered, and spathered, and spathered, and wheresomever he went the people made a bohreen for him; and whin he

wint the length of the chapil he turned back, and he wint over to the north side, and thin he crossed the althar and come to the south side, where myself was a kneeling down a saying o' my bades; and whin he come, he lifted up his two hands and sprad thim over me; and he turned round to the people, and says he, 'I've found,' says he, 'this grate holy man; he is here,' says he. 'Yand,' says he, 'lave me find that ye'll all thrate him well,' says he; 'yand, I have to tell ye that there's a blessing for evermore from this day out,' says he, 'over the town of Ballinrobe,' says he—'for,' says he 'wheresomever *he'll* go,' says he, 'there's a blessing,' says he, 'in his road,' says he. So thin he went up to the althar and wint through the mass fair and aisy; and whin mass was over, all of the people came to me, and they tuk me up on their shoulders, and they never stopt till they brought me to a strong farmer's house. Yand, my dear, whin I got into the farm-yard, there was a little boy, a son of the farmer's, and he was deaf and dumb from the hour he was born, and whin he seen me he ran towards me before all the people; 'yand,' says he, 'welcome!' says he, 'Garrett,' says he, 'welcome! welcome! welcome!' Well, thin I wint into the farmer's house, and all the poor people that was sick and sore came to me, and I'll engage 'twas strong and hearty they wint away."

We must illustrate the character of Garrett by another brief anecdote.

Poor Mr. Swayne had been dead about three weeks, and, as Garrett observed, "the widdy was

gradially getting over her grief," when, one Monday morning, our hero was seen leaning against one side of the widow's hall-door, apparently suffering from great mental or bodily pain.

To any question asked him by the passers-by he gave no satisfactory answer. "Yeh, lave me alone! lave me alone, Ochone! Ochone! Oh!" was his reiterated exclamation. At length, the little girl, "going a messages" reported the fact to Mrs. Swayne, who ordered a good loaf to be given to him; this was returned, and the widow sent him a tenpenny token with directions to pray for her husband. The tenpenny being also returned, Mrs. Swayne yielded to the girl's suggestion, that she had better see him herself, as poor Garrett "was in grate trouble o' mind intirely." He was shown accordingly into the parlour, and seated on the chair nearest the door—a position which enabled Garrett to shut out all listeners from overhearing the communication which it was difficult even then to induce him to make.

"Yeh! Lave me alone, ma'm! lave me alone! I niver come across the likes in all my days; in all my days I niver come across the like." Mrs. Swayne's anxiety to discover the cause of so much agitation, induced her to offer Garrett a little whiskey, but this he also refused. What he had to disclose was a circumstance which had occurred the previous night, and until he had "aised his mind," it was necessary that neither bit nor sup should enter his lips. "Lave me alone, ma'm! lave me alone! Sure I see the

masther! Last night, ma'm, I hadn't a morsel of hay for my little baste, nor anything to buy it, so I only dhrove him down before me to the Inch, knowing full well that your honour would only be plased with me. The night was as dark a night, the Lord save us, as ever fell out of the heavens. Yand af it was whin I had my little baste grazing fair and aisy in the Inch, and nothing to disturb me only the noise of the river, well become me, I got undher a ditch, and bigin a saying o' my bades and praying for all the sowls that ivir left us. Why thin I was, may be, half-an-hour at my prayers, whin, in one minit, while you'd be clapping your hands, my dear life and soul of the world, all the sky lit up aqual to ere a flash of lightning ever you see, and whin I lifted up my head and looked to the southward, what should I see coming down the hill from Kilva but five thousand hurlers, with five thousand hurleys, and five thousand white silk handkerchers on their heads, and every hurley made of the shiningest silver ever you see, and thin, my dear, I turned my head towards the north, and what 'ud you think, but I see five thousand more hurlers coming down from Bally-Edmund as fast as the finest racer in the whole world, and they had goulden handkerchers and goulden hurleys. Why thin, where would they come, but down to the Inch, where I was a saying o' my prayers; and they warn't long I engage before they bigin the game, and no place ud do 'em to make a lubawn only over my own head. Yand such grate goaling was niver seen in the whole

world. Twice the ball was dhriven within one inch of the cool, and twice it was dhruv back; why thin, the third time, just as the game was widin one inch o' being won, a goaler made a blow at the ball, and it wint rising, rising, rising, my dear life, and niver coming down at all, and both sides looking up in the sky. You'd hear a pin dhrop, and you'd think the eyes 'ud fall out of their heads, and they ever and always watching and divelling for the ball, till at long last down comes the ball sure enough, and well become the same goaler, he gave it one thundering blow, aqual to Fin Mac Cool, and in one minit over it came, rowling, rowling, rowling, until it came under the lubawn where myself was a saying o' my bades. Yand, my dear, all the goalers stepped up, and the formost part ov 'em made a division out from the middle, and he that won the cool, walked through 'em, until he walked out and come over quiet and asy to myself. Why, thin, his face was shinin like glass, and as bright, aqual to the sun; yand it would be good for your sowl to see the happy smile he had on him; and whin he came near me, who should it be but the masther! 'Garrett,' says he, 'you see what was done, and you see what throuble I had,' says he: 'yand it wasn't my arm that won that cool,' says he, 'only something that was doing,' says he, 'by some o' them I left. Yand,' says he, ''twas only ithin the last half-hour, I got the liberty of thrying at all,' says he, 'and 'tis what got me through the thrial is, what happened while the game was going on. Yand, tho' I'm

only three weeks dead,' says he, 'I thought it was three thousand years,' says he; 'yand I'm happy now for evermore,' says he; 'and,' says he, 'bit nor sup you must not taste till you tell herself,' says he, 'that you see me,' says he."

Here the widow handed Garrett the rejected glass, which, with a prefatory, but inaudible ejaculation, he speedily emptied, and replaced it on the table, with many a shudder, shake, and grimace, like one not accustomed to drink raw spirits.

" 'Whin you see her,' says he, 'tell her to be happy,' says he; 'and tell her there's only one thing throubling o' me, and that is, she cannot be with me,' says he, 'for twenty long years more; but after that time, she will come, and she'll be with me,' says he, 'in glory,' says he, 'during Secla Seclorum,' says he. 'But there is one thing that must be done; the Inch where I found rest, must be ever and always for the use of your little baste,' says he; 'Garrett,' says he, 'go 'long home now,' says he, 'yand lave the little baste where he is,' says he, 'till you tell her every thing. Yand,' says he, 'any loading she'll have, you'll have the preference ov it,' says he. So with that, my dear, he walked back, and dhrov the ball in among the hurlers, and whin he got into the middle agin, they closed round him; and in one minit the night became dark as the tomb, and not a hurler to be seen. Yand I was very wake intirely, hardly I could stir; but I crept out from under the ditch and got home as well as I could, and whin I got into the house, and whin

I see the candle lighting, I fainted dead, and was in a swoon ever since. Only I was in dread of not telling your honour, I wouldn't be able to lave my house for a month."

To the "neighbours" who knew poor Mrs. Swayne, it would be unnecessary to add that Garrett was ordered into the kitchen, where he had plenty of "nourishment;" and as long as she lived, the "little baste" was never driven from the Inch. The poor woman did not remain after her husband, so long as Garrett had foretold. She died within seven or eight years, and her unfeeling executors, disregarding the solemn charge which Garrett had received, drove the "little baste" to browse on the hedges and ditches of the "neighbours."

From Youghal to Lismore, a distance of about eighteen miles, the road is exceedingly picturesque and highly interesting, passing, for a considerable space, along the beautiful banks of the Blackwater, of which it commands many striking views. We preferred, however, engaging a boat, and making the journey by water.

From the source of this fine river, in Slieve Lougher, one of the Kerry mountains, to its mouth at Youghal, it passes through a large extent of country, nearly every portion of which is closely, and often painfully, associated with the history of Ireland. The banks are for the most part wooded; at times, the river runs through fine, fertile, and productive valleys; at others, it winds at the base of, or between, huge and bar-

ren mountains, but everywhere affording pleasure, at least to the lovers of the picturesque. Every now and then, the interest of the scenery is enhanced, and the records of the neighbourhood are illustrated, by some ruin of castle or church; very many of the strongest of the former, and the most famous of the latter, lying broken and covered by weeds, in the graceful glens or toppling cliffs that skirt the sides or overhang the river. The most remarkable of the many ruins that will be encountered between Youghal and Lismore are Rincrew, once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and originally belonging to the Knights Templars; Molana, where it is said Raymond le Gros, the friend and councillor of Strongbow, lies buried; Strancally, a stronghold of the Desmonds, where, according to Smith, there was, in ancient times, a cave used as "a prison for such persons as had fortunes in this part of the country, whom the cruel and tyrannical Earl had invited to his castle to make merry, and afterwards confined in this hole, where he suffered them to perish." One person, "by good fortune," having escaped, proclaimed the treachery of the Earl, and both the cave and the castle were destroyed. Dromana, the reputed birth-place of the old Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of one hundred and forty years, crossed the Channel and travelled to London, to demand from James the First the restoration of her jointure, and whose death is said to have been caused by a fall from a cherry-tree, into which she had climbed. Affane,⁹¹ where, in 1564, was fought

“ a bloody battle ” between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, in which the leader of the Geraldines was wounded and taken prisoner by his ancient, hereditary, and implacable foes—the Butlers. As they were carrying the fierce chieftain on their shoulders from the field, one of the leaders of the Ormond party rode up and enquired, in a taunting tone of triumph, “ Where is now the great Lord of Desmond ? ” The faint and wounded Earl raised himself, and replied, “ Where, but in his proper place—on the necks of the Butlers.”⁹² On approaching Lismore, and on the right bank of the river, is the prettily situated and improving town of Cappoquin; the church spire of which is seen rising above the trees.

Among the mountains above Cappoquin is the singular settlement called Mount Melleray. In the year 1831, when the Monks of La Trappe were dispersed by the French government, a considerable number of them proceeded to Ireland, and obtained from the proprietor, Sir Richard Keane, a lease of 575 acres of mountain land, for a term of ninety-nine years at a nominal rent. It was a brown, heathery, stony waste; of this they have reclaimed 200 acres—having been assisted by the peasantry, who worked for them for several months, and supplied them gratuitously with horses and cars; they were also greatly aided by subscriptions from the neighbouring gentry—the Duke of Devonshire giving them £100. Soon after their arrival, they circulated printed handbills, recounting the different

prayers they would contract to offer up to the Virgin, on account of those who gave alms. The invitation to contribute was pretty generally accepted; and even now, occasionally, they make calls for assistance, which are rarely refused. They have built a chapel 160 feet long, with a steeple about 170 feet high, a dormitory, refectory, and numerous farm offices. All these are built of the stones picked off their land. The entire mason-work, carpentry, &c., was performed by eight of the brotherhood; they were three years in accomplishing it. They have planted some trees, principally firs, and have plenty of turnips and potatoes, besides pasture land. They make their own butter and bread, which, with vegetables, form their sole subsistence. They are possessed of thirty cows. The chapel has a large painted glass window at the east end; the altar, &c., is gilt and ornamented in the usual florid style seen in Catholic chapels throughout Ireland. In ploughing the ground, they were frequently obliged to have a dozen men, before each plough, to pick up the stones. In the visitor's room, they show an illuminated missal which, it is said, was written by St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, and preacher of the second crusade. On their arrival in Ireland their number amounted to fifty; it is now about seventy. They are nearly all of them of English or Irish birth; they keep the vow of the order, and are never heard to speak. Their mode of life is, of course, simple to austerity; and it is certain that, to what the generality of mankind consider enjoyment,

they are entire strangers.⁹³ We have not heard them charged with, in any way, interfering with the opinions, either religious or political, of their neighbours; but they have introduced among them several improvements in agriculture, which may amply repay the occasional help that is bestowed. Above all, they have made it manifest that labour, aided by a moderate capital, may render productive the most unpropitious soil; their mountain fields now yield abundant crops; the finest vegetables are reared in their gardens; the best butter is produced in their dairy—a barren and utterly useless waste has been converted into a tract rich in verdure, extensively planted, and adding considerably to the natural resources of the country.⁹⁴

The approach to Lismore is picturesque and beautiful; the river ceases to be navigable a short distance from Cappoquin, and a canal to facilitate intercourse with the town has been cut, at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire; one of the few absentee landlords (if, indeed, his name is to be entered on the list) who is continually labouring to benefit and improve a country from which he derives a considerable proportion of his income.⁹⁵ The canal runs for some miles through a finely planted pleasure-ground; and nearly all the way, the noble castle, high above the level of the water, is kept in view, crowning a landscape at once magnificent and graceful.

The district surrounding Lismore was part of the grant to Sir Walter Raleigh; and was included in the estate subsequently sold by him to

the Earl of Cork. The castle sustained many sieges during the several Irish wars; and, in 1641, was gallantly defended by the young Lord Broghill; it derives greater fame, however, from being the birth-place of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who was born in the castle on the 25th January, 1626-7; he was the seventh son, and fourteenth child, of the first Earl of Cork. It is situated on a steep rock, rising perpendicularly from the river; to look down from one of its chamber windows would make the clearest head dizzy.⁹⁶ From this point, however, the prospect is sublime to a degree; the Blackwater winding through a verdant plain; the mighty mountains on either side; and immediately beneath, the thick foliage of gigantic trees, overhanging the river, crossed by a bridge peculiarly light and elegant; while here and there, both above and below it, the eye falls upon a salmon weir,⁹⁷ the distant murmur of which, humbly imitative of the cataract, comes upon the ear:—

“ the fretful melody
Of water, gurgling through the rugged weir,
Brought on the breeze.”⁹⁸

Lismore is, therefore, classed high in the list of Ireland's natural beauties; and for many centuries it has occupied a prominent station in its history. The castle is said to have been originally built by King John; but the place was “ famous ” long before his reign.⁹⁹ It is kept in repair at the cost of the Duke of Devonshire, who occasionally pays it visits—too few and far between.



Lismore Castle, Waterford
Photographed from a Painting by T. Creswick

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Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick





It is a fine building, with a noble court-yard; and although the greater portion of it is comparatively modern, the ancient parts are sufficiently apparent to associate with it the memories of by-gone strength and splendour. It has, nevertheless, a lonely look; our knock at the entrance-door had a hollow sound; we were conducted through the apartments by the house-keeper, a courteous and obliging matron; but we did not encounter another person; the scene was a solitude we would gladly see broken; its aspect was the more chilling because every chamber was furnished as if for an expected guest. It presented a singular and striking contrast to the noise, bustle, and excitement usually to be found in the vicinity of an Irish mansion: even the old eagle, so many years a denizen of the castle yard, looked as wild as if he had been at liberty: here there were no loiterers neglecting profitable labour for the chance of guiding some visitor "up the avenue," or dog-boys lingering around the gates because "maybe the master would be for sport." The "dog-boy," by the way, is a person to be found, we believe, only in Ireland; or rather, he is of a class to be met with nowhere else. In Ireland he never outgrows his vocation. He will, perhaps, be best described by an anecdote. It was evening when we drew up at the gate of an old castellated house in the county of Cork; its master had been celebrated all over Ireland as one whose heart and hand were frank and free. For a long series of years his house was the only inn in the district; and though one was at last

built, few strangers were permitted to sojourn thereat without receiving an invitation from the thrice-hospitable owner of the domain to leave Boniface and his fare, and partake of the festivities of the castle. Every Saturday, by the hands of his grey-haired chaplain, he distributed alms to a very considerable amount amongst the poor; thereby, some said, increasing beggary; and from all we heard, we believe the bounty was more liberal than judicious: still, it was the overflowing of a most benevolent heart, and we much regretted that death had called him to his long home only a few days previous to our visit to what was once the temple of the most boundless hospitality. We heard of his loss from every cottager to whom we spoke on the road. "Ye'r thravelin the counthry in a black time—for he's gone—God be good to him, as he was to the poor—that made light hearts wherever his name was heard." "It's the *outside* of the walls that's shown the stranger now!" observed a woman when the servant obtained entry into the courtyard by removing what they called "the *stone-porter*," a huge stone that kept the gates together at the bottom. "It's the same walls, the same ivy, the same everything—*barrin the heart!*" exclaimed another. The new heir was evidently unpopular, but who—educated at Eton and Oxford—could be popular at such a time and in such a place? The old gentleman had not been buried three weeks: the needful lawyers and some English gentlemen were to dine that evening in the castle—a sort of installation dinner,

which the people said was given too soon—and they rarely find fault with festivity. A few of the guests had arrived, and were looking about with a cold and critical air that boded no good to the old timber, nor, truly, to the old castle; for, as we passed a group that were talking on the steps, we heard the words—"lumbering place,"—"gloomy," and "inconvenient;" with sundry other phrases signifying "modern improvement," under the name of which much desecration of the antique and beautiful has been perpetrated.

We strolled along the bank of a river that rolled heavily through the domain; indeed, the very atmosphere was *triste*, burthened as it were by a heavy load of sorrow. Once or twice an owl flapped from one ivied tree to another; and once we paused to listen to the cooing of a wood-pigeon. When we returned, the guests had entered, and the lights and noise bore evidence that the revels had begun. When near the gate, we turned to take a last look of a spot so long associated with Irish hospitality—one of the last strongholds that had yielded to modern habits.

"I must soon take a last look at it myself, though reared about it, like a bat, or a dog, or any wild animal, God help me, now!" said the hoarse voice of a young man. He had been leaning against a tree, his arms folded, his head only covered by thick matted locks, and having together such an aspect of tattered despair as made us curious to ascertain its cause.

"Were you born here?"

“I was *found* here, ye’r honours, half dead in the snow; and it would have been a blessed thing for me if I had died that night.” We made some observation upon this unusual regret from Irish lips; for they generally speak humbly and patiently, and cling to life as “the Lord’s gift,” even when it seems wretched in the extreme. “The first thing I remember,” he continued, “was following the *ould* dog-boy about, and being half-eat by the hounds in a mistake, and that brought me under the master’s eye—‘the lucky star’ they called it; he took a *fancy* to me, *pity* he had for every one; and when the ould dog-boy died, I got his place. There used to be lashings of young gentlemen down here from college in those days, and I had a gay life of it with the dogs—and the hunt—and the huntsmen—the poor animals knew me so well that nothing could be done without me; if the huntsman was the *head*, I was the *tail*, of the pack; and fishing, and hunting, and shooting with the gentlemen made them forget the distance between us, until *I* almost forgot it too. The present master had to teach it to me once. *He* never forgot it; nor,” he added bitterly, “*I* either. I had no wages, but full and plenty, and loads of clothes and money; the master never met me without throwing me a tester, a thirteen, or maybe half-a-crown; and the young gentlemen, if they gave a curse, gave half a shilling along with it. I know I might have saved money enough to take me out of the country in comfort and credit, instead of starving where I have been fed:

but nothing was saved here—I never heard the word used. I was going with two young gentlemen that were on a visit to the master to fish in the far lake, and he was so jovial, poor dear gentleman! that he woke us—the whole house indeed—that morning, with a view-halloo! as clear, and loud, and strong as ever he gave it, and stood awhile at the gate laughing and saying that they'd catch no fish, and the like. And when I turned back to look at him, he was talking to the smith, as he always did once a month or so for the last five years, about having up new gates; and as I raised my hat, he laughed; and somehow I was heart sorry, I could not tell why, but I was—and no wonder!—the shadow of his death was over me; I saw him no more! It's a weary world! Poor gentleman! he was took suddent by death, and in grate throuble, because he hadn't settled his affairs, and had time just to make the great divisions for the bulk of his property; and he was in grate throuble intirely about his servants, and ordered them all up into the room, that he mightn't forget any. 'I see them all,' he says, 'except poor Tom;' and then he gave way, and the lawyer put the pen in his hand, and he had life left enough to sign; and then charged his chaplain to recommend his heir to provide for his servants, and the breath left him—and I not there!"

"But the heir will provide for the servants," we observed.

"Not for me," he said; "I don't even know what I do here; I am forbid to come within these

walls; and yet, like a wild bird, I can rest nowhere but in my ould nest. The hounds were out yesterday, and they found me, and would mind no other; they were flogged back to their kennel for remembering an ould friend! I have no learning—I have no friends nor money! and yet I am a man, able and willing to work. I have worked, though I was never taught the value of what they tell me is so valuable—time. I was taught nothing but dependence, *and what has it brought me?* ”

Though of late years dwindled to a rank scarcely above that of a village, time was when Lismore vied in importance with the most flourishing city of Ireland—having been a university and a bishop’s see.¹⁰⁰ It was founded early in the seventh century by St. Carthagh; and, it is said, contained no fewer than twenty churches; “the ruins of several of them” being in Smith’s time “remembered by persons then living.” The see of Lismore was united to that of Waterford so long ago as 1358.

As we have intimated, our journey from Lismore to Waterford city was through the county of Tipperary; a route which led us along the base of the Knockmeledown mountains—a range that divides the two counties; on the highest of which lie, or rather were laid, the remains of Major Eeles, an eccentric gentleman of considerable ability; who was a mighty huntsman, and also a close searcher into the mysteries of electricity.¹⁰¹ We recommend to all travellers who are not pressed for time to pursue the route we are

describing; it will afford them rare enjoyment: first, for a considerable length along the wooded hills in the vicinity of Lismore, and all the way by the side of a brawling river, rushing over huge rocks into the valley; then over bleak and barren mountains, without human habitation, or token that labour has been at work to draw wealth from their sterile soil. We had grown weary of the scene; our horse still more so, for he had been tasked to draw us up hill for many miles, when we suddenly commenced a descent. Never can we forget the glory of the scene that in a moment burst upon us. We were driving—so rapidly as to cause some alarm—along the brink of a precipice, from which we were protected by a wall scarcely three feet high; there was evidently a valley beneath us, but a thick mist was over it, through which we could but peer, with a sort of dim and dreamy guess at its depth and extent, not altogether unmixed with apprehension lest our jaded steed should stumble. The clouds began to recede from the landscape; in a few seconds the sun had completely dispelled them; and a bright evening light was over the valley. It extended for many miles—perhaps ten—east and west, and north and south; a spacious plain, hemmed in by mountains—the mountains nearly all barren, stripped even of the thin coat of peat which the necessities of the cottiers compel them to collect from time to time—as fast as it accumulates—and burn into ashes to manure their small gardens. The contrast between these bare hills and the fertile valley was very striking. We

were in Tipperary, where outrage has far less than in any other part of Ireland, the palliation it not unfrequently derives from misery and want; the cottages within our ken had all of them a comfortable aspect; their chimneys sent up the curling supper-smoke; a belting of trees generally surrounded them; and they were white-washed, one and all. The season was close upon harvest, and the fields were ripe for the sickle. The rich valley was, indeed, a glorious prospect from the side of that rugged mountain.

The City of Waterford ranks among the oldest and most famous of the cities of Ireland. It was anciently called "Cuan-na-Grioth"—the Harbour of the Sun; and its existence is said to be dated so far back as A.D. 155. Certain it is, however, that it was a place of some note in the ninth century, when it was a colony of the Danes; who retained possession of it until the invasion of Ireland in 1171. A singular round castle still stands on the quay, and bears an inscription, signed by Sir John Newport, Bart. as Mayor, which records that it was erected by Reginald the Dane, in the year 1003; was held as a fortress by Strongbow, in 1171; was converted into a mint, by Statute 3rd Edward IV. in 1463—and that in the year 1819, it was converted into a jail for refractory boys and sturdy beggars—to which purpose it is at present applied. From the Danes the city is said to have received its name; Waterford being considered a corruption of "Vader Fiord"—the Ford of the Father, or the Great Haven; for it has re-

ceived both translations. In the various contests of which Ireland has been the arena, Waterford has played a conspicuous part; having endured sieges from Strongbow, Cromwell, and William III. to say nothing of Perkin Warbeck, against whom the citizens fought lustily for eleven days, bringing many prisoners into the city, "who had their heads chopped off in the market place." For their gallantry, they received, among other honours, the motto they still retain.

"URBS INTACTA MANET WATERFORDIA."

Of the several sieges, (the result of them all being the same, *i. e.* the surrender of the city, after much parleying and some fighting,) the only one that calls for comment, is that which it sustained from Oliver Cromwell; the Protector commanding in person on the occasion. It was taken in a singular way: the citizens aided by Lord Ormond, had, for a considerable period, kept the Ironsides at bay; when two brothers, named Croker, in the army of Cromwell, were sent with thirty musketeers to set fire to a few houses in a suburb. So great a smoke was raised that the Irish fled, leaving some of their ladders on the ramparts. One of the Crokers said to the other, "it would be a brave thing if they should set upon the town and take it."

So, calling their thirty men together, they mounted the wall, rushed into the town, hallooing and firing as they advanced, the noise and smoke concealing their numbers, so that the inhabitants believed the whole English army were set upon

them, and abandoned the city. One of the Crokers was killed; the other, however, opened the gate to Cromwell. So far the circumstance is recorded by the county historian; and there is a family tradition, which states that the Protector was so well pleased with the reckless bravery of the surviving Croker, or rather with its result, that he wrote, resting the paper on the pommel of his saddle, an order for his soldier to receive the lands of Sir Walter Coppinger, an Irish gentleman whose property had been confiscated by the Parliament. Mr. Croker, a short time afterwards, proceeded to Lisnabrin, near Tallow, to take possession of his castle and newly acquired estate; he was met by the fair daughter of the deposed knight, but only with the weapons that women may wield. She besought permission to tarry awhile longer with her aged father within their ancestral walls, until another dwelling, and one suited to their ruined fortunes, could be provided for them. The request was granted; but the lady never quitted the castle of Lisnabrin, notwithstanding that Cromwell's officer remained the lord of it.¹⁰² The union was a happy one. Although the Crokers, since this period, have branched off into many families in Ireland, the name of Walter has descended and is peculiar to the Lisnabrin line. And Captain Walter Croker, of the Royal Navy, the late possessor of Lisnabrin, recently perished at the island of Tongataboo, in the Pacific, under circumstances even more reckless and daring than those which determined the fortune of his ancestor.

It is, however, its fine harbour that distinguishes Waterford, far more than its historic renown. It is happily situated on the southern bank of the Suir, about sixteen miles from its influx into the sea. The harbour is exceedingly beautiful; not so richly planted or ornamented by villas as that of Cork, yet scarcely inferior to it in the grace of its foreground, and the grandeur of the mountains that look down upon it. But Waterford has one great advantage over its neighbour—the river Suir is navigable for very large ships; having sufficient depth of water to allow vessels of from 800 to 1000 tons burden to discharge their cargoes at the quay. The quay is unrivalled in Ireland, and, perhaps, in England. It is a mile in length, and in a continuous line. On the side next the river is a broad path, somewhat raised, which forms a delightful and healthful promenade for the citizens. At its western extremity, connecting the city with the county of Kilkenny, is a wooden bridge across the Suir; it is 832 feet in length and forty in breadth; supported on stone abutments and forty sets of piers of oak.¹⁰³

The city has an exceedingly cheerful appearance; the principal mercantile houses being built along the margin of the river, and commanding a view of the opposite side—in the county of Kilkenny—where several villas have been erected, and above which towers a lofty range of mountains. But the Commeragh mountains, which occupy the centre of the county, and are seen from all parts of it, as well as from a consider-

able portion of Tipperary, are those which merit especial notice. They present a varied and picturesque outline from every point of view; and from the sea, or southern side, are well known to mariners, by whom they are called "the high lands of Dungarvon." They are of considerable elevation, the highest peak, called M^ón-ä-bullach, *i. e.* "The Mount of the Summit," is a table land, about 2500 feet above the level of the sea; and is remarkable for having on its summit *three* lakes, well stocked with trout. In two of these lakes, called Stillogues, are found a large black trout, very unpalatable—in the other, called Loch-an-Cumalig-owr, *i. e.* "The Lake of the grey Phantom," (we spell as near the pronunciation as we can,) may be found the red trout and the gillaroo. But the greatest natural curiosity in these mountains, is the appearance and site of a nearly circular lake, by name Coom-shinawin, *i. e.* "The Valley of Ants." This circular basin appears to have been formed at an early age by a landslip, or to have been a crater of an extinct volcano, and the appearance of the rock of the basin, which at the highest side has an altitude of about 1200 feet, would rather favour the latter supposition, for its perpendicular side is at right angles with the water, quite different from the inclination or dip of the slate; and would, therefore, induce the spectator to conclude that fire was the agent. About a fourth of the distance down the almost perpendicular slope lies a cave, covered by a projecting rock, called Crotty's Rock. It takes its name from a bandit of ancient days, who when



Westerford
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Waterford

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hard pressed made it his asylum; for which, as it cannot be approached from the bottom, it seems most admirably adapted by nature. The ground at the base of these mountains, particularly that part which runs parallel to the leading western road to Dungarvon, has been brought into cultivation within the last few years—especially on the estate of Col. Palliser, who is the proprietor of a considerable portion of this mountainous district.¹⁰⁴

Its proximity to England is no doubt of considerable advantage to the port of Waterford, and it is perhaps matter of surprise that greater results have not arisen out of it. The introduction of steam seems to have benefited Waterford far less than might have been anticipated. Its merchants, indeed, have long incurred the reproach of indifference to the great sources of wealth which Nature has provided for them; having been content to act rather as agents than as principals in commerce. At one period, "All bustle and no business, like a Waterford merchant," became a proverb: of late, however, they have in a degree bestirred themselves, and by recent returns we learn there are now 149 vessels, measuring 20,756 tons, and navigated by 1061 men and boys, belonging to the port.¹⁰⁵ But the improvements that have taken place in the city of late years are neither marked nor numerous; we counted but five houses in course of building; and it has but little increased within the last quarter of a century. Of public structures, displaying architectural skill and taste, there are none

in Waterford; but a contract has been recently entered into to erect a "Savings' Bank," at the cost of £4000.

The Cathedral of Waterford is reported to have been originally built by the Danes in 1096, when they first embraced Christianity; and, before it was "improved," is said to have been a stately and venerable edifice; its character is now very incongruous. An interesting ruin is close to it, that of a monastery of Franciscans, part of which, in good repair, exists as an alms-house for aged women, called "the Holy Ghost Hospital,"¹⁰⁶ (founded by Patrick Walsh in 1545,) and part was for a considerable period used as a French church, having been assigned by the corporation to the French Protestants who settled in Ireland in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes.¹⁰⁷ Waterford abounds in schools; it has one, however, somewhat peculiar—an inspection of which gave us much pleasure. It is named "The School of the Christian Brothers," and was founded in 1803, by Mr. Edmund Rice—a name that should be placed high on the list of benefactors to mankind. He retired from business, while comparatively young, and devoted his entire time, and talents, and the property he had obtained by industry, to the education of youth. At that period education was not easily obtained by any class, and was almost beyond the reach of Roman Catholics. The benefit he has conferred upon his native city by nearly forty years of labour is, therefore, incalculable; his

schools having been generally attended by from 500 to 600 scholars.¹⁰⁸

The river Suir—"the gentle Suire" of Spenser—

"that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford"—

ranks among the noblest rivers of Ireland; it is broad, deep, not too rapid, and its character is highly picturesque, both above and below the city. It rises "out of a spring at the foot of Banduff mountain," in the county of Tipperary (where the Nore has its source also), and, receiving several tributaries on its way, falls into St. George's Channel between Dunmore Point and Hook Head, in the county of Wexford. About four miles from the city, the Suir is united with the "stubborn Nore" and the "goodly Barrow"—

"All which, long sunder'd, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they come,
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become."

A magnificent view of the confluence of the three rivers is obtained from the Hill of Faithlegg—a corruption of Faith-league—which rises above Cheek Point, formerly a packet-station, and the scene of the enterprising but, unfortunately, unsuccessful labours of the late Cornelius Bolton, Esq., who established a cotton-factory here, and engaged in various other speculations, having for their object the improvement of the

country. The picturesque ruin of the ancient church of Faithlegg forms a desirable subject for the pencil. (See Plate No. 6.)

There are but two towns of consideration on the banks of the Suir—Clonmel and Carrick; and they are both in the county of Tipperary, although both have suburbs in the county of Waterford, the river being crossed by bridges at these places. On either side, ruined castles abound; one of them, “the ancient seat of the Osbornes.” The family has, for centuries, held a prominent and an honourable position in the county.¹⁰⁹ Among these reminders of ancient times are scattered many fine villas—the woods of which are very refreshing to the eye, the more because of the utter absence of foliage except where wealth has been busied—Waterford being more barren of trees than any other of the Irish counties. A lofty tower, which attracts notice from all points of the scenery along the river, directs attention to Curraghmore,—the mansion of the Marquis of Waterford. The house is a comparatively plain structure, built in 1700, on the site of an ancient castle, part of which still exists. The park is extensive,—the most extensive in Ireland, and larger, perhaps, than any in England—comprising nearly 5000 statute acres of land; it has been planted with the rarest trees, and commands magnificent views of the surrounding country.¹¹⁰ “The character of Curraghmore” (we copy from the Rev. Mr. Ryland’s excellent History of the county) “is grandeur; not that arising from the costly and

laborious exertions of man, but rather the magnificence of nature. The beauty of the situation consists in the lofty hills, rich vales, and almost impenetrable woods, which deceive the eye and give the idea of boundless forests. The variety of the scenery is calculated to please in the highest degree, and to gratify every taste; from the lofty mountain to the quiet and sequestered walk on the bank of the river, every gradation of rural beauty may be enjoyed." Not far from the grounds, and adjoining the Suir towards Clonmel, is the picturesque well of Tubber Grieve, a holy well in high repute with the peasantry. In the immediate vicinity of the grounds of Curraghmore is the small town of Portlaw, which, from a poor and insignificant village, has grown into a place of considerable importance, in consequence of having been selected by the Messrs. Malcolmson of Clonmel, to determine the question whether cotton-factories may or may not flourish in Ireland.¹¹¹ The experiment has been eminently successful; it has given proof that energy and industry, applied to the natural resources of Ireland, may enable the Irish manufacturer to enter the market and compete with the manufacturer of England. The establishment affords employment generally to above a thousand men, women, and children; the proprietors are enabled to buy the raw material and to vend the wrought article on terms as beneficial as those enjoyed by the manufacturer of Manchester; in all respects the spinners of both countries are on a par; while in Ireland the advan-

tage of labour at a cheaper rate is to be taken into account. The difference of wages, however, although a serious item in the aggregate, is small; the Irishman who can do nothing but dig is indeed miserably paid, but the moment he acquires a trade he demands and will receive very nearly as much as an Englishman of the same grade will be able to earn in England. The Messrs. Malcolmson have made—deservedly and most honourably made—large fortunes by this concern; and they have set an example which we hope to see extensively followed. But the result, in their case, it should be remembered, is not the work of a day; for a considerable period Messrs. Malcolmson had to contend against difficulties under which ordinary minds would have sunk; suspicion and prejudice were both eager to stay their progress; it was found almost impossible to convince the people that the looms were designed to render them comfortable and independent; and even when hostility had comparatively vanished, there was a general dislike to use the article they had manufactured—even the women employed upon the work obtaining their cloths from the English market, rather than assisting to establish their own. But the obstacles against which these enterprising gentlemen had to contend, and which in the end they have completely overcome, do not now stand in the way of other capitalists; the greater number of them at least have disappeared; while the capabilities for producing wealth have in no degree diminished.¹¹²

The town and neighbourhood of Portlaw, have, of course, shared the prosperity of the Malcolmsons. The houses are cleanly and comfortable; the people are all decently dressed; and there is an air of improvement in every thing that appertains to them. The good that may be done by the establishment of such manufactories in various parts of Ireland is incalculable; the benefits they would confer are sufficiently obvious; and if it can be shown, as it may be by reference to this at Portlaw, that the profit is certain, if the factories be properly conducted, there will be no lack of enterprising individuals ready to embark capital in similar undertakings. It has, indeed, been for a long time obvious, that Ireland, with its immense water power and its superabundant population, living cheaply, and therefore able to work cheaply, was peculiarly calculated to manufacture articles in cotton; but, unhappily, there has been so entire a want of confidence in the steadiness and sobriety of the people, that few were found willing to risk a property which might be destroyed by the evil passions or caprice of a single individual, influencing other individuals. The unsettled political state of the country, too, militated greatly to increase the evil; and of late years other difficulties have arisen which have effectually prevented Ireland from participating in the capital and the enterprise of England. While the "Repeal agitation" kept the public mind awake only to objects of perilous excitement, it was impossible for speculation to find its way into those districts

of the country, where employment was most needed and would be most productive; even in populous cities, a benefactor who in ever so small a degree opposed the popular will, for the advantage of the community as well as for his own gain, ran no inconsiderable risk of ruin. Under such circumstances, it cannot be surprising that Ireland has derived little or no advantage from that surplus capital which has been expended so largely, and so wildly, upon schemes infinitely less promising than the mines, and fisheries, and wastes of the sister country. ¹¹³

The distance from the city of Waterford to the sea-coast (across the promontory), is but five or six miles, although the harbour is of a much greater length. The two places most famous, on the coast, are Dunmore and Tramore—both favourite bathing-places; but the former long enjoyed the advantage of being a government packet station, and possesses both a lighthouse and a pier. The village is beautifully situated; the coast is bold and rocky, and it is immediately upon the sea. The pier is 600 feet in length, and the cost of the works is believed to have exceeded £100,000, a sum immensely disproportionate to their value to the public. “A druid’s altar” stands on a rocky eminence near Dunmore. The situation is particularly wild and beautiful. It commands a view on one side of the estuary of the Suir with Cremla island and Hook tower, and on the other the great bay of Tramore with the rugged precipices of the

Cumarocks in the distance. The altar consists of fourteen perpendicular stones, forming a perfect circle of thirty-six yards in circumference, on the outside. Across the centre, forming the diameter, are two horizontal stones parallel to each other, each two yards wide and seven long. They are covered by five flat flags, forming a covered passage about two feet high, closed at one end. This covered way occupied the centre of the circle—distant three yards from one side, and four from the other. One stone of the roof is raised on one side by the interposition of a block, so as to resemble a cromliac or sacrificial flag, “from which the blood of the victim flowed off.” At a short distance are the ruins of the ancient church at Kilma Combe.

The village of Tramore is more sheltered than that of Dunmore; and appears to be in higher favour with the citizens of Waterford. Of late years several capital houses have been built there, and it wears a prosperous aspect. Passage, the ancient “bathing village,” is now completely deserted; although still maintaining some importance as a ferry, in connexion with the opposite coast of Wexford. Between Passage and the sea are the ruins of a few houses that point out the locality of New Geneva, originally a colony of the Genevese, afterwards a barrack, and now almost levelled with the pasture ground around it. Its history is curious and interesting. In the year 1781, domestic feuds induced a large number of the most ingenious and industrious of the Genevese mechanics to emigrate;

above a thousand of them signed a memorial to Earl Temple, the then Irish viceroy, praying that some situation might be allocated to them to form a settlement in Ireland. The proposal was readily listened to; it was considered very desirable to introduce into the country so many enlightened Protestants, several of whom possessed property as well as talents; the Irish Parliament voted a sum of £50,000, towards defraying the expenses of their emigration and in constructing a town for their reception; and the highest hopes were entertained as to the importance of the new colony and its influence upon the destinies of the country in which it was to be planted. The "city of New Geneva" was soon commenced; a space was enclosed, dwelling-houses and workshops were built, and every thing promised well; when suddenly the whole project fell to the ground, and, by degrees, the Genevese quitted Ireland without having either benefited it or themselves. The cause of this unforeseen, and, for the south of Ireland, unfortunate circumstance, was never satisfactorily explained. It was said the Genevese were unreasonable in their expectations and demands, particularly in the articles of their charter, in which they demanded greater privileges and freedom than were compatible with the laws of the country. It was further said, that the jealousy of the corporation of Waterford was roused, and that they insisted on extending a jurisdiction over the new citizens, by obliging them to bring their causes for adjudication to their local courts.

But the circumstance which most of all contributed to render the project abortive, was the recall of Earl Temple. He had been its great patron, and when he retired, none of his successors pursued the scheme with similar ardour.

Subsequently, New Geneva became a barrack, being used chiefly as a dépôt for recruits; and during the troubles of 1798, it was converted into a prison for the confinement of rebels.¹¹⁴

By far the most interesting and important district of the county of Waterford, at the present moment, however, is that of Bonmahon,—on the coast, midway between Dunmore and Dungarvon,—in the immediate vicinity of which are the mines of Knockmahon, the property of the “Mining Company of Ireland,”—now, we believe, the most prosperous and profitable of the Irish mines. The company was formed in 1824, chiefly by the exertions of Richard Purday, Esq., the present secretary; and it has been conducted so advantageously for the shareholders as to have realised large profits, and to promise results still more beneficial to them and to the country. The mines were originally worked about a century ago; and since, from time to time, various projects have been set on foot to conduct them on a large scale: none appear to have been successful until they came into the hands of “the Mining Company of Ireland.” They are held on leases for thirty-one years, with the exception of a part, held in perpetuity at a rent of five per cent. of the produce; the leases include all minerals within a tract extending over

three miles on the course of the lodes. The produce is chiefly copper, although lead in considerable quantities has been raised. As the mines are so close to the coast, the ores are shipped on peculiarly advantageous terms; and there is an immense water power, by means of which the whole of the operations were for a long period conducted. Recently, however, a pumping-engine on the expansion principle has been erected; and also one for winding ores to the surface. According to the latest report of the company, "the Knockmahon Copper Mines may now be considered one of the best established and most important of the extensive mining districts in the empire, from the extent and richness of the produce, the favourable locality, and the superior machinery and other means provided for realising these advantages." ¹¹⁵

Although the mines at Knockmahon are the only mines in the county of Waterford now extensively worked, all accounts agree in describing the immense mineral wealth of this district of Ireland; and there can be no doubt that in a very few years it will be rendered available to an extent in comparison with which what has been already done will appear trivial and unimportant. We shall, however, enter more at length into this branch of the subject when we visit the county of Wicklow; where, although there is no single mine so productive as that of Knockmahon, the works are more numerous, more varied, and better calculated for description.

In Waterford, some years ago, the lower classes had a species of amusement, we believe, peculiar to them: it was practised on Ash-Wednesday, and was called "drawing the log." It was instituted as a penitential exercise to the bachelors and maidens who permitted Lent to arrive without "joining in the holy bands." The log was a large piece of timber, to which a long rope was attached; it was drawn through the streets of the city, followed by a crowd of men and boys of the lowest grade armed with bludgeons, shouting and hollowing "Come draw the log, come draw the log; bachelors and maids, come draw the log." The party had generally a piper, who squeezed from his bags the most noted of the national airs; and it was no small part of the frolic to see the poor minstrel upset in the mire by the jolting of the unwieldy piece of timber over the rugged stones with which the streets were paved. The most scandalous scenes of cruelty often occurred; young men and young women being forced from their homes, tied to "the log," and dragged through the city. The custom has, of late years, been, very properly, discontinued. So also has another, equally disgraceful,—the practice of cock-throwing has been long in disuse in every part of Ireland; yet it was at one period a sport almost universal among the lower grades of the various cities and towns. A cock was tied by the leg to a stone or "kippeen;" the thrower, who paid a penny a throw, was to fling a stick, of a fixed size from a fixed distance, at the poor bird, which was to

be his property if he killed it. Expert throwers used to carry home many prizes thus obtained, although it was not uncommon to find a cock living through a whole day, in spite of all attempts to destroy it. The day for this sport was Shrove-Tuesday, a day which is still dedicated to games and amusements far less cruel and irrational. In Ireland, as in England, it is "pan-cake day;" and as it precedes the gloomy season of Lent, a more than usual degree of merriment is considered not only pardonable, but commendable. The old custom of "pan-cake tossing" still prevails in every district of the south. The family group—and the "boys and girls" of the neighbours—gather round the fireside; and each in turn tries his or her skill in tossing the pancake. The tossing of the first is always allotted to the eldest unmarried daughter of the host, who performs the task not altogether without trepidation, for much of her "luck" during the year is supposed to depend upon her good or ill success on the occasion. She tosses it, and usually so cleverly as to receive it back again, without a ruffle on its surface, on its reverse, in the pan. Congratulations upon her fortune go round, and another makes the effort: perhaps this is a sad mischance; the pancake is either not turned or falls among the turf ashes; the unhappy maiden is then doomed—she can have no chance of marrying for a year at least—while the girl who has been lucky is destined to have her "pick of the boys" as soon as she likes. The cake she has tossed,

she is at once called upon to share, and cutting it into as many slices as there are guests, she hands one to each: sometimes the mother's wedding-ring has been slipped into the batter out of which this first cake is made, and the person who receives the slice in which it is contained, is not only to be first married, but is to be doubly lucky in the matter of husband or wife. Men also are permitted, to have a chance; and it is a great source of amusement to jog their elbows at the important moment, and so compel them to "toss the cake crooked."

The stranger will be impressed—more perhaps than he will be in any other city of Ireland—with the conviction that Nature has, in Waterford, received far too little aid from the hands or minds of men. Although a mercantile city, and one with advantages peculiarly eligible and accessible, there is a sad aspect of loneliness in its streets, and a want of business along its fine quays—except on days when steam-boats leave, and the "live stock" assemble in huge droves to embark for the English market. The hotels too—usually sure indications of prosperity or its opposite—have a deserted look; it would hardly be exaggeration to say that the grass springs up between the stone steps that lead to their doors. The hospitality of a kind and estimable friend, indeed, prevented our being very familiar with their internal arrangements; but the stay of a few hours sufficed to satisfy us that strangers were unexpected guests. The waiters lounged from the adjacent coach-office to the public room

of the head inn with an air of unconcern and unsatisfied curiosity, as if occupation would be a novelty. We have already alluded to Irish waiters as a peculiar class, and may perhaps be allowed to lighten matter-of-fact details by some description of their peculiarities.

The word "waiter" in England suggests a well-dressed, well-behaved, orderly man, with a napkin under his arm, and a bill, either of fare or for payment, in his hand. He is a person of importance, because he ministers to our comforts, and is neither active nor civil beyond the activity and civility he is in duty bound to exhibit to each guest, according to the said guest's station; which he imagines—or rather, (for an English waiter does not indulge in imagination,) which he *knows*, he can ascertain at once. His bow is consequently very low to a coach-and-four; while he merely inclines his head to the commercial traveller. He is obsequious to the drinkers of champagne and claret, but hardly nods to the order of a pint of sherry. In Ireland waiters are altogether a different set of beings—lively and erratic, shrewd and observing; anxious, according to human nature, to get the most they can; and yet, in accordance with Irish nature, willing to give all they can in exchange. An Irishman may be a knave, but he is seldom a miser—he has nothing but time and attention to give, and he gladly bestows both.

The Irish waiter, except at first-rate hotels, is never well dressed, and is always too familiar to be considered "well-behaved." An Irish

waiter does many things which an English waiter never thinks of; but his grand occupation is finding out the business of his master's customers.

"Upon my conscience," we heard one say to another, "it's I that'll cry Hurra when the new poor-law comes in play, for my tongue's worn to a shred, and my throat turned into a fair highway, striving to keep them beggars away from the quality; and if I don't treat them with civility, it's murdered I'd be out and out, as an example to all waiters. Sorra a thing I found out, for a week, with them, for beggars. Instead of larning the news, it's watching them I am." The Irish waiter is a fellow of local information, well read in politics, and having a strong tendency to liberalism, and yet more anxious to discover your opinions than to tell his own. He is both lazy and active,—lazy at his work, and active at his amusements: he will cheat you in a bargain, but he will not rob you; he is almost invariably good-humoured, and as cunning as a fox: from the moment you enter his master's house, he considers you somewhat in the light of his own property; he turns over your luggage until he has discovered your name, and ten chances to one but he manages, before you have been half an hour in the house, to find out, in the most ingenious manner, whence you came, whither you are going, and what you are going about. He is free, yet respectful; "familiar, but by no means vulgar."

"I beg yer pardon, ma'am, but there's a cruel

draught in that window; stay till I move the chair, and sure I'd rather that the gentlemen should catch a salmon than your honour catch cold in Lismore." Indeed, the waiter at Lismore was a rare specimen of his class: he was a stout, sailor-like fellow, with sandy hair and eyes; keen and vigilant where there was any chance of bustle or excitement, but idle enough where only his regular work was to be attended to: he would race half over the town to seek for an angler, a fishing-rod, or fly, a picturesque beggar, or a piper; but make you wait as long as he pleased the brushing of a cloak, or the laying of a cloth. He looked upon us as mere English, and had commenced a set of interrogatories after his own fashion, such as "I hope it was by the Black-water ye came—Sure the likes of you ought to see the country, and it's more than a day or two, or three, ye'll be for staying here, I'll engage." A gentleman of our party "cut him short" in so abrupt a manner, that the Lismore waiter ever after kept his eye upon him, suspicious of reproof. We were busied in adjusting a fishing-rod and preparing some flies, and the waiter, throwing down the loaf which he had been cutting into small square junks for dinner, came to our assistance,—“Yer honour sees—this is the way—you understand—there—now twist it. Sure I'll throw a line with you in the morning, if that gentleman will keep his eye off me; wasn't I glad when he left the room!—I'll go bail now, he's an aistern Ingeeman—and a bachelor; bedad! I thought the nose was whipt

off meeself to-day—he picks me up as a hungry bird does the first worm. Well, maybe I'd have been a quare fellow meeself if I hadn't married young. I'll go bail, yer honour did that same thing yerself; but as for that dark gentleman, taking down the ould castle like life, and marking every stick and stone—"

"Well and what of that, fellow?" said our friend in a deep tone, calling up a look of dark displeasure as he entered unperceived by the loquacious waiter.

"Nothing!" answered the attendant, dropping the rod suddenly; "nothing, sir, only ye've grate talent intirely, *at taking everything down.*"

At another inn, the waiter was an old, "knowing"-looking fellow, with a sinister expression, not at all Irish, but which he doubtless had acquired in the Spanish "*Lageon*," from which he told us he was a "returned officer." He was one of the old class, who considered your religious faith a clue to your opinions. Something we said about not boating on Sunday, coupled with the possession of a Protestant prayer-book and a letter of introduction to the rector of a neighbouring parish, who unfortunately was from home, led him to the belief that we were "black Protestants;" and we asked some questions about schools, he said, with a Burleigh shake of the head, that "it was a benighted place intirely—nothing but a National School in the chapel-yard—that, indeed, *his people* war all Protestants," &c. Circumstances combined to unsettle his opinion; and after

a day or two he had arrived at the conclusion that we were of "the right sort." On expressing our belief that the place where so many scholars went to school could not be, as he had said it was, "benighted," he made answer, "Oh, sure ye misunderstand me—I meant the place was benighted once;" and on our taxing him with endeavouring to mislead us touching his religious creed, "My people," he exclaimed triumphantly, "only my people, the Lord be praised!"

Another waiter, who amused us much, was an active, lissom, little man, who endeavoured to persuade us that everything in the house was the best that could be obtained in "all Ireland." The inn was a wayside one in Kerry, where we were detained two days by illness and bad weather.

"Well, is there any chance of the weather changing?"

"I'm sorry it's not pleasing to you, ma'am, but we've the best weather in all Ireland."

"These eggs are done too much."—"The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am; but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?"—"The best in all Ireland." "And your cook?"—"The best in all Ireland." The mutton, however, was so very underdone, that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir—I see, ma'am; the mutton in these parts, as I tould yer honours, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it—that's it—it's the juiciness of the mutton makes

it so. I give ye my honour it's *that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it; *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it*—I see—she'll do so in five minutes—the finest cook in all Ireland;” and he bore off the mutton as triumphantly as if we had chimed in with his praise. It returned to us after the cutlet fashion. He exclaimed, while laying the dish on the table, with the invariable flourish, “I tould yer honours”—“the finest cook in all Ireland—two ways, ay tin ways, with the same thing—it goes down one thing, and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forget it if she saw her toss a pancake: she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished—all but the aiting.”

At Killarney the waiter was a spruce elderly man, clean, active, and most elaborately dressed, with care, attention, and, above all, good-nature enough to furnish half-a-dozen of his class in England. No matter what you required done or procured, he anticipated your wishes. When we were removing our note and sketch books, we also took our own paper-knives, leaving two of arbutus wood upon the table that did not belong to us. The waiter observed it, and with more good-nature than ceremony thrust them between the leaves. “Oh then, sure, sir,—sure, madam, you're not going to lave Killarney without something to remimber it—*you'd hurt the feelings of the house* if you'd scorn such thrifles.”

“There's nothing keeps me in this poor coun-

try," said a remarkably fine-looking lad, a waiter at a wayside hostelrie, full of spirit and good-nature, and who was very grateful for a little. "There's nothing keeps me in poor Ireland but the one thing." "I suppose you are in love and cannot afford to get married?" "Bedad, sir, it's little it takes to do that same, and I managed *that* four years ago: and if I forget it, sure I have the little woman and two as purty babies as *ever made a poor man's heart beat with hope or fear*. No then, only it's just a quare ould grandmother, who's too ould to go with us, or to have any understanding of anything, barring her own way: 'Wait,' she says, 'wait until ye lave my ould bones with my people; but it's not asy I'd rest in my grave if one of my own people did not put me there. Wait only for my berrin,' she says; 'and after that, if you must lave Ireland to give yer strength and labour to a foreign sod, when there's so much here that only wants many hands for the turning, and a little money to make it prosper, why go, in God's name; but sorrow to those that suffer the strength of the country to go out of it.' And then the poor ould crayther will *romance* a dale, though I'm thinking there's razon in some things she says, for sure the prime of the country is laving it, and more's the pity."

We found at Roundwood (the rendezvous of tourists in the county of Wicklow, and long celebrated for the whims and peculiarities of its "Judy" lately deceased) a civil but commonplace waiter; and unfortunately, civil, well-con-

ducted persons are much more agreeable to meet on the highways of life than upon paper; but to make up for the waiter's want of national character, there stood by our horse's head—a *blind hostler!* Without being aware how heavy an affliction had been laid upon him, we asked him if the day was likely to continue fine; he turned his face towards the wind, and then we perceived that he was indeed quite blind; his face was peculiar, long and sallow, with that touching expression of melancholy, utterly without fretfulness or complaint, which commands sympathy; he said the day would be "fine but showery;" the whiteness of his shirt, the cleanliness of his well-mended clothes, the poor fellow's appearance altogether, won our attention. He unharnessed the horse with ease and rapidity; and we afterwards learned that he performed the office of hostler and "boots" to perfection, and, what was singular, never mistook horses, harness, or even mispaired the shoes he cleaned. When his work was done, and sometimes it was not finished until past midnight, he would set out alone to his cottage, upwards of a mile (an old Irish mile) from Roundwood. He married, we were told, one of the prettiest girls in the county, who preferred her blind lover to all others, and has had no reason to repent her choice, for he is sober and industrious, and she is careful and thrifty.

Irish waiters used to be proverbial for their fondness for whiskey; but that has been banished by the Temperance Societies. We remember one—but in his extreme old age—Tom Lavery,

at a half public-house, half hotel, frequented, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, by gentlemen who thought it necessary to make their wills before they started for Dublin; for in those times they travelled on horseback. Tom never considered it necessary to offer an apology for being tipsy, after dinner. "I am everything a gentleman can desire," he would exclaim when staggering about; "no one can say, Tom Lavery you take your 'morning'—Tom wants no morning—Tom scorns to touch sperits until any gentleman may take his glass—Tom Lavery is as sober as e'er a judge in the land—ought to be." Tom was a regular "afadavid" man to his employer: whatever he would say, Tom would depose to; professing himself ready to make oath that the "post-chay" in their yard would go as aisy on three wheels as on four; and that there weren't such *illegant* cattle for blood and bone in the counthry—whin their blood was up, and they *warmed on the road*. Very often he would don a jacket and jack-boots, twist a wisp of hay into a saddle, and act post-boy.¹¹⁶

Neddy Kelly was another of the old school of waiters who "tended upon the quality" in the only inn at a sea-side—*town*, it chose to be called, much frequented in those days by bathers—in the season—and by sailors and smugglers, both in and out of it. Neddy was a free-and-easy, good-humoured, cunning old fellow, treated with kindness and familiarity by those who frequented the house; he never hesitated in giving his opinion, whether it was asked or not. One day, an

English gentleman was dining with two Irish ones, and, not having been informed of Neddy's habit, when he ordered "anchovy or soy," to relish what Neddy termed "a rattling rake," he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses as the waiter, without moving from the lounging position he had assumed against the sideboard, replied—"They're not wholesome, plaze yer honour!" "Whether or not, my good fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, "I must trouble you for one or the other." "Oh! it's no throuble in life, sir; and even if it was, I'm sure the whole counthry knows that Neddy Kelly has been too long in this establishment to mind throuble. I know my duty, I hope, yer honor; but as to them furrin things, we've too grate a regard for the health—the constitutions, sir, of our customers, to pisin thim with anything worse than melted butter, a drop of oil, or a thrifle of pepper; as to salt, why the best thing a gentleman can do, is to plaze himself." "Oh!" said the Englishman, with much good humour, "then, I suppose, you are a physician?" "I'd be long sorry, sir; *for living here, I'd have no practice.*" When the party had arrived, depending on this same waiter's assurance that there was "everything in the house they'd plaze to think of," in addition to the "chickens and bacon" which the Irish gentlemen knew could always be obtained of excellent quality, the Englishman had suggested the addition of lamb-chops to complete their dinner. The chickens and bacon, with a dish of potatoes, "laughing," as Neddy said, "ready to

break their hearts," made their appearance; but there were no lamb-chops. They were immediately inquired after. "Oh!" said the waiter, "the quality runs entirely on chickens and bacon." "But you said you had lamb, and I ordered it," was the Englishman's cool reply. "And I said the truth, sir," answered the unabashed Neddy. "I said we had *lamb*s, let alone *lamb*, and thought it mighty kind of yer honor to inquire; and, sure, there they are, if ye'll be satisfied to look out of the windy: little waggle-tail, innocent craythurs! sure it was mighty lucky of the ould ewe to give us twins these hard times." In those days, an inn of that description afforded neither sauce nor butcher's meat, except on market days; but Neddy would not expose the nakedness of the land, by permitting (if he could avoid it) the supposition that there was anything his master's house could not furnish. The gentlemen were talking, after dinner, of the various extraordinary things they had heard of or seen, and telling Munchausen-like tales to while away the evening. At last one told a story more wonderful than the others had achieved. "Now," he exclaimed triumphantly, "let any one beat that!" "It's azy done!" chimed in Neddy, who had been listening, half-inside and half-outside the parlour-door. "Mary Larey had five husbands, and she made confession on her death-bed to her uncle's sister, her own aunt that was, that she killed every mother's son of them in their sleep, by tickling the soles of their feet with a raven's feather."

The maritime county of Waterford is in the province of Munster: it is bounded on the west by the county of Cork, from which it is divided by the river Blackwater; on the north by the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, from which it is separated by the river Suir; on the east by the county of Wexford, the harbour of Waterford running between them; and on the south by St. George's Channel. It is divided into seven baronies—Gaultier, Middlethird, Upperthird, Decies without Drum, Coshmore and Coshbride, and Glanehiry. Its only towns of "size" are Dungarvon and Lismore. The extreme length of the county is about forty miles; the greatest breadth twenty. The population, according to the census of 1831 (exclusive of that of the city, which is a county in itself, and which amounted to 28,821), is 148,233; in 1821, it was 127,842. In 1777, the number of houses in the county was 9577; in the year 1788 (according to Mr. Ryland), the number had increased to 16,085; in 1813, to 22,923; and in 1821, it was 25,545. According to the Ordnance survey, the county comprises 461,598 statute acres, of which 343,564 acres are cultivated land, and 118,034 are unreclaimed mountain and bog.

LIMERICK

LIMERICK is distinguished in history as “the city of the violated treaty;” and the Shannon, on which it stands, has been aptly termed “the King of Island Rivers.” Few of the Irish counties possess so many attractions for the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque: and, with one exception, no city of Ireland has contributed so largely to maintain the honour and glory of the country. The brave defenders of Limerick and Londonderry have received—the former from the Protestant, and the latter from the Catholic, historian—the praise that party spirit failed to weaken; the heroic gallantry, the indomitable perseverance, and the patient and resolute endurance under suffering, of both, having deprived political partisans of their asperity—compelling them, for once at least, to render justice to their opponents; all having readily subscribed to the opinion that “Derry and Limerick will ever grace the historic page, as rival companions and monuments of Irish bravery, generosity, and integrity.”

From a very early period Limerick has held rank among the cities of Ireland, second only to that of the capital; and before its walls were defeated, first, the Anglo-Norman chivalry; next, the sturdy Ironsides of Cromwell; and last,

the victorious army of William the Third. Like most of the Irish sea-ports, it was, in the ninth and tenth centuries, a settlement of the Danes, between whom and the native Irish many encounters took place, until finally the race of the sea-kings was expelled the country.¹¹⁷

It is certain that at this early period Limerick was a place of considerable importance; for some time after, indeed until the conquest by the English, it was the capital of the province, and the seat of the kings of Thomond, or North Munster, who were hence called Kings of Limerick. Upon the arrival of Strongbow, Donnell O'Brien swore fealty to Henry the Second, but subsequently revolted; and Raymond Le Gros, the bravest and noblest of all the followers of Strongbow, laid siege to his city. Limerick was at that time "environed with a foule and deepe ditch with running water, not to be passed over without boats, but by one foord only;" the English soldiers were therefore discouraged, and would have abandoned the attempt to take it, but that "a valiaunt knight, Meyler Fitz-Henry, having found the foord, wyth a loud voyce cried 'St. David, companions, let us corageouslie pass this foord.'" For some years after the city was alternately in the possession of the English and the Irish; on the death of Strongbow, it was surrendered to the keeping of its native prince, who swore to govern it for the King of England; but the British knights had scarcely passed the bridge, when he destroyed it and set fire to the town. After again repeatedly changing hands,

it was finally settled by the renowned William de Burgo, ancestor of the present Marquis of Clanricarde, and remained an appanage to the English crown. At this period, and for some time after, Limerick was "next in consequence" to Dublin. Richard the First, in the ninth year of his reign, granted it a charter to elect a mayor—an honour which London did not then enjoy, and which Dublin did not receive until a century later; and King John, according to Stanihurst, was "so pleased with the agreeableness of the city, that he caused a very fine castle and bridge to be built there." The castle has endured for above six centuries; in all the "battles, sieges, fortunes," that have since occurred, it has been the object most coveted, perhaps in Ireland, by the contending parties; and it still frowns, a dark mass, upon the waters of the mighty Shannon. Within the last few months, the improvements that have taken place in the city have opened it to view.

Although, during the reign of Elizabeth, Limerick had its full share in the vicissitudes of the period, and its history is closely connected with that of "the Desmonds," of which we shall have to treat presently, in noticing Kilmallock, their principal seat, it was not until the contest between Charles the First and the Parliament, that the city became again the scene of a fierce and bloody struggle. Early in the year 1651, Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell, invested Limerick, and besieged it closely for six months. Although in the end he succeeded in taking it,

the result was mainly attributable to the treachery of one of the leading officers of the garrison, Colonel Fennel, who, having previously betrayed to the Parliamentary forces the important pass of Killaloe, which afforded a safe and easy communication with the county of Clare, afterwards—and at a most critical moment—surrendered to Ireton the forts called St. John's Tower, and Price's Mill, and turned their own cannon upon the town.¹¹⁸ A treaty was signed on the 27th of October, 1651, granting to the inhabitants their lives and property, with the exception, by name, of twenty-four individuals, including the brave governor, O'Neil, "who opposed and restrained the deluded people from accepting the conditions so often offered to them." Limerick was then delivered to the Deputy-General, "for the use of the Parliament and the Commonwealth of England."¹¹⁹ The sufferings of the garrison and the inhabitants must have been intense. Ludlow informs us that the troops, in marching out of the city, had more the appearance of skeletons than of men: some of them dropping dead of the plague as they staggered along; while the bodies of many were left disinterred in the yard of St. Mary's church, where the soldiers were ordered to deposit their arms.¹²⁰ In keeping with the ruthless practice of the period, Ireton immediately proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon the persons who had been most active in delaying him before the walls of the city. A strict search was made for those who were excepted from the terms of capitulation. The

Bishop of Emly, General Purcell, and "Francis Woulfe, a friar," were found concealed in the pest-house; they had the form of trial by court-martial, and were executed. So also were all who had been excluded from the terms of capitulation, except O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, who escaped in the disguise of a private soldier, and O'Neil the governor. He pleaded that he had "ever acted as a fair and honourable enemy;" but Ireton was inexorable, and a court-martial condemned the gallant general to death. Some of the officers, however, more generous than their chief, protested against the sentence; and the republican leader agreed to take the verdict of a second trial—when the life of O'Neil was saved by a single voice. Ireton himself was, however, a few days afterwards, summoned to a higher tribunal; he caught the plague, and died at Limerick, on the 26th of November, 1651.¹²¹

A still more conspicuous and important page in the history of Limerick, however, is filled by details of its resistance to the arms of William the Third, and "the violated treaty" that resulted from the subsequent surrender of the city. The battle of the Boyne had been fought; and James the Second, who landed in Ireland, at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, 1689, quitted it, and abandoned his partisans, embarking at Waterford; and leaving behind him a character upon which the memorable exclamation uttered at the Boyne Water is the best comment—"Exchange commanders with us, and we will fight the battle over again!"

Early in August, 1790, William summoned the city to surrender; the French general, Boileau, who commanded the garrison—rather for the king of France than the king of England—returned for answer, that “he was surprised at the summons, and thought the best way to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange was to defend the place for his master King James.” The siege was at once commenced. The city was amply supplied with troops and provisions; its natural strength had been considerably augmented; it was fortified by walls, batteries, and ramparts, and defended by a castle and citadel.¹²² It consisted of the English town and the Irish town; the former, being on an island, built upon a rock, and surrounded on all sides by morasses that could at any time be flooded, was considered almost impregnable; and although the Irish town was less defensible, if it were captured, the English town might still be maintained. The flower of the Irish army were within its walls, or in its immediate neighbourhood; the counties of Clare and Galway were open to them, from which to draw supplies; and a French fleet rode triumphantly in the Shannon. The garrison, however, was little disposed to act in concert; the jealousy of the commanders of the French and Irish had spread to their troops; and they cherished feelings of contempt or hatred towards each other, that augured ill for their success in opposing the steady and disciplined forces of William. But his army was greatly reduced in number, and laboured under the disadvantage of carrying on

its operations in an enemy's country. The most distinguished officer among the Irish was Sarsfield, whom James had created Earl of Lucan; and who is usually described by the historians of his party as the counterpart of Bayard—"sans peur et sans reproche."¹²³ William, however, having obtained artillery from Waterford, a breach was at length effected; and on the 27th of August, orders were issued for the assault. The best soldiers of William's army, the British grenadiers leading, rushed to the breach; and a large division actually forced their way into the town, but, being unsupported, were cut to pieces in attempting to force their way back. The English forces fought bravely, but they were as bravely opposed. The Irish returned as often as they were driven back; their native courage stimulated by their wives and daughters, who took part in the bloody contest, using against the enemy the weapons they seized from the slain; and after a struggle of four hours, the besiegers were forced to retire to their trenches, with a loss in killed and wounded of more than 2000 men, the flower of their force.¹²⁴ The siege was raised; and on the 30th of August, the army of William commenced a retreat—the king himself embarking shortly afterwards for England, at Duncannon Fort, and leaving the conduct of the war to his generals Solmes and Ginckle, and the civil government to Lords Sidney and Coningsby.¹²⁵

So important, however, was Limerick considered, that Ginckle engaged in active preparations

for another attempt to take it; ¹²⁶ and having succeeded in obtaining possession of Athlone, after a bloody contest, and beaten the Irish forces at the memorable and eventful battle of Aughrim, where St. Ruth, the brave but arrogant general appointed by Louis to command the allied forces of France and Ireland, was slain, the shrewd and hardy Dutchman again concentrated his forces in the neighbourhood of the city, which had now become a retreat for the defeated adherents of James—the only one left to them in all Ireland. The second siege occurred in the autumn of 1691; and occupied about six weeks, during which the English had obtained little advantage of any import, notwithstanding the empty boast of Lauzun, that “he would take it with roasted apples.” ¹²⁷ The garrison, however, began to weary of a struggle from which they could derive nothing but glory; and the besiegers had weighty reasons for desiring to terminate the contest at any cost. On the 23rd of September, a cessation of hostilities took place; an amicable intercourse was opened between the two armies; and articles of capitulation were, after a few brief delays, agreed upon.

The treaty was signed on the 3rd of October, 1691: it consisted of two parts, civil and military. ¹²⁸ The military articles stipulated for the surrender of Limerick, and the other fortresses “now in the hands of the Irish;” and provided that the garrisons should march out with the honours of war, and be supplied with shipping, if required, to convey them to France, or elsewhere,

at the cost of the British government. The civil articles were thirteen in number; the first and ninth are they which have produced so much discussion. The ninth provided that Roman Catholics should be required to take the oath of allegiance, and no other; and the first, that

“ The Roman Catholics of this kingdom (Ireland) shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second; and their majesties (king William and queen Mary), as soon as these affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom (Ireland), will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.”

That both the letter and the spirit of this solemn compact were broken, no unprejudiced mind can now entertain a doubt; and it is the merest sophistry to contend that the king had no power to ratify the bargain he had made by his agents, and subsequently confirmed under the great seal of England.¹²⁹ It was, indeed, ratified by the Irish parliament, and was, at least, tacitly adhered to during the reign of William the Third; yet his successor not only did not consider it binding, but enacted laws far more oppressive upon the Roman Catholics than any that had previously existed. It should be borne in mind, that the articles were agreed to and signed at a time when the contracting parties were at least on equal terms; they were not dictated by a victorious to a conquered army; for it is sufficiently

notorious that the city of Limerick was in a better condition to sustain a siege than it was when William the Third led his soldiers, beaten, from its walls; and independently of their own abundant resources, the Irish army was in hourly expectation of relief from France—and which relief did, in fact, arrive within two days after the capitulation; when a fleet, consisting of eighteen ships of the line—having on board a large supply of men, arms, money, and ammunition—cast anchor in the Shannon. To this must be added, that the condition of William's general was in the highest degree perilous; the winter was about to set in; and the position of his master such as to preclude the possibility of augmenting his force in Ireland. The chaff of the Irish army had been blown away; and that which remained was sound and substantial. They had been deserted by their king, and, in truth, could scarcely have determined who or what they were fighting for; and, after all, it would be difficult to say what better terms they could have contended for if Ginckle had been a prisoner within the walls of Limerick. Whether true or not, that a proclamation—distinguished as “the secret proclamation,” because though printed it was never published—had been “prepared by the lords justices, offering to the Irish terms still more advantageous than those granted by the general,” it is certain that the articles were considered by both parties as guaranteeing to the Roman Catholics of Ireland as large an amount of civil and religious freedom as they expected

or required. On the one side, had been attained the object fought for—(we may conclude that the personal cause of the monarch who had deserted them had ceased to have any influence over their proceedings)—and on the other, William the Third was secured the possession of his newly-acquired crown and kingdom, and left at liberty to employ all his means and energies to contend against his enemies on the Continent, where, at that precise period, the star of his destiny was certainly not in the ascendant.

In Ireland it has ever been, still is, and we fear will be for a long time to come, the fate of those who desire to steer an even and equitable course between all parties, to disappoint and dissatisfy all. The treaty of Limerick was bitterly inveighed against by the Anglo-Irish, as “unreasonably favourable,” and as securing from confiscation the properties of such Roman Catholics as had escaped the Cromwellian forfeiture—upon which grasping hands were ready to be laid. The Irish protested against a surrender at the very moment when it seemed to be least excusable—the army of William being exhausted, Limerick being amply provided with stores, and the boom of the French cannon being almost within hearing of the garrison. The court of France exclaimed against the “treachery” of the allies, for whom it had made large sacrifices; and the feeling in England was manifested, by hesitation in ratifying the contract, and by a complete breach of it during the subsequent reign.¹³⁰

There can be, however, as little question, that

the result of the siege of Limerick decided, in reality, a battle for the extension or contraction of the Reformed Faith—not alone in Ireland, or in the British dominions, but in Europe; and that the parties most deeply influenced by the result of the contest were—not Ireland and England, but England and France. From the surrender of Limerick only, may be safely dated the establishment of the Protestant religion in these realms, and its entire immunity from the threats of continental enemies. If, therefore, the contract had been fulfilled to the letter, and the defenders of Limerick had obtained for themselves, their contemporaries, and their successors, all that was promised them, the gain to England and Protestantism would have been immeasurably greater than that which could have accrued to Ireland and Catholicism.

On the 4th of October, General Talmash marched into the Irish town and took possession. "They found," writes the annalist, "the works exceedingly strong, and the town as dirty." It was indeed almost a mass of ruins, "presenting a spectacle of desolation and misery." Immediately after the admission of William's troops, a scene occurred that has, perhaps, no parallel in history. Ginckle's object was to induce as many of the Irish as possible, either to join the army of his master, or to disband and return to their homes. On the other hand, the generals Sarsfield and Wauchop laboured to induce them to enter the service of France, where, it was understood, the officers were to obtain rank in propor-

tion to the number of men they added to the French forces. Ginckle issued a proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the Irish army, laying before them the advantages they would enjoy by following his counsel; and Sarsfield and Wauchop harangued them, in answer,—holding out to them, especially, the prospect of their “rightful king” regaining his crown, and their consequent return “full of honour and triumph” to their native land. The Irish clergy, too, were called in to assist. Preaching at the head of each regiment, “they pointed to France as the great and glorious nation that invited their services, while she was waging the battle of the true religion in the midst of a corrupt world, upon whose arms the blessing of God had been and would be; and they designated King William as the great leader and apostle of the fearful heresy which had sprung up in the latter ages of the church, and all under his standard as incurring the dread risk of perdition.”

On the 6th of October, the whole of the Irish troops, to the number of fourteen thousand, were drawn up at Thomond Gate; the lords justices (who had arrived from Dublin for the purpose), and all the generals from the British camp met them, and rode slowly along the line, their late enemies receiving them with music and arms presented. It had been agreed by the rival commanders, that when the addresses to the men from both sides were concluded, they should be marched past a flag, raised at a given station, where those who were to be enlisted for England should file

off; while those for France were to proceed onwards. Sarsfield gave the word "March!" Profound silence reigned over the whole mass; not a sound was heard, except the steady tramp of the Irish soldiers as they advanced, until the solemnity of the scene was broken by the shouts of the multitude assembled within sight, when "the royal regiment of guards," fourteen hundred strong, reached the flag; and all—excepting seven—passed it. Of the whole army only three thousand either joined the English, or obtained "means to carry them home;"¹³¹ the remainder were subsequently embarked for France, and laid the foundation of those famous "Irish Brigades," which occupy positions so prominent and so honourable in the after wars of Europe.¹³²

Of their daring courage many anecdotes are preserved. One of them may be regarded as a key to the whole. "Complaints founded," says the narrator, "in jealousy and envy, being made against the Brigades, the king took occasion to tell the marshal, Earl of Thomond, 'Some of your countrymen, marshal, give me a good deal of trouble.' 'Sire,' he replied, 'your majesty's enemies make the same complaint in every part of the world.'"

So ended the siege of Limerick, terminating the Irish war of the Revolution. The articles were ratified by King William, on the 24th of February, 1692; and on the 3rd of March, it was announced by proclamation that "peace was restored to Ireland." No serious attempt was subsequently made to disturb it; although, for

upwards of half a century afterwards, Limerick was an object of peculiar distrust to the British Government. So late as 1750, no less than seventeen gates were in existence, and several regiments were always garrisoned there. A statement of the military arrangement of Ireland, transmitted from Dublin to Mr. Edgar, secretary to the Pretender, in 1726, contains this passage: "In Limerick there are 22, and in Cork 11 companies of soldiers stationed. The companies selected are all English protestants, and other foreigners."

- The city of Limerick, situated in an extensive plain watered by the mighty Shannon, about sixty Irish miles from the sea,¹³³ is divided, like all the towns of note in Ireland, into English town and Irish town; but a third division, called Newtown Pery, was added to it during the last century—the work being commenced in 1769, by the Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery. The English town stands on the "King's Island," an island formed by the Shannon, which divides, about half a mile above the city, into two streams; the narrowest of which is named the Abbey River. There is also an extensive and populous suburb on the opposite side of the river, in the county of Clare. The more modern parts are remarkably handsome, the streets being wide and the houses evenly built: the ancient portions, on the contrary, are narrow and confined, and dirty to a proverb. Limerick may be classed among the best cities of Ireland, and it is rapidly improving. Within the last few years, squares

and crescents have been largely added to it, and several public buildings have been erected on a plan at once elegant and convenient. When Dr. Campbell wrote his "Survey" in 1775, the number of its streets was twenty-seven, and of its houses 3859; in 1787, the houses, according to the calculation of Mr. Ferrar, numbered 4300; in 1827, according to M'Gregor, there were seventy streets, besides numerous lanes; and by the census of 1821, the houses were enumerated at 8268. The population was then 59,045; and in 1831, it had increased to 66,554; including, however, that of the "rural district." The most remarkable of the ancient structures of Limerick, with the exception of "King John's castle," is the Cathedral—dedicated to "St. Mary;" a large and heavy-looking structure, built on the site of the palace of O'Brien, king of Limerick. Its tower is remarkably high; and from the summit there is a magnificent prospect of the various objects of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood;—it is, indeed, the only place from which a view can be obtained; for there are no adjacent hills—a circumstance to which the city is considerably indebted for its natural strength.¹³⁴ The merchants of Limerick are active and enterprising; but their advantages are less than those of many other Irish seaports; and although a "next neighbour" to America, the long and circuitous sea voyage from English harbours has curtailed the trade that might have been looked for with the United States.¹³⁵

The city has been long unrivalled in Ireland

for some peculiar advantages; the world is familiar with the fame of Limerick lasses, Limerick gloves, Limerick hooks, and Limerick lace—the latter, however, is a distinction of more recent growth. The women of all ranks throughout the county are remarkably beautiful in form and feature. The gloves retained their celebrity for above a century; but the manufacture has dwindled of late, and a short time ago, a glover of the city excused his want of punctuality in discharging an order, by the simple truth that he had not yet received a supply from Cork, where “Limerick gloves” are now, almost exclusively, made.¹³⁶ The hooks have long been, and still are, famous—the saying, that “every hook is worth a salmon,” continuing to hold good.¹³⁷ The original O’Shaughnessy is dead; but his namesake and successor, as well as another maker named Glover, uphold the high character they have established in the estimation of every brother of the angle. They bear a very high price—necessarily so, in consequence of the exceeding nicety and care with which they are manufactured. They have been, of late years, greatly improved. They were formerly ill-shaped and heavy; they are now lighter in the wire, of a more graceful form, and far better tempered. Large quantities of them are exported to America; but in England, too frequently, anglers are deceived by a base imitation of them made at Sheffield. Of the Limerick lace, we have more to say. The lace manufacture, now so extensively carried on, and brought to so high a state of perfection as

not only to rival but surpass that of any district in England, was introduced into Limerick in 1829, by Mr. Walker, an Englishman. The experiment was commenced upon a very limited scale: twenty-two lace-workers having been brought from Nottingham—the cradle of the English lace trade—to teach the art, and endeavour to establish it in the neighbourhood.¹³⁸ The attempt was eminently successful; year after year it continued to prosper, until it has attained a high degree of vigour—producing immensely beneficial results, and promising to increase largely in value and importance. In 1844, there were employed in the manufacture about 1700 females, in the various branches of the trade, consisting of tambourers, runners, darners, menders, washers, finishers, framers, muslin-embroiderers, and lace open-workers; the ages of the workers vary from eight years to thirty years; the average scale of wages is three shillings and sixpence weekly; some earn, however, as much as seven shillings. The groundwork is made by machinery, as invented by Mr. Heathcoat, M.P. for Tiverton.

The influence of these establishments has been largely felt in Limerick and its vicinity. A love of industry has been extensively spread among the humbler classes, arising from the certainty that it will be amply recompensed; the cottages of the workers are conspicuous for neatness and good order; and very many of the apprentices have sums varying from one pound to twenty pounds deposited in the savings bank—a consid-

erable portion of them earning more in a week than the day labourer, and the employment continuing during the whole of the year.

There is another establishment in Limerick, that we may not omit to notice—it is that of Mr. Russell, the extensive provision merchant. In this concern, an annual sum of about £200,000 was, for some years, expended; the average number of pigs salted annually was about 50,000, and about 2,000 head of cattle. It is needless to say, that since the famine these numbers have very materially diminished. The building in which the business is carried on covers an area of three acres, entirely roofed in; while underneath are tanks capable of containing 600 tons. When we walked through it in 1844, we saw above 15,000 hams cured and dried; and the managers have attained so much skill by practice, that the article is held in the highest estimation throughout Ireland, and would be equally so in England, if the consumer were enabled to distinguish it from the York ham, for which it is continually sold by the retail dealers of London. Mr. Russell employs two hundred and fifty men; coopers, curers, smokers, renderers, “bacon-bed men,” choppers, packers, sorters, &c.—and pays weekly above £100 in wages.¹³⁹ Close to the city, on the banks of the canal, are powerful and extensive mills, called Lock mills. The first flour machines that were ever used in Ireland for separating bran from flour, and each quality of flour from the other, were erected here. The mills were built by Uzulle, a Dutchman, who also built the dif-

ferent locks of the canal, and the new bridge which connects Englishtown with Newtown Pery.

Limerick, like all the cities and towns of Ireland, abounds in charitable institutions. There are two or three of them, however, that call for especial notice. The first is the "Protestant Orphan Friends' Society," founded in 1833. The report issued in 1840 gives the sum collected during the year at £769 7s. 7d.—raised by subscriptions at public meetings, and after sermons; £720 10s. having been expended in forwarding the benevolent purpose of the charity. There are, at present, 215 orphans, in the city and county, under the care of the society. Its peculiar feature is this—that the children are not boarded together in any one place, but are located with discreet matrons, in various places; these matrons receive monthly payments, and are superintended in every parish by a committee of ladies, who watch over the present condition and future prospects of the children with unceasing care; the average sum allowed for the support and clothing of each child is about four pounds per annum. There are among the number, the orphans of physicians, clergymen, schoolmasters, sub-inspectors of police, and persons of almost every trade and calling. When sufficiently educated, they are apprenticed to tradesmen and farmers, articulated to the gentry as servants, &c.

Barrington's Hospital and City of Limerick Infirmary was erected and founded by Sir Joseph Barrington, Bart., and his sons, Matthew,

(Crown-solicitor, from whom the funds were principally derived), Daniel, Croker, and Samuel, Barrington, at their sole expense, for the benefit of the poor of their native city. The building was completed in the year 1829, and incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1830, under the 11th George IV., by which it was deemed and considered as the City of Limerick Infirmary. By this act the family and its heirs male are governors for life. Donors of twenty guineas are also governors for life; and subscribers of three guineas are annual governors. They form a body corporate, with power to purchase land and personal property. The committee consists of thirteen of the governors. The hospital was opened for the reception of patients on 5th November, 1831, and continued to admit medical and surgical cases until June 5th, 1832; when, in consequence of the devastation committed by epidemic cholera, the Board of Health obtained permission from the governors to have the hospital given to them for patients affected by it; and during the nine months the hospital was open for the cure of that disease, there were 1,537 cases admitted, of which 986 were cured and 551 died. In July, 1833, it was again opened, and continues to receive cases for medical and surgical treatment; but, notwithstanding there is no other City Infirmary, it has always languished for want of funds.

The Mont de Piété, or charitable pawn-office, which some years ago was established in Limerick, under the auspices of Mathew Barrington,

Esq., was, most unhappily, not found to answer: it has been abandoned; and with it, we fear, has perished the several branches which at one period promised a long and healthy life, to the great comfort and benefit of the community.¹⁴⁰

The great attraction of Limerick—although by no means the only one—is, however, its majestic and beautiful river: “the king of island rivers,”—the “principallest of all in Ireland,” writes the quaint old naturalist, Dr. Gerrard Boate. It takes its rise among the mountains of Leitrim—strange to say, the precise spot has not been ascertained—and running for a few miles as an inconsiderable stream, diffuses itself into a spacious lake, called Lough Allyn. Issuing thence it pursues its course for several miles, and forms another small lake, Lough Eike; again spreads itself out into Lough Ree,—a lake fifteen miles in length and four in breadth; and thence proceeds as a broad and rapid river, passing by Athlone; then narrowing again until it reaches Shannon harbour; then widening into far-famed Lough Derg, eighteen miles long and four broad; then progressing until it arrives at Killaloe, where it ceases to be navigable until it waters Limerick city; from whence it flows in a broad and majestic volume to the ocean for about sixty miles: running a distance of upwards of 200 miles from its source to its mouth—between Loop Head and Kerry Head (the space between them being about eight miles), watering ten counties in its progress, and affording facilities for commerce and internal intercourse such as are un-

paralleled in any other portion of the United Kingdom. Yet, unhappily, up to the present time, its natural advantages have been altogether neglected; its munificent wealth having been suffered to lie as utterly waste as if its blessings were offered only to an unpeopled desert.¹⁴¹

To render the Shannon a navigable river has long been a cherished object; but the difficulties appeared insurmountable. So far back as 1638, the subject excited the earnest attention of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, then viceroy of Ireland; and a letter has been preserved addressed by him, and signed by the Privy Council, to the Earl of Thomond and others, stating that "heere is one that offers to make the river Shannon navigable from Lymericke to above the foord of Killalow, and hee demands for his payment and charges therein £3,000." Until very recently, however, no effort was made to improve it; and so recently as 1832, Mr. Rhodes (civil engineer, member of a commission appointed in 1831) reports that "the grand designs of nature have been in a great measure frustrated; and the river (an odd simile, by the way) may not unaptly be compared to a sealed book."¹⁴² It would be foreign to our purpose to enter upon the subject of the Government plans now in progress for removing the obstacles that have hitherto rendered the broadest, the longest, and the most beautiful of British rivers comparatively valueless; there can be no doubt that, if successful, they will amply repay the enormous sums expending upon



The Shannon
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

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them, by “effectually advancing the commerce, manufacture, agriculture, and population of Ireland, and the consequent strength of the empire at large.”¹⁴³

“The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,” thus answers to the description of Spenser; for a long space its course is so gentle that ancient writers supposed its name to have been derived from “Seen-awn,” the slow river; and for many miles, between O’Brien’s Bridge and Limerick, it rolls so rapidly along as almost to be characterised as a series of cataracts. At the falls of Killaloe, it descends twenty-one feet in a mile; and above 100 feet from Killaloe to Limerick; yet there is scarcely a single mill at work all that way. Its banks too are, nearly all along its course, of surpassing beauty; as it nears Limerick, the adjacent hills are crowned with villas; and upon its sides are the ruins of many ancient castles. Castle Connell, a village about six miles from the city, is perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom for natural graces; and immediately below it are the Falls of Doonas where the river rushes over huge mountain-rocks, affording a passage which the more daring only will make; for the current—narrowed to a boat’s breadth—rushes along with such frightful rapidity, that the deviation of a few inches would be inevitable destruction.¹⁴⁴ This, although the most remarkable of the falls, is succeeded by several others, between Castle Connell and Limerick—the whole scene, however discouraging to the political economist,

as presenting a picture of wasted strength, being delicious in the highest degree to the lover of natural beauty.

The immediate environs of Limerick are not picturesque; the city lies, as we have said, in a spacious plain, the greater portion of which is scarcely above the level of the water: at short distances, however, there are some of the most interesting ruins in the kingdom, in the midst of scenery of surpassing loveliness. Of these, the tourist should first visit Carrig-o-gunnel, next Adare, and then Castle Connell, the most beautiful of many beautiful places upon the banks of the noble Shannon.

In the immediate vicinity of Adare—but also in other parts of the country—a singular and peculiar race of strangers settled, a century and a half ago, and still keep themselves, to a considerable extent, apart and separate from the people. They are known as “the Palatines.”¹⁴⁵ Early in the last century, Lord Southwell introduced into Ireland a number of German Protestants; placing them originally at Court-Matress.

Even now they are very different in character, and distinct in habits, from the people of the country. We visited several of their cottages, or, as they are better pleased to call them, “houses,” in the neighbourhood of Adare; and the neatness, good order, and quantity and quality of the furniture—useful and ornamental—too surely indicated that we were not in a merely Irish cabin. Huge flitches of bacon hung from

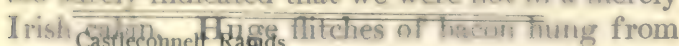


Castlesconnell Rapids
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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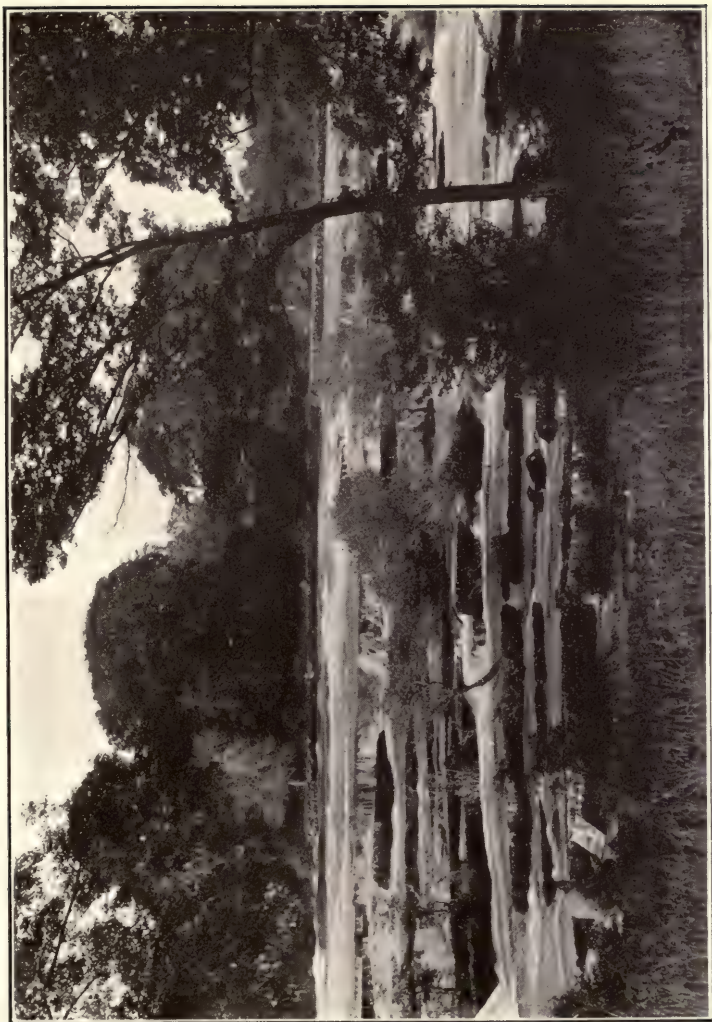
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Castle Connell Rapids

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the rafters; the chairs were in several instances composed of walnut tree and oak; massive and heavy, although rudely carved chests contained, as we were told, the house linen and woollen, and the wardrobes of the inhabitants. The elders of the family preserve, in a great degree, the language, customs, and religion of their old country; but the younger mingle and marry with their Irish neighbours. The men are tall, fine, stout fellows, as our Irish friend said, "*to follow*;" but there is a calm and stern severity and reserve in their aspect that is anything but cheering to a traveller to meet, particularly after being accustomed to the brilliant smiles, and hearty "God save ye kindly," so perpetually on the peasant's lips and always in his eyes. This characteristic is also remarkable in the cottages—the women are sombre-looking, and their large blue eyes are neither bright nor expressive; they are slow to bid you welcome; and if they rise from their seats, resume them quickly, and hardly suspend their occupations to talk with you; not that they are uncourteous—they are simply cold, reserved, and of that high-toned manner which is at ease with or careless of the presence of strangers. In their dealings they are considered upright and honourable: like the quakers of old, they do not interfere with either politics or religion, are cautious as to land-taking; and in the troublous times, when the generality of persons were afraid to walk forth, the quiet Palatine pursued his avocations without let or hindrance, being rarely if ever molested. Many of the old Pala-

tines used to have their bibles buried with them; and this accounts for our being unable to find any other than English bibles in their houses. We failed, indeed, to discover any books in their own language; but one of the elders told us, they had given many of them to the soldiers of the German Legion as keepsakes, while that body was quartered in the neighbourhood. They are at present, both as regards their customs and traditions, only a relic of the past, and yet one so strongly marked and so peculiar, that it will take a long time before all trace of the "Fatherland" is obliterated. Their superstitions, also, savour strongly of the banks of the Rhine; but they are careful in communicating them, which may proceed from their habitual reserve. A Palatine youth, we were told, retained a morsel of the sacramental bread for the purpose of "charming" his gun. His father disapproving of such an experiment, and finding that the bread had really been rammed into the rifle, discharged it at the barn; and the peasantry declare that it left its mark *in blood* upon the wall, and that to conceal the fact, the old Palatine built a new wall against the old one, holding it irreverent to pull the stones out. They retain the names of their ancestors, such as "Fritz," "Meta," "Ella," "Ruth," "Ebenezer," which are common among them, and sound strangely when mingled with the more aboriginal Dinnys and Nellys. There was a famous "wise man" of the Palatines some time ago, called "Charley the Dutchman," who settled himself as orchardman at Ballingrane,

and after some years emigrated with "the native Irish." "He was mighty strong intirely," said our informant, a genuine Paddy, "at all sorts of devilment; stronger than ere another man in the counthry. He'd riddle a cat, (bad cess to them for cats—the Palatine cats know a dale more than the cats of the counthry, by rason of their ancestors having crossed salt wather,) he'd riddle a cat into a woman, and a woman into a cat, while you'd look round you; he'd open one of his father's books and fill the room with live crows; he'd bring young ducks out of hens' eggs, and change a barnacle into fish—asy. He'd take the likeness off one man and lay it on another; he'd sifflicate, and sign, and worry, and harry the whole counthry for nothing only just divarshin, and no one the wiser, barrin they *conceited it*. He'd change a hare into a white wolf—he'd charrum bullets out of guns—he'd fetch live men out of stone walls; you see, we didn't care so much about that, because his people had fine steady larning, and are grate intirely at book knowledge, and so one would give them the good of it; but the great fault of Charley the Dutchman, was the way he had of turning the heads of all the women in the counthry—married and single; there were scores of boys in every townland more likely than he—ay, troth, a thousand times; and the way it was, he'd hardly, to all appearance, look at the same side of the road with them—and yet, one and all, you'd think!" continued the incensed Irishman, with strong emphasis; "you'd think it was Venus, or Solomon,

or Nicodamus, come among them; and sorra take me, if they wouldn't rayther have a dose of his medicine, than a *superscription* from the best doctor in Dublin. Never a boy in the counthry had any chance with him; and the weary on him, he did not care *three hairs of an ould wig* for one of them—they Palatines don't take on about love and fighting, and divarshin of all kinds, like ourselves. I don't see what call they had to the counthry at all; though, by the same token, they behave mighty quiet and dacent now they are in it. Only," he added, slowly and solemnly, "it's a foolish thing to see such steady sensible men so sooperstitious."

We have frequently heard a similar remark from the peasantry. Any superstitions not peculiarly their own they invariably condemn; the person who sneered at Palatine "follies," would place implicit faith in those that distinguish his own district and his own people.

We are tempted to relate a characteristic anecdote brought to our memory by the remark. Our attention was some time ago directed to a very aged woman and a young girl sitting beside the wall of a half-roofed cabin. The aged crone appeared to be bent double by age; she clasped in her hand a long rough stick, which she used as a "divining rod" for the discovery of "spring water." The girl—who was remarkably handsome—was evidently watching until the oracle found voice, for it was sufficiently apparent that the consultation was one of no ordinary moment. The friend who was our companion knew the

girl, and addressed her; she was prompt with a reply. "I stood at her door with the rising sun," she said, "to know who charmed away the cow's milk, that my mother paid her to find out; and to know also about a *little matther* of my own—that ain't much; and sorra a thing she did but eat her breakfast and come out in the sun, like the butterflies, and I tending on her."—"And why do you not come another day?"—"What! and *leave my luck*? which would be all as one as turning it. Och! sure that would never do. Maybe she'll spake at the change of the day, there'd be something in that!"

He very well knew the subject that had brought two such unsuitable associates together: the one was a famous dabbler in the "hidden art;" the other was a rustic jilt as well as a rustic beauty. Our friend—who had the care of the village dispensary—easily divined the designs of the girl, and he communicated to us the secret of her purpose of telling the following anecdote of the last lover she had trifled with. A smart lad—Aby Arnold his name—had called upon him a short time previously, with the startling request, "Doctor, I'm come to ye, sir, to ask ye to raise my breast-bone off my heart, where it's troubling me, doctor dear." It is a common idea, that in cases of trouble, the breast-bone sinks and presses against the heart.

The doctor never attempts to reason with a patient under such peculiar circumstances; but by complying with his whims, saves his time, and relieves the sufferer. "Very well, Aby, shall I

do it with a knife?"—"No, doctor dear, iv you plaze, with a hot glass, sir; and iv you plaze, if that doesn't do—bedad! ye must turn my heart's blood the other way, sir, for it's bating and boiling it do be, and all on account of that Kate Cleary, and ould Nanny Lacey for her adviser; that's the way I'm in, you see, and a dimness afore my eyes, doctor, whenever she's in my sight, and every drop ov blood in my body out of it in my head, and it's then my breast-bone presses hard and fast into my very heart. So, doctor, you'll raise it, iv you plaze." The operation was performed to the patient's satisfaction by a cupping-glass; and the doctor hoped that Aby had chosen another love, as he had not seen him for some days. One morning, however, upon the doctor's entering the surgery—there stood Aby.

"It's worse than ever, sir, on me; bedad it is. I'm sure she's given me something *not right*, for sport; I'm sure she has. See, doctor, I was altogether another man, quite a gay fellow! until late yesterday evening. You know Barney Gallagher; well, when I went into the dance-house, what should I see but her covering the buckle and heel on toe on the flure opposite him, and he, the ugly frosty-faced thief, flinging and rattling like murder. Well, whin I looked on the shine of her hair, and the shine of her eyes—you would not b'lieve it, but it's thruth I'm tellin ye—my breast-bone wint down upon my heart, worse than ever! and *staid there!* Ah, yarra! it never rose since; and doctor, sir, if ye can't give me

something to make her *uneasy*, the Lord love ye, and take her charrum off me. Sure I was obligated to lave the dance-house, with the wakeness she put on me; and then to see her and that flattering deceiver coming out together for a breath of fresh air, and she having the impudence to ask me ‘how I felt;’ and such a skit of a laugh upon her purty mouth—bad luck to it—the Lord forgive me, but sure it’s hard for me to be wastin’ into my grave for a slip of a girl like that. So, doctor, if ye’d bleed me this turn, may be that some of the charrum would come away with the blood; and, anyhow, I know one that can punish *her* with it: so, iv you plaze, you’ll rize it again for me.” The doctor did not argue with the man, for he knew that if he did, he would immediately go to some “wise man or woman,” and so lose both his time and money; but he forthwith complied with his request. Several weeks elapsed, and Aby did not return; but at last one morning he made his appearance with a basket of eggs. “Long life and success to yer honour, doctor dear, and it’s fine health I have, sir, praised be the Lord and yer honour—that *last finished it, yer honour*—Kate Cleary missed the boy she was afther, and thought to put the comether of her shining hair and her shining eyes on me, no later than last night; but sure a little colleen-das, little brown-eyed Shelah Nevil, that I’m under a promise to next Monday for the priest to spake the words, she was with me, and though I felt my biood going a little faster—and asthray like—sorra a taste of harrum it done me; and ‘Good

evenin' to you, Miss Cleary,' says I; and 'I'll be happy of the pleasure of seein' you at my place,' says Shelah; and the craythur hadn't power to say more, on account of the blushes; and so, doctor, dear, I'm cured now, and hope the eggs will prove fresh; and sure if I know any boys with the same ailment, *I'll recommend them to yer honour.*"

As a large majority of the ruins of old castles, abbeys, and churches, in the county of Limerick had their origin in the wealth and power of "the Desmonds," it will be desirable that we give some history of that family; we must therefore entreat our readers to make a step across the county—from north to south—and visit the chief seat of their state and power, the fallen "city of Kilmallock."

Kilmallock has been termed "the Balbec of Ireland;" it is a place of high antiquity, and is said to have been a walled town before the invasion of the Anglo-Normans. A monastery was founded here in the early part of the seventh century by St. Mochelloc, who died between the years 639 and 656. The place is now a mass of ruins; miserable hovels are propped up by the walls of stately mansions, and "the ancient and loyal burgh"—for so it was styled so recently as 1783, when it retained the privilege of sending two members to Parliament—is as humiliating a picture of fallen grandeur as may be found in any country of the world:—

"The peasant holds the lordly pile,
And cattle fill the roofless aisle."

The ancient houses, or rather the remains of them, are of hewn stone, and appear to have been built on a uniform plan; they were generally of three stories, ornamented with an embattlement, and tasteful stone mouldings; the limestone window-frames, stone mullions, and capacious fire-places, are carved in a bold and massive style, and retain nearly their original sharpness. Unfortunately, however, there is no care for the preservation of these interesting remains; they are daily becoming less and less; much of the fine materials may be found built up in the neighbouring cabins, and much more has been broken up to repair the street. A few—very few—of the massive and elaborate residences of the ancient burghers still endure; and the castellated gate houses, which guarded the entrances to the town from the Limerick and Cork sides, still stand in tolerable preservation. The walls, although rather ruinous, still surround the town, harmonising in their dilapidation with its altered fortunes. The abbey and church, being held sacred by the peasantry, are in a better state of preservation than the houses.¹⁴⁶

The former, which stands within the town walls, and adjoins the river, was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. It consists of a nave, choir, and south transept. The choir is still used for divine service, whilst the nave and transept are unroofed. The former (the nave) is subdivided by a range of four pointed arches, springing from three square columns of plain mason-work. There are several old tombs within the body of the nave and

transept. Standing in the centre of the west wall is a circular belfry, rising, in two unequal stages, to some height above the church. It is perforated by several pointed windows, and seems to be coeval with the church of which it forms a part. Strange to say, however, the late Henry O'Brien, the author of a very remarkable work on the Irish Round Towers, adopted, with respect to this, the mistake of some preceding tourist, whose imagination converted it into one of the ancient round towers. St. Mochelloc he changes into Malloch, who, he says, adopted his name from the city of Malloch, that is, the sun, or Apollo; and this city was the Macollicum of Ptolemy, *hodie* Kil-mallock! It was here that the "Sugan" Earl of Desmond made his abject submission to the chivalrous Sir John Perrott, with the point of that lord deputy's sword resting upon his heart. The original record of this singular transaction exists in the State Paper Office.

The Dominican friary, is situate at the north-east side of the town. It is subdivided into a church and convent. The former is again separated into a choir, nave, and transept, a tall steeple standing at their intersection; the west wall of which, as well as the south wall of the steeple, has fallen down. A distinguished English antiquary, the late Sir Richard Hoare, observes of this Friary, "it surpasses in decoration and good sculpture any I have yet seen in Ireland; but does not," he adds, "seem older than the reign of King Edward the Third." The

east window is "in a chaste and elegant style;" and there are many parts of the building that merit notice, and furnish good subjects for the pencil in a variety of points of view. A great part of the cloisters still remains; but it was never of an ornamental character, the ambulatory having been formed only of timber. In the choir is a handsome canopied niche. A fragment of the tomb of the White Knights also lies on the ground; a small hollow in the middle of which is said by the peasantry to be never without water. This they call the *Braon shinsher*, i. e. the drop of the old stock.

The history of the once famous race of the Desmonds, or Fitzgeralds of Desmond or South Munster, is, as we have intimated, inseparably interwoven with that of Kimallock, which for so long a period was the chief scene of their power and splendour. The family is of Anglo-Norman origin; the founder of it, as well as that of the house of Kildare (now Leinster), being Maurice Fitzgerald, one of the followers of Strongbow; from him descended the Desmond "Geraldines," a race, the relation of whose career in every succeeding reign, until eventually broken and scattered, is "stranger than fiction," many parts of it possessing the character of high romance. A work now very rare, by the Father Rosario O'Daly, bishop of Coimbra, entitled "Initium, Incrementum, et Exitus familiæ Geraldinorum," and published in 1665, traces the name up to one of the companions of Æneas who settled with him in Italy; and brings down its

fortunes to their close, in the person of the young protestant earl, in whom was broken the spell that had so long bound the populace of south Munster to the name of the Geraldines. The Desmond branch alone, with a territory of nearly four counties, extending above one hundred miles, and containing more than 570,000 acres, were at all times subjects of distrust and suspicion to the existing government.

Maurice Fitz Thomas, the fourth Lord of Decies and Desmond, a descendant and namesake of the invader, was ennobled by the title of Earl of Desmond on the 27th of August, 1329. For about a century afterwards, the two branches, the Kildares and Desmonds, seem to have been more bent upon extending their possessions, erecting castles to secure them, and strengthening and confirming their power, than in interfering with the petty contests of the period. The chieftains of this powerful family, however, were repeatedly intrusted with the government of Ireland. An Earl of Kildare, during the reign of Henry the Seventh, having been attainted of rebellion, was sent a prisoner to London, where, after a year's confinement, he was permitted to plead his cause in the presence of the king. It is recorded that when the sovereign advised him to get good counsel, the earl replied, "I will have the best in England, even the king himself;" and when accused of burning the church of Cashel, he acknowledged the act, alleging as his apology, that he "thought the archbishop had been in it." Yet the daring chieftain

so far succeeded in impressing the monarch in his favour, that when his accusers closed their charges by passionately exclaiming, "All Ireland cannot govern this earl," Henry replied, "Then this earl shall govern all Ireland." He was forthwith restored to the royal favour, and the government of the country was confined to his hands. The rebellion of his son, "Silken Thomas," is the most prominent event in the succeeding reign: he was sent in custody to England; but, less fortunate with the eighth Harry than the earl had been with his predecessor, the chieftain, with five of his uncles, perished on the scaffold, while his youngest brother, a child in his twelfth year, was with difficulty preserved from the same fate. The boy was at the time ill of the small-pox, at Donore, in the county of Kilkenny; and when search was made for him, he was conveyed to the custody of his aunt, the widow of Mac Carthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery, who, in order to secure him safety from his enemies, married O'Donnel, the powerful dynast of Tyrconnell; but the lady having reason to apprehend treachery on the part of her husband, had the young heir removed to France, where he was sheltered until after the king's death, when he returned to England, and by the beauty of his person, fascinating manners, and remarkable accomplishments, captivated the daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, by whose intercession with Edward the Sixth the earl was ultimately restored to his honours and estates.¹⁴⁷

But Gerald the sixteenth Earl of Desmond

occupies so prominent a page in the history of the wars of Elizabeth, that the memory of his fortunes has vividly descended to the present day in the history of the swarms of English adventurers who preyed thereon: Spenser, Raleigh, Boyle, and a host of illustrious and noble names are among the number. Dr. Leland extracts a passage from the queen's letter, in which the Earl of Desmond is characterised as "a nobleman not brought up where law and justice had been frequented." He became conspicuous as "*ingens rebellibus exemplar*;" and his power is thus referred to in Baker's Chronicle: "Desmond possessed whole countries, together with the county Palatine of Kerry, and had, of his own name and race, at least 500 gentlemen at his command, all whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of his house being left alive." It is certain, however, that he was driven by wrong and oppression to take up arms,—and there is as little doubt that his "vast estate was a strong inducement to the chief governors of Ireland to make or proclaim him a rebel," with a view to the partition of his lands among themselves and their dependents; a project that was eminently successful; his great rival, the Earl of Ormond, having the lion's share, and subsequently overcoming and taking him prisoner at Affane. In 1573, the Earl of Desmond was liberated from custody, or rather from surveillance, and he soon appeared at the head of his followers, having, as he stated, "entered into a league with the King of Spain for the defence of the Cath-

olic religion, under the sanction of the Pope." His ancient and hereditary enemy, the Earl of Ormond, was given the military command of Munster, with directions to crush his powerful opponent; and the struggle was conducted "with all the vindictive bitterness of a personal quarrel;" one of the earliest results of the contest was the total destruction of Kilmallock, by order of James Fitzmaurice, brother of the earl.

The war was continued, with various alternations of fortune, for several years,¹⁴⁸ until, in the end, the unhappy chieftain was reduced to the direst necessity, his enemies being incessantly on the alert "to hunt the fox out of his hole."

Several of his narrow escapes are recorded; "trusting to no house nor castle, he did shrowde himselfe in the woods and bogs;" and on one occasion he and his countess escaped by standing almost naked up to the chin in water, while his pursuers passed by, "putting to the sword as manie as they found," and so returning to Kilmallock. In the extreme of his adversity, he received intimation that if he submitted to the queen's mercy, his life would be spared, but that pardon could not be accorded to his followers. With the resolute energy that characterised him when he made at Affane his memorable reply to the taunts of the Ormonds, he sent for answer—"Tell the lords justices that I would rather forsake my God than forsake my men." The last scene of his eventful history was a fitting termination to the turbulence and waywardness of his career. He had taken shelter in a wood near

Tralee; when his necessities having compelled him to seize some cattle belonging to a poor woman, "a hew and crye" was raised. A party of English soldiers went in pursuit, and having tracked the cattle into "a little grove, in a lonely and mountainous glen," at midnight they entered a ruined hovel: crouched beside the embers of a fire sat an old man: his venerable aspect was no security against assault; an Irish soldier, "one Daniel Kelly," made a blow with his sword at the powerless solitary, and wounded him severely in the arm. "Spare me, spare me," exclaimed the aged man, "I am the Earl of Desmond." The appeal was made in vain; the ruffian struck off his head, and conveyed it to the Earl of Ormond, by whom it was sent, "pickled in a pipkin," as an acceptable present to Queen Elizabeth. The body, after having been concealed for eight weeks, was at length interred in the little chapel of Killanamana in Kerry; and Daniel Kelly, "the well-beloved subject and soldier of the queen," received an annual pension of twenty pounds for the act, which he continued to enjoy until for some less "honourable" deed he was hanged at Tyburn.

James, the young earl, the son of the unhappy Gerald, had been consigned as a hostage to the queen; and was for several years kept a close prisoner in the Tower. His cousin, meanwhile, known in history as the "Sugan Earl," still continued the war; and in 1586 a bill of attainder was passed against the late earl, with one hundred and forty of his kinsmen and adherents,

whose honours and estates were declared forfeit to the crown. Out of this gigantic forfeiture arose the queen's favourite measure of establishing an English colony in Munster; and the younger branches of various English families of distinction were invited to become "Under-takers."¹⁴⁹

The Sagan Earl of Desmond, after an ineffectual struggle with the English power, became, like his uncle, a wretched fugitive among the mountains and morasses of the family estates; but was subsequently taken, endured seven years' imprisonment in the Tower of London, where he died, and in the chapel of which he lies buried;¹⁵⁰ owing his life less to the mercy of the sovereign than to a policy of state; for "whilst he lived his brother John could not make any pretext to the earldome."

In order to work a counter-charm by the name of Desmond, the son of the late earl was released from the Tower, where he had been a prisoner since his infancy; he was restored to the honours of his family, created Earl of Desmond by patent on the 1st of October, 1600, and sent into Ireland, where he took up his residence at Kilmallock, under the surveillance of the Lord President of Munster, and in the immediate charge of Master Boyle—afterwards Earl of Cork. The project, however, failed utterly. On his arrival at the seat of his princely ancestors, "there was a mighty concourse of people, insomuch as all the streets, doores, and windowes, yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses, were so filled with

them, as if they came to see him whom God had sent to be that comfort and delight their soules and heartes most desired; and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signs of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt, as a prediction of future peace and plenty." The next day was Sunday; the flocks of the Desmond followers soon learned that the young heir of their hopes and hearts had renounced the faith of his ancestors; on his way to the church the people "used loud and rude dehortations to keepe him from it; unto which he lent a deaf ear:" on his return he "was railed at and spet upon by those that before were so desirous to see and salute him." He remained, therefore, but a few months in Ireland; returning to the court of London, where he soon afterwards died.

With the death of the young heir and the imprisonment of the Sugan Earl, the power of the Desmonds—either for good or evil—terminated.

We have devoted no inconsiderable space to the history of this once powerful family; because, throughout the south, and in Limerick county more especially, it will be difficult to travel a dozen miles in any direction without encountering some ruin that tells of their former greatness.

We shall now conduct the reader along the southern shore of the mighty Shannon to the borders of the county of Kerry—a distance of about thirty miles along an excellent road, constructed about thirty years ago, and which is the general route of travellers proceeding from Dublin through Limerick to the Lakes of Kil-

larney. Within a mile or two of the city, attention will be directed to the venerable ruin of Mungret Priory—said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and bearing evidence of high antiquity. A few broken walls only remain, insufficient to bear out the testimony of “Cormack Mac Cuillenan in the Psalter of Cashel,” that it formerly gave shelter to “one thousand five hundred monks,” five hundred of whom were devoted to preaching and instruction; five hundred more being so classed and divided, as to have a perpetual full choir day and night; the remainder being old men, who devoted themselves to religious and charitable works.¹⁵¹

About four miles farther will be reached the singular ruin of Carrig-o-Gunnell—the “Rock of the Candle;” one of the most striking, romantic, and interesting to be found in Ireland. Its site is remarkably commanding; it covers the summit of a huge rock, overlooking the broad Shannon, the “lively” city of Limerick, and miles upon miles of a richly-cultivated country—filling the mind with vivid images of past power and strife; while the deep dark woods of Cratloe in the distance summon to memory legends of banded outlaws, who sheltered there during years of turbulent foray on the one hand, and melancholy mismanagement or oppression on the other.

It was a soft balmy day, in the full sunshine of summer, when we called at the care-taker’s cottage, snugly sheltered by some tall trees, by the side of a private road that leads to the castle. We found Collins an agreeable, good-tempered,

and, what was more to the purpose, talkative fellow, with a most communicative expression of countenance; and certainly we never listened to romantic legends with greater pleasure than we did to his, beneath these broken walls. At first he seemed to fear we might laugh at him; but when he saw that we were really interested, his cheek flushed, his eye brightened, and he passed from St. Patrick to the fairies, from the fairies to the spirits—touching upon every exciting theme, except “Whiteboyism,” which, after a little time, he told us frankly, “he would rather not discourse about.”

We paced up the richly-wooded ascent, and at last arrived where the prospect was most glorious. It looked, as our guide said, borrowing unconsciously a phrase attributed to William the Third, “a country worth fighting for.” East, south, north, west, the scene was indeed magnificent. Limerick county, and this portion of it more especially, is famous for the richness and fertility of its soil. “It has a fine command of country, surely,” said Collins, “and a candle lit here now would be seen as far as *Beamon’s*.¹⁵² Lord save us! every miracle St. Pathrick did had the ‘humanities’ in it—not done out of grandeur, or a love of power. Now, putting out the candle, sure *that* was a blessed act. You see, any one who caught a glimpse of the candle between sunset and sunrise (and what other time would a candle be seen?)—any one who caught a blink of it would be a corpse before morning; and Saint Pathrick, having something else to think

of besides such things, was benighted, and knocked at an old woman's door near Cratloe. 'Let a poor traveller in,' says the Saint. 'I'd let you in, and kindly welcome,' answered the woman, 'only through the dread of Beamon's candle—life is as sweet to me at three-score and seven, as it was at fifteen; and if I am to go, I should wish to go according to the will of God—not the power of Evil.' The Saint then looked towards where the old woman said the candle burned; and by the power of his holiness he extinguished the candle; and when the light was put out, the witch Beamon *knew* that a greater power than her own had entered the country—and great was her outcry; it troubled the waters of the Shannon, rising them up into high waves, and shook the branching woods of Cratloe, so that the trees ached again: but St. Pathrick was too good and too holy a man to be satisfied with doing things by halves, and so he caused the evil spirit to pass out of Beamon; and the evil spirit was so linked with her life, that they both went out together. No blame to St. Pathrick for that; and then, in the name of the holy Evangelists and the knowledge of St. Peter's keys, he took possession of Carrig-o-Gunnel, and turned it into a monastery, or something of the kind; and some wanted him to change its name. But, 'No,' says the Saint, 'let it be called the Rock of the Candle, while Ireland is green,' he says; 'for a token of the power of God through me—that when future ages ask the reason of the name, they may know what strength was given to Saint Pathrick, to

extinguish the false light of witchcraft.' He was a wonderful Saint for certain," persisted our guide, "and would walk along the road like any common man, without pride; and some, not able to see the difference between meekness and meanness, said, on account of his plainness, he was no Saint; and a company of them that were resting in a ditch saw him coming, and thinking in their foolishness to play the Saint a trick, agreed that one should lay across his path *letting on* to be dead. 'This poor man,' begins one, 'this poor honest boy is dead, plase your reverence.' 'Sure enough he is dead,' says the Saint; 'you are right;' and the mockers set up a loud shout of laughter; and the Saint feeling his power, took no heed, but walked on; he knew how they would be punished—he was quiet in his strength like everything strong; so when the scorers went to lift up their companion, surely and truly he was really dead. And some said, 'Take him home to his own people, that the tears of his mother may fall like dew upon his cheek, and that the prayers of his sisters may lift his soul higher towards the throne of God.' But an old wise man made answer, 'Not so; the holy Saint has done this to prove your foolishness, to show *his* power, but not to slay to the uttermost; let the tree lie where it has fallen until his return, which will be to-morrow, and spend your time in fasting and in prayer.' And so they did; they knelt round the body, bewailing their own folly, and praying that it might be forgiven; and when

the sun had risen, they saw the holy Saint under the strength of its beams walking towards them, and the birds of the air flying over his head—the speckled thrush, and the blackbird with the yellow bill, the robin, and the dove resting upon his shoulder, and the white-fleeced sheep and little trembling lambs following his shadow; and it struck their hearts that men in their foolishness have not the wisdom of the birds of the air, and beasts of the field; and having so thought, they humbled themselves in the dust, and the Saint commanded the dead man to arise in the name of God; and so he did; and knowing their hearts were humbled, and the irreverent spirit passed out of them, he spoke no word of reproof, but blessed them, as he continued his journey.”

We admired the feeling of this legend much, and we admired also the earnest simplicity of our guide, who told the tale with a quaintness, and at times a savour of orientalism, that was quite charming. “Ah!” he said, “the wise ladies and gentlemen laugh at me sometimes, but I do not keep in such discourse long; I know what I believe, and bear witness to what I have seen. It’s no wonder that Ireland should be more haunted, more visited by holy things than other lands; blessed be the saints who made it their dwelling for hundreds of years. I have seen corpse-candles walking the banks of the Shannon. I have heard the voices of the good people, and felt their music ringing in my ears; I’ve been bewildered by them *like a goose in a*

fog, until I couldn't see my own hand; and yet there are many would think *I was no better than a romancer if I told them all I believed.*"

We agreed with him at least on this point, and proceeded to examine the "Rock." The castle must have been of amazing strength, and the out-works evidently extended a long way down the adjacent slope, for some traces of the old walls may still be discovered. It is said to have been built by the O'Brien family, and was the seat of Donough O'Brien in 1530, having been frequently "lost and won" during the contests with the Earls of Desmond. It became a ruin, however, only so recently as 1689; during the siege of Limerick it was garrisoned by the adherents of James the Second, but they surrendered, without resistance, to Major-General Scravenmore—"which seems to have been," writes the historian of the period, "rather from a want of instructions what to do than courage to defend it, for, to give the Irish their due, they can defend stone walls very handsomely." This same historian, Dean Story, was intrusted with the office of destroying the castle, and received no less a sum than £160 for the purchase of gunpowder to "blow up Carrig-o-Gunnell and Castle Connell." The effects of the explosion are still sufficiently obvious, for huge masses of broken walls are scattered about in picturesque confusion; although one or two of the towers and portions of the ramparts still endure in a state of tolerable preservation. We ascended one of the towers with some difficulty; but our toil was amply rec-

ompensed—never can we forget the grand and beautiful scene that was then brought within our ken!

A noble ash-tree grows in the centre of the ruin: we took our seats beneath it, upon a moss-grown relic of the olden time, and again listened eagerly to the stories of our most pleasant guide. Now, however, he had changed his theme—and although still loath to “discoorse” of the daring men who, it is notorious, a few years ago, made the vaults and caves of Carrig-o-Gunnell their places of secret meeting, he was led to allude to them, indirectly, by the reference to the fate of a young girl who, about twenty years ago, gave a name to the spot. From the information we gleaned from him, added to subsequent inquiries, we are enabled to tell our readers her sad history.

There is little more in the story than a development of the strength and durability of female affection—proof of reckless daring on the one hand, and of pure devotedness on the other. Old Jacob Bobenezer had commenced with that rigid discipline towards his daughter Rachel which he imagined would fortify her against all the Irish Whiteboys that ever galloped beneath the moonlight; and, moreover, every Sabbath-day he invited to his table a young man, in whose sober manners, discreet conduct, and great worldly-mindedness, he exceedingly rejoiced. Adam Switzer, the only son of his most esteemed friend, had, upon being told by his father that Rachel would be a fitting bride for him in every respect, resolved to marry her; and her father contem-

plated the fast-growing crops, the plentiful increase, the well-fed kine of the Switzers, as if they had already been added to his stock. Rachel neither smiled nor frowned upon the youth: if she had done either, there might have been hopes that his suit would prosper; but of all things indifference is the most fatal to love. Young Adam did not know this—or, if he did, he did not heed it. How Rachel became acquainted with James Hennesey is not upon record; they never frequented the same places of worship or of amusement. James was known to be a fierce and restless fellow, full of those wild notions of liberty which eventually render a man either a hero or a slave; he was of a good but sinking family, handsome, and better educated than most young men of his time and station. Of all the youths in the neighbourhood, he was the most frequently spoken of in terms of strong disapprobation by the Bobenezers and the Switzers.

“Any news to-day, good Adam?” the wife would inquire; “for truly Jacob grows so deaf that he hears but little, and Rachel and I never visit but amongst our own people.”

“Nothing,” Adam would answer, “but that James Hennesey grows worse than ever; he told a magistrate of his own people he lied!”

“Oh! to a burgomaster!” exclaimed the old lady.

“Perhaps it was true,” suggested the maiden.

“And even if it was!—but such a thing could not be true. I wonder you do not see how impossible it must be, Rachel,” continued the dame.

"It would be a great blessing if he were out of the country," said Adam; "he turns the heads of the men and the hearts of the women."

"I do not see what that is to thee," answered the dame, "as long as thy own head is steady, and this maiden's heart sure."

Rachel looked one way, and Adam another, but neither seemed pleased.

That very night, beneath the waning beams of a harvest moon, the Palatine girl was weeping upon the shoulder of James Hennesey—weeping as if her heart would break—weeping, not loudly, for her grief was heavy-hearted, so that its demonstration could hardly make way. She had met him that night, and too often before, in her own bower, over the trellis of which the aged hands of her father had trained woodbine and roses, that she might sew, and spin, and knit, and read her bible in the free and fragrant air—there she had frequently met her lover, and listened to the deep and passionate declarations of an affection which, to do him justice, he really felt.

"I daren't come again into the valley, darlint of my heart, my own cushla machree! it would be as much as my life is worth. I daren't do it, by night or day," he continued; "the storm may blow over, as storms have done before, or as people say they do, forgetting what they rive and wrack in their passing; and if it does, why, Rachel, I'll ask you boldly from your father, and if he refuse, we must take the leave he will not give; if the storm does not pass, why then, mavourneen, I must leave the country, that's all."

“And I with you—I with you,” said Rachel, suddenly changing from the calm, cold, patient girl, to the wildly enthusiastic and devoted woman; “I will never leave you, James; the greater the shame, the harder the fate; but the more truly will I cleave to you.”

James Hennesey was indeed, as the country people express it, “on his keeping;” his connexion with Whiteboyism had become notorious, and he could no longer walk abroad with impunity; he was a marked man among the marked—for he was well known to possess the hardy daring, and the rude but powerful eloquence that enters at once into, and masters, Irish hearts.

Rachel clung to the hope that brighter times would come. She could not comprehend why her father would oppose her union with James, when he was made aware how (according to her belief) the youth was maligned and persecuted. She had often implored him to tell the truth to the Palatine; but James knew better than the unsophisticated girl, the horror that such a man as Jacob must feel at the idea of his child being the wife of a proscribed outlaw—for so in reality he was. He therefore trusted to his own influence over the affectionate creature who had so confidingly launched her heart upon a stormy and perilous sea; and well he might have trusted one so pure and so devoted. After many vows and little consideration, Rachel agreed to meet her lover under the ash-tree amid the ruins of Carrig-o-Gunnel the next Sunday, at midnight; he could know, he said, by that time whether it

was likely he should be obliged to leave the country altogether; or, if his former errors were overlooked or forgotten, he swore to the weeping girl that he would enter upon a new life, and become anything, everything, she desired. With men like James Hennesey such resolutions are broken almost before they are fully expressed.

“I wish, Jacob,” said Rachel’s mother to her husband, on the following morning,—“I wish you would come into our child’s room; it is near ten of the clock, and she is still sleeping. I did not like to wake her, but she is so disturbed, that I cannot bear to look on her. She is little more than half undressed, her arms tossed over the coverlet, and her beautiful hair clings in heavy wreaths to her damp brow.” The Palatine moved, with a lighter tread than was his wont, to the door, through which his worthy wife had passed; she pointed to their child, while the old man lingered on the threshold, gazing with a troubled countenance upon his fair daughter. “Leave her alone,” said the confiding father, “leave her alone; even now her head has fallen from her pillow upon the bible that was half-placed beneath it—the child tarried too long at her prayers.” If Rachel could but have heard the words, how bitter would have been the reproaches of her conscience!

The next Sabbath brought her common-place lover, and even he observed that “the maid Rachel seemed disturbed.” She had received in the morning from the hand of a mountain-boy a feather from a wild bird’s wing—“Sich bird-

eens," said the urchin, "fly far, but remember where they build their nests."

Rachel had not forgotten. She did not, however, meditate a far flight, for she took nothing with her, save the national cloak of their Irish serving-girl; and enfolding herself in its ample screen, she threaded her way across the meadows which lay between her dwelling and the Rock of the Candle. She was a fearless girl, and yet many things contributed, that night, to make her shudder, despite her confiding love. She knew she was doing wrong, and, as she flew past the gloomy spots that tradition had invested with a peculiar or fearful interest, she paused and trembled, every now and then; the ruins of the magnificent rock loomed in the distance, and frowned in mysterious grandeur over the moonlit meadows. At last, panting and breathless, she achieved the trysting-tree, and stood with her hands clasped over her panting bosom beneath its shadow; the breeze sighing through the leaves, the rustle of the rabbit as it cropped the clover, the beating of the bat's wing upon the air, the heavy whir of the broad-faced owl—even the half-murmured bleat of a kid, as it nestled more closely to its mother's side, increased her fears; nor was it until she was clasped in her lover's arms, and felt his warm breath upon her cheek, that she again forgot all the world in him. Whatever were his plans, he had no time to develop them—for the rolling first of one stone, then of another, down the ravine, told James Hennesey that foot-

steps unaccustomed to the rocky passes were approaching.

In an instant, before she had time to remonstrate, or even ask why or how, James had lifted her in his arms, and passed with her into the depths of one of the caves known only to the disaffected. It was the action of an instant; and the girl brought up with so much care, and in so much piety, was clinging to the most daring of the Whiteboys, in the midst of twelve or fourteen fellows, as daring and more desperate than he. She heard the sharp, quick click of their pistols, and was nearly suffocated by the smell of the ardent spirits that stimulated them to so much evil; the light of one bogwood torch, shaded as it was, was sufficient to show her the glitter of pikes, and the more horrid expressions of fiend-like faces that glared upon her; suddenly, even this light was extinguished, and James murmured she "was safe," for she was with him. Rude and harsh words were exchanged in whispers, which the firm authority of Hennesey suppressed. Rachel heard the heavy tramp of a strong man near her; it was the tread but of one man—yet what child does not recognise a parent's footstep? A horrid conviction that her father had tracked her flight came upon her: for a moment she could not speak, but at last terror lest any harm might come to him forced a word or two from her clammy lips.

"Stand here!" muttered Hennesey, "if you cling to me I cannot save him, if it be he. Rachel,

his life will answer for this rashness, for he cannot live and we be discovered." Still, although fainting, she clung feebly to her lover: the footsteps passed away, but the girl was roused from her insensibility by a voice calling her sternly and heavily by name, far above where she lay.

"Rachel!—my child!—Rachel!"—she felt that James had quitted her, and she struggled in the darkness with those who would have held her back; it was a faint struggle—a feeble girl against strong-armed men.

"Father, I am here," she cried, but her tones were weak—a pause—and then came a distant rush, and blows, desperate and determined. "They won't fire if they can help it," said one fellow to another, in the same suppressed tone. She heard no more; utterly exhausted, she lost all consciousness, nor did she revive until aroused by the rapid motion of a horse, and again a well-known voice whispered, "Darling avourneen, you are safe with me."

Several months had elapsed after this occurrence; the old Palatine's garden bore a neglected aspect; the trees were untrimmed, the path overgrown with weeds; a light gleamed without its walls, for the night was dark; and through one or two apertures in the window the glimmer of a candle flickered over the flower-bed that *had* been Rachel's. Within, sat the Palatine and his wife; his hair was now white, his figure lean and dwindled; his eyes were weak and dim, as he bent over his bible—but the eyes of his wife were fixed on him. "We have heard God's word

again and again," he said, "and we must be comforted. It was a memorable mercy that on *that* night no blood was shed, though mine was thirsted for: do not look so sad, wife—God is a wise God."

"I do not look sad," she answered, "for you are with me, Jacob; but when I think that you will not be so long—if—"

There was a slight knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" inquired the Palatine. The sound was repeated.

"Friends know it is not safe to open doors to a tongueless man," he answered; and then came a reply in tones that sent him staggering against the wall, while his wife, with a speed that marred her intention, endeavoured to undo the fastening. At last, Rachel crawled, rather than walked, to her father's feet; but he would not look upon her: she then took refuge on her mother's bosom, who parted the hair upon her brow, while large, heavy tears dropped like hail upon the wasted features of her child.

"I have you here for ever now," said the poor woman; "here you will remain—no one will rive a crushed and faded flower—for ever now."

"For one hour," answered Rachel, "for one hour, and then I quit you, my mother, for a long, long time. Mother, in Heaven's sight I declare I had no thought of leaving you that night; and *he* saved my father's life, and will carry to his grave the mark he received in defending it."

Her mother declared she should not leave her.

“Let her go to her keeper,” said the old man, sternly.

But Rachel arose, and answered, “Father, before the day was done, he was my husband; he has worked me no wrong, for the choice was my own; and I am thankful to bear shame with him, if it can lighten his heavy load. Mother, you would have done as much for my father.”

“There is a curse, strong as well as deep, that sooner or later will overwhelm the children of disobedience,” said her father, bitterly.

“I know it—I believe it—I feel it—but even so, I submit.”

“The time will come,” continued the old man, “sooner or later—the time will come, when he in whom you trusted will fail you in your uttermost need; when he will pour into the core of your breaking heart the poison you gave your parents. Oh, what fools are those who put faith in their own children! He will spurn you and desert you.”

“He may do so,” she replied, weeping, “he may do so; but I never will desert him.”

“Jacob,” interposed his aged wife, “Jacob, our child—she—given to our prayers after long years of expectation—she says she has but one hour to stay with us; do not let it pass thus. She is still our child, Jacob; but one hour to stay,” repeated the mother, wringing her hands—“but one hour!”

“Not an hour now,” said Rachel, “not much more than half; you, mother, will listen to me; people spoke falsehoods of him; decoyed away

he was: but he *is not* what they say; they will not hear him, will not pardon him; if he remained in Ireland, he must be as he is, outlawed and wretched. He has yielded to my prayers; and in a foreign land, where we are going, he may still be what the Almighty intended he should be—great and good; he gave me one hour to bid you farewell, to pray for your forgiveness; only one hour; and the minutes are flying while I speak.”

“Will he come for you?” inquired her father. “Oh no, he cannot, he dare not venture here, nor would others let him,” she replied. The old man rose steadily from his seat, and before either mother or daughter was aware of his intention, he had seized Rachel in his iron grasp. “As the Lord liveth,” he exclaimed, “you go not hence; I will bind you to the horns of the altar; I will not suffer even a tainted sheep of the true fold to become the prey of the ravening wolf: here you remain; vain will be your cries for aid; all vain: here will I stand; and whoever enters shall have the recompense he comes for, who would rob an old man of his child.” Rachel implored, conjured, entreated, wept; even her mother’s tears were added to hers; but all in vain. The Palatine shouldered one of the heavy muskets of his own country; and paced backwards and forwards, opposite to where he had bound his child with cords which her mother dared not loosen. His eyes scowled upon the unhappy girl, while ever and anon he muttered between his clenched teeth such texts of Scripture as

seemed to him to bear hardest upon her case—threats against disobedient children, and denouncements against the associates of the ungodly. When the first gleam of morning broke through the crevice of the window, Rachel spoke again.

“If harm come to my husband, his blood be upon your head!” It seemed after that as if a portion of her father’s sternness had entered into her gentle nature. She would neither taste food nor drink; but sat with clasped hands, and eyes turned towards the mountains, the sun-lit tops of which were seen through the latticed window. “She will die, she will die,” said her mother.

“Pray God she may,” was the father’s harsh reply, “that I may lay her in the grave, and then be gathered to my fathers.”

She did not die; but a desperate and very dangerous fever came to her relief, for it took away her mind from present thoughts; weeks and months elapsed ere she was able to sit at the cottage door. But the lapse of time had wrought changes in many ways: the country was more tranquil; and people said that since James Henesey had disappeared matters were become altogether different. The Palatine relaxed but little of his severity, except that, thinking himself secure in Rachel’s weakness, he suffered her mother to move her from place to place in her arms. She took no interest in anything. Nothing amused, nothing drew from her a word or even a look of intelligence. All blessed her as they

passed along the road, and the little children used to heap her lap with wild flowers. Her mother reconciled herself to the violence which her husband had practised when she found that no letter, no token arrived from James; that he had gone into exile was certain—but had he forgotten Rachel? Months rolled into years; two years had passed; and Rachel was still the same. Usually the Palatine preserved the most rigid silence towards his daughter, but sometimes he would give vent to bitter feelings, and reproach her in strong language; it was all the same, her features remained unmoved, and she seldom shed tears. Once, indeed, when they were alone, and her mother wept over her, she desired her to be comforted, as she should be happy yet.

People wondered how she lived, how anything so heart-broken could remain so long in a torturing world.

One morning she told her mother she would lie down: and her father at the noonday dinner, looking into the room (where he had once been deceived), laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if to assure himself that she was there “in the flesh.” Suddenly she opened her eyes, and raising her head, kissed his cheek; he was so unprepared for the act, that he had no time for consideration, and, as if by instinct, a blessing fell from his lips. When her mother came to her with some food, she said, “Father has blessed me at last; you do so too, then let me sleep.”

When the evening meal was prepared, and her

mother again sought her, she was gone; if the neighbours had seen her, they stoutly denied it, and declared that she was spirited away by the "good people." The old Palatine traversed the country like one demented, bending his way at last to the ruins of Carrig-o-Gunnel, not with any distinct hope of finding her there, but from the natural desire of seeking in every possible and impossible place for a thing cherished and lost.

There, under the ash-tree, he saw his child, her head reclining against its trunk; he called to her, in a voice tremulous from an emotion he would fain have suppressed; it was vain; he fell on his knees by her side; he turned her face towards him; the cheek upon which he had impressed the kiss of returning affection was cold, her heart had ceased to beat, her eyes to weep for ever! Then, indeed, the strong pent-up current of parental love, that had been so long congealed within his bosom, burst forth. He wept as only strong men weep; he lifted up his voice, exclaiming like the Royal Poet-Prophet of old—"Oh! Rachel, my child! my child! would that I had died for thee!"

People say that the spirit of the Palatine girl wanders amid the ruins of the Rock of the Candle to this day; and there are few bold enough to approach the elm-tree after night-fall. "But, sure, your honours," said our guide, when he had closed the story, the leading points of which we have thus preserved, "a spirit so good as hers could harm no living mortal."

But superior in interest even to Carrig-o-Gunnel, are the storied remains of Askeaton—distant from Limerick about sixteen miles. Askeaton is a populous and busy-looking town, situate on the river Deel, near its junction with the Shannon. A waterfall of considerable elevation, formed by a barrier of rock stretching across the entire bed of the river and visible from the town, has given name to the place—*As-cead-tinne*, “The cascade of the hundred fires.” The fires were probably in some way connected with the ritual of the Druids—the old Irish Ghebres. It was a holiday when we entered Askeaton, and its streets were densely crowded—business, or pleasure, or devotion, as well as the fineness of the day, having congregated together a very numerous population. This circumstance gave the place, to our minds, an aspect of cheering industry, which probably otherwise it has no claim to. At all events, its command of the tide-water, and its favourable position, ought to entitle it to a considerable trade: in England it would surely possess it. An excellent bridge of five depressed arches connects both sides of the town, for it lies on either bank of its river. The place was formerly surrounded with a wall and other defences. It was incorporated in the eleventh year of James the First. In 1642, it was for a while garrisoned, but afterwards abandoned by Lord Broghill, the commander at that period of the parliamentary forces, and in some time after temporarily held by the confederated Catholics. At the Limerick side of the town, a new church

has been recently built. It partly occupies the site of a far more ancient structure, founded in 1298 by the Knights-Templars, and of which all that is now left is a portion of a tower, the lower part of which is a square, the upper an octagon.

The castle, an ancient residence and stronghold of the Earls of Desmond, stands at the foot of the bridge, and even in its extreme ruin shows that it had been a pile of great strength and importance. In 1574, it was attacked by Sir George Carew, when the garrison was withdrawn; but at their departure they blew it up with gunpowder, the effect of which was, that the whole interior of the keep was exposed, and so continues, by the falling away of the wall at the river-side. It was originally arched, and the whole style refers its date to the period of "the Roses." At a short distance from the keep stands a long oblong building of two stories in height, and unroofed. The basement story is arched, and that above, an apartment of fine proportions (now used as a ball-alley by the villagers), was lighted by several broad-mullioned windows, enriched with cusped heads, weather-cornices, &c. This must originally have been a magnificent chamber, and seems to have been used either as a domestic chapel, or a banqueting-room.

But the object of principal interest here is the abbey. It stands at the opposite side of, and adjacent to the river, near the Catholic chapel, and is a pile of very considerable extent, and in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1420 by James, seventh Earl of Desmond, for conven-



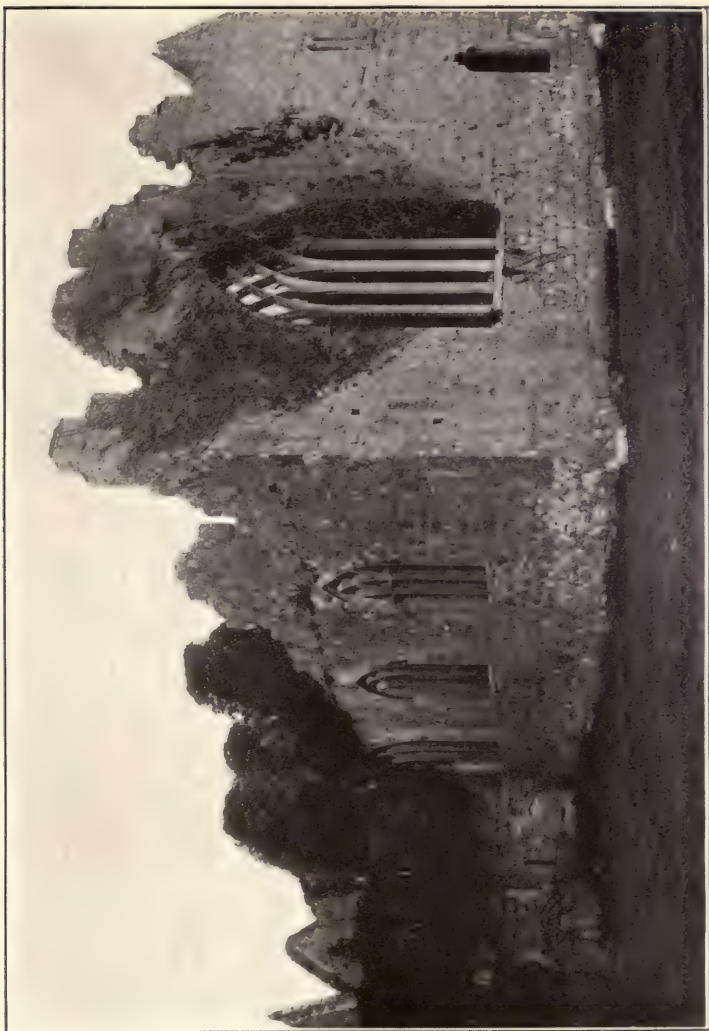
Askerton Abbey
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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tual Franciscans, and was reformed in 1490 by the Observantine friars. James, the fifteenth Earl, died and was buried here, in 1558. In 1564, a chapter of the order was held within it. At the suppression of monasteries, towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, after the destruction of Desmond's power, this structure shared the general fate; but an abortive effort at its restoration was made in 1648, by the confederated Catholics; since then it has been gradually, though slowly, progressing to its present state. The church stands in the midst of the conventual buildings. It is a long oblong, from which a transept branches off at the north side, at the intersection of which formerly stood a tower, the ruins of which lie around in solid masses.¹⁵³

The east window is a broad and lofty opening of five lights, the mullions forming intersecting tracery at head. The transept opens into the church by two fair, broad, and lofty arches. It is divided in its length by a range of three similar arches springing from plain pillars, and forming a lateral aisle. This portion of the building also contains some old tombs. The cloister, which lies at the south side of the church, is not the least beautiful portion of this interesting ruin. It is an area encompassed by low-arched ambulatories, opening on a central square in a succession of small, neatly-executed, pointed arches, twelve to each side. An old white-thorn occupies the centre. The refectory, dormitories, hospital, and other offices, are all in fair preservation, and, meet haunts as they are for "musing melancholy,"

are not without their due attraction to detain the footsteps of the curious visitor.

About two miles from Askeaton is the small village of Shanagolden, one mile south-east of which, and closely approaching the mountainous tract lying between Limerick and Kerry, stands out a prominent grassy hill of considerable elevation and steepness. It is unconnected with any other eminence in its vicinity; this is the hill of Shannid—quasi *Shanait*, “The old place.” It terminates in a double peak, evidently artificial, each forming a truncated cone, fashioned in ages remote for purposes of defence. That to the north is surmounted by a castle, the area of which, 180 feet in circumference, covers the whole extent of platform. In height this structure is something between thirty and forty feet; the walls are ten feet in thickness. Its form is polygonal without, circular within. It contains neither vault nor staircase. An external wall, about twenty feet in height, and but little in advance from it, surrounds the structure. Lower down, a deep fosse, 600 feet in circumference, flanked by an earthen rampart, forms a girdle round the hill. Previously to the seventeenth century this castle was held by the Earls of Desmond, and the cry of “Shannid aboo,” *i. e.* “Shannid victorious, or hurra for Shannid,” forms the motto of the knights of Glen, a still subsisting branch of the Geraldines, as “Crom-aboo,” from the place called Croom, in the same county, has been adopted as the motto of another branch of the same spreading family—that of the Duke of

Leinster.¹⁵⁴ The southern peak is crowned by one of the ancient raths; a hill fort, formed of earth, and surrounded with deep fosses and ramparts. The area of this is extensive, and it possesses a feature peculiar to it, that of being subdivided into four equal portions by the intersection of a rather deep cut through the centre; with what object it is hard to determine. This structure is, of course, of greater antiquity than the adjacent castle. The utmost date that can be assigned to the latter is the commencement of the twelfth century, whilst that of the rath may be lost in the clouds and mists of the remote ages.¹⁵⁵ The purpose for which it was erected was at once of a domestic and military character. In a country so subdivided as was ancient Ireland, into clans or tribes of different descents, and almost perpetually harassed by internal dissensions, security of residence was not always easily attainable; but every means which the knowledge and experience of the time suggested was made available for the purpose. The site of course was a cardinal object—a hill, the neighbourhood of a river, a wood, or a morass, was sought out, and this being chosen, the fosse was hollowed out, the high embankment thrown up, and the interior of the enclosed area was wrought, in the style Cyclopic, into galleries of intricate maze, serving at once as repositories for valuables, as granaries, and sometimes as outlets in case of emergency, and often as places of interment. The form of these forts was generally round; the circle, indeed, appears to have been a

favourite figure with the ancient Irish: it was adopted in their dwellings and their temples, whether these last consisted of stone pillars or lofty towers. Cæsar found the Britons attached to a similar form in the construction of their houses. The *square* fort is, however, often found, but made of similar materials. We are to presume that the buildings which occupied the area within the intrenchment, were generally formed of the same materials, still used by the peasantry in the erection of their “mud edifices,”—earth intermixed with rushes or straw, and the roof composed of thatch or shingle. Timber, doubtless, was also extensively used in these structures; indeed the ancient Irish are reputed to have been well skilled in what the venerable Charles O’Conor calls “lignarian architecture.”¹⁵⁶ Such scenes are indeed everywhere very productive of superstitions: some of them are not without a moral, as our readers will find, if they have the patience to accompany us through a story related to us upon the very spot we are describing:—

Two men were leaning against the buttress of an old park wall, which in many places was overgrown with ivy: the youngest was hardly more than a youth, although there was evidence in his firm and assured manner that he had for some time considered himself a man; the other was considerably advanced in years, and was of a much humbler class in society than the younger, to whom he looked with all the affection which

an Irish fosterfather bears for the child his wife has nursed.

The young man was of noble bearing, well grown, and finely proportioned; the jesting expression of a mouth whose muscles seemed almost too flexible for a determined purpose, was corrected by the intelligence and fervour of the eyes, and the breadth and dignity of a lofty brow. He had thrown off his hat; perhaps it pressed too heavily upon his throbbing temples; perhaps it was cast upon the grass that the breeze might play more freely through his clustering hair: but his temples *did* throb, and his lip was trembling with emotion. He spoke no word in reply to the aged servitor's garrulity, yet he talked on, as though his heart rather than his mind overflowed. Seating himself on a fragment of rock at the young man's feet, the old man talked as earnestly and respectfully to the youth as though he had been the heir of the O'Briens, not a discarded younger brother of the name and race.

"Things must mend, Masther George—they must mend!" he said, over and over again. "Many an Irish gentleman would be proud to have fifty young brothers like you, just to make *divarshin* for himself and his friends, and keep the pulses of life bating through the house—— Why don't you turn to the army at once, sir? I've heard the old master say he had forty promises of commissions for the whole of ye. Or marry an heiress, sir? Well for her to get you! Ay, sir, you've looked too often in the glass not

to believe *that!*——Or——But where's the use of thinking? thoughts are—nothing!—not worth a thrashed straw! Who would have thought your own brother could——Well, there, I'll not say a word against him—only he is the most unnatural——Well, I'm done! But—it's no matter——I wonder how he'll look his father in the face hereafter! But he never can——Well, there, Masther George, I'm finished! Sure, if you must make your way, you've a power of talents and beautiful book-learning——Can't you be a counsellor, or a judge, at once, sir? 'Deed, Masther George, you're breaking my heart with your silence, so you are, sir; and I've thought of everything!"

"And done nothing," added the young man. "As usual, plenty of words and no acts!"

"What can I do, dear?" replied the servant. "Sure, I'll lay down my life any day, and follow you to the world's end. I'll do that, and never lave you while there's a shadow of trouble over you; I'll never lave you until you're a grate man, sir, and then, may be, I'd come back to my own little place, and lay my bones beside hers that loved you dearly. Sure I wonder she's not stirring in her grave with the knowledge of your trouble! I don't know what's for it now at all—barring—you'd drame!——Now don't look that way, don't! for it's as true as gospel! There's a deal of '*hidden treasure*' about the place, and if you could but drame of it you'd be sure to find it!"

“Corney,” answered the young man—“Corney, I’ve been dreaming all my life; it’s quite time I awoke.”

“Oh, sir, how can you say that? Sorra a more active young gentleman is in the country—or a better shot—or a more beautiful dancer—or a finer horseman—or one with a better voice. And all the world knows you’re a fine hand at the pen; and, sure, the beautiful song you wrote last is sung by all the ladies in the county, as well as every ballad-singing blackguard in the street,—and that’s *fame* any how; and they tell me there isn’t a head in the kingdom you could not take off with your pencil; and one I know said, ‘If Master George had only one of the talents he possesses, he could get good bread by it all over the world.’ ‘Draming,’ indeed! Faix, no! it’s wide-awake you’ve been, not a wink on your eyes or ears, sir—but I wish you would drame. You’re the seventh son, with only a thrifle of girls between; and that’s luck, and you’ve only to lay your head on the draming-stone on the seventh day of the seventh month, as the morning comes alone out of the dark twelve of midnight (morning drames are always truest), and I’ll lay any wager your eyes will be opened—in your sleep,—and you’ll drame of the *hidden treasure* that all the world knows is in the family, if it could only be got at. It’s a pleasant place, sir—sheltered and to itself—close to the bohereen you cross to get to Slieveburgh when you go shooting. They say a white doe comes once a-year to

drink at the stream, and it's close to a holy well, and in sight of a cross road, so that altogether it's a place you may rely on."

"I know the dreaming-stone well, Corney," answered young O'Brien; "but if hidden treasure is to be discovered, why don't you send my brother there, or some of the elder ones; they're the legitimate dreamers?"

"They might lie there for ever, Masther George, and no light be given them. Haven't I told you it was the *seventh* son that should be after draming? Besides, dear, sure you're my foster-child, and her that loved your shadow in the sun—God help us!—stiff and cold in her grave."

"Well, I'll think about it, Corney."

"Don't, sir, dear, don't *think* about it—when ever the old masther went to *think* about anything it was never done—*do it, dear, do it*. Tomorrow is the seventh day of the seventh month; do it, darling! and, may be, it's over our heads in silver and goold we'll be before this day week. I wonder what will the young masther think then of his seventh brother?"

George O'Brien was a bright-hearted, clever fellow, full of intelligence and talent, which from many causes had lain fallow. He had high aspirations and high hopes; but the live-hard and yet do-nothing sort of life he had led since his father's death had impaired rather than strengthened his mind. The associations of childhood bound him to the spot where he had been born. Slieve-burgh, the giant-headed mountain, which was the

weather-glass of all his excursions, was also his landmark when away from home, and the moment he saw its peak rising from amid the clouds, he shouted as if to an ancient friend. But he must not think of that now: his brother had insulted him—he had rudely bade him forth—with a sneer at his “fine sentiments.” Full of sad thoughts, mingling as they did with fancies, those misty futures, that—

“Come like shadows, so depart”—

thoughts, the very vapours of the imagination, gathered into something more formed and fixed, as some plan for the hereafter crossed his brain, and then vanished.

Making some excuse to get rid of his old follower, George O'Brien wandered through what was now only the brushwood of a forest, which had been for centuries the pride of his ancestors. As the evening gathered in, he threw himself on the grass beside the stream where he had thrown his first fly, and, after much patience, hooked his first trout. The dinner-bell rang—its cracked and bitter tone sounded in his ears rather as a warning from, than an invitation to, the festive board; he felt he could sit there no more: was it really no more? The bright vision of his mother's smile, the very echo of his father's blessing, floated round him; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly; and those tears relieved him. He reviewed the past, and was only roused from his reverie by the gathering of a thunder-storm. It must have been near

midnight when he left the cottage of an old game-keeper, where he had taken shelter from the heavy rain of a July storm that would have drenched him to the skin. Peal after peal of thunder rolled through the heavens, and the lightning played the most fearsome pranks round the peak of Slieveburgh—now circling his rocky head as with a glory—then fixing, as it were, its centre there, and radiating round the summit in lines of many-tinted light. Despite his determination not to enter it, he wandered in the direction of the old hall, more moody and thoughtful, and yet as planless for the future as ever. It might have been the light falling in a particular way; but as he stood for a moment upon the ruined wall of the deer-park, surveying with aching eyes the hill and dale of his favourite haunt, he thought he saw a white doe rush into the glade in which the “dreaming-stone” had lain for centuries. Prompted by the instinct of a keen sportsman, he rushed after it; and surely he could not be twice deceived—the creature paused and looked back, and then darted forward as before. Of course he followed, but still more strangely lost sight of it, exactly where the “dreaming-stone” was sheltered by a projecting rock that was overgrown with every species of wild flower and fern, while a little bright gurgling stream, whose bed was dotted with silvery pebbles, meandered round the rock, now almost leaving its base, at other times rambling far away, as if it intended to return there no more. George thought he had never seen the spot look half so lovely: the sky,

cleared of every vestige of cloud by the past storm, was one canopy of blue, starred by the countless multitudes of unknown worlds; the young moon was like a bride amid her handmaids, the earth beneath glittering with dew, and fragrant from the herbs and thyme he had crushed beneath his feet. The half-sleepy chirp of the tender nestlings, disturbed in their repose by his hasty footsteps, was answered by the insect murmur which is *felt* rather than *heard* to be a noise in the stillness of the holy night.

An unaccountable stupor arrested his steps—he passed his hand over his brow in vain—by a violent effort he sprang over the bubbling brook, but it seemed as though he had entered a charmed circle; nothing could exceed his drowsiness; the winking stars became paler and more pale; the winds whispered the softest music through the trees; the air was warm and perfumed; he endeavoured to keep his eyes open, but they closed and closed, and at last, completely overcome by the “drowsy god,” he sank beneath the shelter of the rock, his head resting on the “dreaming-stone,” which, covered as it was by a deep bed of the softest moss, was as soothing and refreshing a pillow as a weary man could desire. But, however much overpowered when he laid down his head, George O’Brien declared he found it impossible to sleep when once fairly resting on the moss; but if he found it impossible to sleep, he found it also impossible to move—he was spell-bound—everything painful or unpleasant passed from his memory, which was rendered

pure, and gentle, and docile as the mind of a little child. All that he had heard and loved in his infancy was with him in that perfect and entire repose which his restless spirit tasted for the first time, and as the moments passed, elevated by a new nature, all was peace. Gradually a veil of mist, soft and transparent, descended from the brow of the overhanging rock, and curtained him round about; and although another manner of spirit possessed him, he still retained enough of the spirit of the old world, to wonder if he should really dream, or learn aught of the "hidden treasure" which tradition said should one day be revealed to whichever of the O'Briens was most worthy of the revelation—provided he sought the mysterious knowledge on the "dreaming-stone."

This idea seemed gradually to take possession of his imagination, overwhelming all other thoughts: it was rather a curiosity to discover what he feared would not be revealed, than any desire to profit by the red bars or jewelled plate, which every one said had long been concealed "somewhere" about his ancestral castle; it was a species of ambition to learn to unravel mystery, to seek and find that which had been lost, to say—"I have been chosen from among many to do this thing." The idea of its being superstitious never occurred to him, nor did he, for a moment, think how the mist folded itself in such graceful ever-moving drapery around his couch, as if invisible hands arranged and re-arranged it for his enjoyment. By degrees the forms so busied became apparent, outlined in the most

delicate tracery, as they floated from beneath the waving fern, or rounded into perfect beauty, from out of the full-bosomed roses that clustered beside the "dreaming-stone;" transparent, fragile, delicate things they were, as they mingled together in fantastic movements, tinted by the hue or tone of the flowers that gave them shelter; some smaller than the rest—indications of life, rather than life itself—seemed born of the purple heath; others of the elastic harebell; others, severe-looking elves, with a certain air of self-gratulation, showing a trifling degree of pretty scorn for their companions, were the denizens of a Scottish thistle, while those more particularly of his own land, green and gay as grasshoppers, sporting in emblematic trios—

"To one thing constant never,"

enlivened his imagination, and quickened his fancy by their rapid and elastic movements; many of a sedate dignity came and went, with diadems on their brows; others with wands, which they seemed to have the power of elongating at pleasure; there were few, if any, of the ordinary mischiefs supposed to belong to fairyland, the diminutive gnomes and little mocking sprites; few, distorted or robbed of their fair proportions; no matter how minute they were, their tiny forms were well defined and full of grace and motion; and the last troop that gathered round him seemed more intent on pleasing the "child of earth," who had come among them, than on sporting with each other; and yet there were

some, and those too came nearest to the young man, bending above his brow, and raising the curls that clustered round his head, who looked at him with earnest eyes, in which there was an expression of the deepest interest—an interest devoid of jest, a solemn, deep expression, as though they knew the past, and would fain direct him as to the future; and, soft as the whispering of the south wind, questions were breathed into his ears, which he had not power to reply to.

At last, after the moon had sunk and the stars disappeared, or become fainter and still more faint in the expanse around them, it seemed that those benevolent spirits comprehended his desire, for he heard strange, unearthly whispers, repeating “hidden treasure, hidden treasure.” And while all retreated and continued wreathing themselves above and around the rock, or swinging to and fro upon their favourite flowers, or bathing in the stream that murmured on its way, or caught the dew-drops, and by some wonderful alchemy converted them into solid gems, one of tall and majestic stature (for a fairy) advanced to the young man’s side, and bent the wand she carried in her hand over his eyes. It looked at a distance like a silver rod, but he found it was only a line of light, and it gave him the power of seeing all things contained in the secret vaults of his family. The rumour went that much treasure had been hidden in the sullen chambers, where the great shut in their bodies to moulder in proud and ghastly solitude; and he looked there, but there was nothing except bones, heaps

on heaps of bones, round which the cerements of the grave mouldered, with here and there a jewel, or a chain of gold, or a stray white pearl, but no treasure beyond that; and if there had been, he would not have despoiled the crackling relics of humanity of what they most foolishly held so dear. It was refreshing to escape these gloomy charnel-houses; his wandering spirit shudderingly returned to its dwelling, and was grateful to be again with the fields and flowers. "None there!" murmured the fair lady; "no fit place to seek treasure from amid our buried ancestors—none there again!" And again the wand of light passed over his eyes, and the foundations of the rude fortress, its prisons, its secret passages, its labyrinths, were traversed, encountering nothing, save headless arrows, a notched battle-axe, and then, in a square cell, one end of a huge rusty chain was fastened to the wall, and at the other end, within a ring-like fetter, was a long white bone, dangling above a heap of mouldering humanity; a skull, round which some fair hair twisted, and fragments of cloth, still bright; a broken pitcher, and an iron lamp, whose oil was all burnt out, the fragments of a deed of sin and death! On and on, carefully too, for his hope of gain had roused him to exertion; but no treasure—not enough of gold or silver coin to fill an infant's hand. Fatigued and worn by disappointment, his spirit came back, as it were, to his breathing home, and then the fairy smiled and said—"Beneath the waters seek!" And the wand again did its behest; but fruitless was the

search beneath the lake—no hidden treasure there—nothing below the waters but the long entwining roots of the aquatic plants and small shooting fish, flying like arrows to escape the jaws of the devouring giants of the lake. Once, indeed, he thought something that lay coiled round with rope was worth investigating; but it was only a heap of iron-headed pikes, that, as sweet Mercy willed, had never tasted blood.

George O'Brien had never admitted that he believed in the story of the "hidden treasure," and yet he felt disappointed when its falsehood was so completely established. He clung to the tale as—according to the old saying—men cling to straws; but now it proved naught, he was disappointed—chilled—distressed. He thought, "Out upon all prophecy! none but fools would listen to such old wives' tales. And I to be such an idiot—and these misty phantoms to deceive me so, making such sport of my credulity!"

"You have hidden treasure still to seek," said the lady of the wand, "but, unfortunately, you would not seek it where it lies, until your mind was disabused of its false hopes—you would not seek it where it is to be found until all other chance was gone. Why is it that creatures such as you, endowed with rarest gifts, will stir amongst old bones, exist amid rubbish of the universe, ponder over mildewed chronicles, watch and wait for dead men's shoes, with life, and health, and energy, and intellect, in the very flower of their strength, beating through their veins?"

As the fairy spoke her form dilated, and she became a creature of such infinite light and life, that the youth felt as though he could have worshipped whilst listening to the music of her voice and words.

“Why should you,” she continued, “why should you seek *without* for ‘hidden treasure,’ when your hidden treasure is *within*? when every true feeling cherished into action runs as a silver stream at your command? when the lever of intellect, fixed to one purpose, can *do* whate’er it wills? Oh, that men would but have faith in themselves! that they would but render the homage due to Him who gave by using well the gift! Behold!”

And she circled his head with her wand of light, and, as it were, the “hidden treasure” of the refined gold and jewelled worth, heaped up and stored away in idleness within the secret recesses of his own mystic frame, were laid bare unto himself. His astonishment increased at their magnitude—he had no words to express his wonder at their immensity—he could not comprehend why he had not before turned his eyes upon his inner self.

“See you not,” she continued, while waving her wand around him, “see you not these treasures, ‘*hidden*’ now no longer, waiting but to be used, ready to leave their prison-house, and joy in light, and life, and activity—the source of wealth and station, power and independence, to yourself, and of good to all within and far be-

yond your sphere? These are the hidden treasures of——”

“Oh, Masther George! Masther George, dear! I couldn’t help asking you, you looked so happy; and such a smile, sweet as an angel’s, upon your lips. I know your drame’s for good, only the sun shouldn’t touch the dramer’s lids, for if he does he steals the drame and the dew together. So I woke you, dear, and to-night we’ll have the treasure up.”

“Not quite so soon as that,” said George, “though treasure we certainly shall have, Corney—sound, healthy treasure, in abundance.”

“I told you so—I told you so,” answered the old man, rubbing his hands. “But why not to-night?”

“My treasure will come with time, Corney—be all my own—my immortality! It is not buried in the earth, but is abroad—living—breathing—I feel it now.”

Corney feared his dear young master had gone crazed; but he was wrong, he had *found* his senses with the hidden treasure; and a few years of hard labour proved to him and his faithful Corney that truth may be found on a “dreaming-stone.”

Proceeding south-east from Askeaton, or journeying from Limerick to Kerry by another and an excellent road, the tourist will pass two places of greatest interest—Adare and Croom—the former on the direct route, the latter a mile or two away from it, but supplying an ample recompense to visitors, as containing the only

round tower that now exists in the country. Adare is about eight miles from the city, a neat and apparently flourishing town; immediately adjoining which are the remains of several monastic edifices, the greater number of them being within the walls of the Earl of Dunraven's beautiful park. One of the old abbeys has been converted into a church, and another into a chapel; and both retain traces of their original grandeur, although modern "improvements" have essentially changed their character. The erections of these abbeys, churches, and a castle of the Desmonds, which "much incommoded the English" during the Elizabethan wars, are not of very remote dates. A house was founded here, for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of Christian captives, in the reign of King Edward the First, by John Earl of Kildare. The Augustinian Friary, called also the Black Abbey, was founded in 1315, and King Edward the Second confirmed the grants made to it, A. D. 1317. The house of Grey Friars was founded in 1465, by Thomas Earl of Kildare, and Joan his wife—and they were both buried in the choir. The ruins of these, and others, have been recently put into complete repair at the charge of Lord Dunraven; and at the time of our visit, the new additions of mason-work were so apparent as considerably to impair the "beauty of age;" but within a comparatively short period, the ivy will grow over them, and they will have been secured from further dilapidations of Time for ages yet to come.

The whole central district of Limerick is, indeed, studded with remains, religious and castellated, still emphatically speaking of the former power of the Geraldines—now ruined and decayed. A chain of towers may be traced in continuous succession from the Shannon to Kilmallock, indicating the territorial supremacy of the Fitzgeralds, whilst their numerous and elaborate ecclesiastical structures tell of the wealth, munificence, and taste of that noble race. Kilmallock, Askeaton, and Adare, are deservedly objects of pilgrimage to all who love the picturesque and relics of the magnificent. But this district is not alone interesting because of such remains and their associations. Its legends, its vestiges of a far older time than that in which the Geraldines predominated, are numerous and varied. The fairy marvels of Knockfeerena, and its enchanted chieftain *Donn*; ¹⁵⁷ the subaqueous wonders of the palaces and gardens of Lough Gur, where the last of the Desmonds is detained in thrall, ¹⁵⁸ are of no less interest than the time-honoured fanes of the same lake, on the one hand, and those of the like druidical character near Croom, on the other. The very name of *Croom* is redolent of its heathen origin as a temple of the ruler of the Irish gods, the formidable Croom, or Tarran, the Thunderer.

Within a mile of this prettily-seated town, in the centre of an extensive valley stretching out from the eastern base of Knockfeerena, stand the remains of a small but very ancient church,



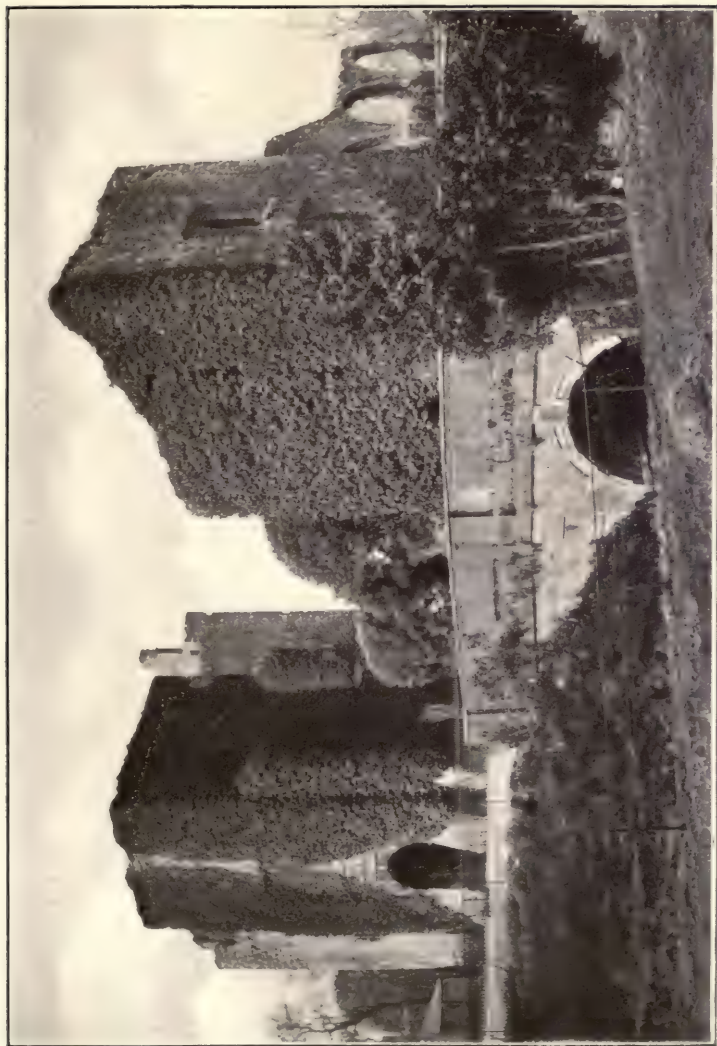
Gerstlaine Castle
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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Geraldine Castle

Reproduced from an Original Photograph



whose era belongs to the very earliest period of Christianity in Ireland. It is a plain oblong, about forty-six feet in length and eighteen broad. The walls are rather of a Cyclopiian construction, and are well coated with ivy. It was lit by two small windows, the arching of which, as well as that of the door, has been destroyed. The frame-work of the door and windows, as is usual in these very ancient structures, is of sandstone. On one of the jamb stones of the door are a number of scores, a circumstance worthy of remark, because such scorings have been frequently found on or near other Romanesque remains, and are supposed to have some affinity to the Ogham character. Ten feet north of the church stands one of those round towers so peculiar to Ireland, and so fruitful of controversy to her antiquaries. It is fifty feet in height, and fifty feet in circumference, at its base. The door, which has a semicircular head, is sixteen feet from the ground. Above this are three windows at different heights. One of them is round-headed, and two others are pointed or lancet-headed, the arches consisting of stones placed diagonally. The upper portion, with its conical cap and top windows, has been destroyed. The floors were placed on rests, formed by diminishing the thickness of the walls. The peasantry call it *Clogawse na desart*. *Clogawse* signifies the "growth of stones," and bears reference to its supposed sudden construction in one night.¹⁵⁹

Lough Gur, of which we have just spoken,

claims particular notice at our hands, because it has hitherto received so little attention from previous tourists, and even from the county historians. This secluded lake is distant about ten miles south of the city of Limerick, is irregular in form, and the circumference is between four and five miles. From its bosom rise one large and three or four small islands. The principal island, which is connected with the eastern shore by a causeway, contains about sixty acres, and is called Knock-a-dun, or the fortified knoll. In the days of the Desmonds, two strong square towers defended the most accessible points of approach on the eastern and southern sides.

But it is the extensive assemblage of druidical remains on this island, and around the lake, that render it perhaps the most interesting spot in Ireland for an antiquarian visit; yet, strange to say, these gigantic relics, which extend over many miles of country, have been allowed to remain unexplored and undescribed. Three stone circles, close to the high road between Limerick and Cork, are mentioned for the first time by Mr. Twiss, in his tour through Ireland, published in 1775. Ferrar, who, twelve years after this, published a history of Limerick, merely quotes Twiss's brief account, although by a couple of hours' ride he might have seen these ancient temples with his own eyes, and noticed them from actual observation; and he then censures Dr. Campbell, author of the *Philosophical Survey of Ireland*, for omitting

to mention "the druidical ruin near Lough Gur." In the more recent history of Limerick by Messrs. Fitzgerald and McGregor, these three stone circles are slightly described; but not sufficiently so, to lead the reader to suppose that, considerable as they are, they form only a very small part of perhaps the most magnificent druidical work, considered as a whole, that exists in the world. In 1830, Mr. Crofton Croker communicated to the Antiquarian Society of London the observations made by him during an investigation of three days, and "so obvious," he states, is the connexion between the various circles, pillar-stones, altars, and other works, that an examination of one leads the eye to discover others; and thus was he led on from one remain to another, over a space of country, the circumference of which he estimates at not less than ten miles. "Beyond this," he adds, "even at a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line from the lake, I found stone circles and other druidical works, between which and those at Lough Gur I was unable to establish a connexion, although it appears probable that such once existed."

As the three stone circles on the west side of the lake are close to the high road, the tourist will perhaps act judiciously in making them his starting-point, and proceeding round the lake by a road which branches off at a place called Holy Cross. This road will lead him by the ruined church, which stands on an eminence that descends to the southern shore of the lake. The roofless and deserted walls, still retain the name

of "the New Church." It was built by Lady Bath, as appears by the chalice and patine now preserved in the neighbouring church of Knockaney. From this point, various stone circles and other ponderous remains may be seen, and a serpentine passage of considerable length, formed by parallel lines of huge masses of stone, can be traced from the shore, terminating in the Red bog, a tract of low ground at some distance. The opposite side of the road from that on which the church stands, is crowded with druidical works, which it is impossible for us to particularise; one, however, called by the country people "Labig yermuddagh a Grana," that is, Edward and Grace's bed.

This was probably a tomb. It had been a complete oblong chamber, formed by great stones, and covered over with vast flags. The length of this sepulchral chamber was thirteen feet and a half, the breadth six feet. An old woman resided in it for many years, and on her death the covering stones were thrown off, and it was left in its present state by "money-diggers, who found only some burned bones in an ould jug, that surely was not worth one brass farthing." Above this tomb a tabular rock, upwards of ten feet in circumference, rests upon four supporters. And not far distant, there is a singular natural formation called "Carrignan-ahin, or the Mass rock." (See Plate No. 6.) It is full of chasms and hollows, and is said to have received its name from a priest having reg-



PLATE NUMBER SIX

ularly celebrated within one of its recesses the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, at a period when that religion was proscribed.

The eastern shore of Lough Gur abounds also with mighty vestiges of druidical power. One eminence, particularly, called Carrickgalla, has two remarkable circular works of Cyclopiam masonry, termed by the country people "Danish forts;"¹⁶⁰ and in all directions branching off from the once sacred shores of this beautiful and romantic lake, evidence exists of an assemblage of altars, temples, caves, and tombs, much too numerous for us even to notice in the most rapid manner. This chain of druidical works extends into the county of Tipperary. A cromleach, the largest we have ever seen, stands on Galtee More, and on Cromwell Hill, a sepulchral chamber called Labig yermuddah, or Edward's bed.

In the low ground throughout this district of ancient druidism, in swampy hollows, now surrounded by bog, and which bog there can be little doubt was formerly richly wooded, the antlers and bones of that gigantic animal, the Moose Deer, long since extinct in Ireland, have been dug up in considerable quantities. A complete skeleton of the animal exists in Dublin, procured from this locality, and between the measurement of the antlers of which and a pair in the hall of Kilfrush, the seat of Mr. Gubbins, the following is a comparative view:—

	ROY. DUB. SOC.		KILFRUSH.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Distance between the extreme tips, measured by the skull.....	11	10	12	6
Ditto in straight line across.....	9	2	8	8
Length of each horn.....	5	9	6	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Greatest breadth of the palm....	2	10	2	6
Length of the beam.....	1	9	0	0
Ditto brow antler.....	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	0	9
Ditto sur antler.....	1	4	1	7 $\frac{1}{8}$
Circumference of the beam at the root of the brow antler.....	1	0 $\frac{3}{4}$	1	0 $\frac{3}{4}$

In 1825, Mr. John Hart, by the desire of the Royal Dublin Society, drew up a description of the skeleton of the fossil deer of Ireland (*Cervus Megaceros*). He was sent down by the Society to put the bones of this animal together, in consequence of a communication from the Rev. William Wray Maunsell, Archdeacon of Limerick, dated the 7th of April, 1824. The Archdeacon had several of these remains in his possession, which were found in a hollow between Rathcannon and Knocktoo, in 1818 or 1819; two of the best antler specimens having been forwarded to the representatives of Lord Northland and Lord Buckinghamshire, as joint proprietors of the district.

“The valley in which these remains were found,” says Mr. Hart, “contains about twenty plantation acres, and the soil consists in a stratum of peat about a foot thick; immediately under this a stratum of shell marl, varying from one and a half to two and a half feet in thickness; in this many of the shells retain their original

colour and figure, and are not marine; under the marl there is a bed of light-blue clay; through this one of my workmen drove an iron rod in several places twelve feet deep without meeting opposition. Most of the bones and heads, eight in number, were found in marl; many of them, however, appeared to rest in clay, and to be merely covered by the marl. The remains were deposited in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of ascertaining the exact component parts of each skeleton; in some places portions were found removed many yards from others, and in no instance were two bones found lying close to each other. The position also was singular; in one place two heads were found with the antlers entwined in each other, and immediately under them a large blade-bone; in another, a very large head was discovered, and although a most diligent search was made, no part of the skeleton was found: within some hundred yards was another; the jaw-bones were found, and not the head."

Mr. Crofton Croker, to whose active researches in this very curious district in 1829 we are chiefly indebted for having called our particular attention to it, has placed his notebooks and sketches at our command, but the space to which we must confine this work prevents our making any use of them beyond extracting the subsequent memoranda.¹⁶¹

We must content ourselves with this brief description of one of the most singular and interesting districts of its class to be found, perhaps,

in the world; but we here avail ourselves of a fitting opportunity for supplying some account of the ancient mythology of Ireland, and of the druidical monuments—of which so many remain in every part of the country. For the information we supply we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Windele—to whose researches into the antiquarian lore of Ireland we have, on several occasions, referred—and to Mr. J. B. Wright, of Clonmel, a gentleman deeply learned in early Irish antiquities.

The two great religious systems of pagan antiquity were *Sabæism*, or star-worship, and *Fetichism*, or the worship of animals. The first, the more ancient of the two, at one time pervaded the whole ancient world. The heathenism of the Irish was an admixture of both systems. Its mythology consisted of a plurality of deities, in which *Crom*, or *Taran*, or *Ti-mor*, held the supremacy. From him we have places named Macroom, Baltimore, Galtimore, &c. The planets and the elements, under personifications, formed a principal portion of the objects of this creed; and then there were a host of subsidiary Genii under the name of *sidhe*, answering to the minor deities of Greece and Rome, and the elves and fairies of the Teutonic nations.¹⁶² The belief in the *sidhe*, or good people—Eumenides—still survives in popular superstition, and in Well-worship, originally referable to the genii of fountains.

Ana, or *Aine*,¹⁶³ as the *mater deorum*, was one of their deities of the first class—Anaïtes

was the Persian Venus. *Toth* they worshipped in common with the Britons and Egyptians. He was the Irish *Deus locorum*. *Gaoth*, the wind, was another principal object of their adoration. In all this mythology we see traced a connection with the religious systems of early Greece, Etruria, Phrygia, Phœnicia, Egypt, and India. The Samothracian *Cabiri* were the *succouring Gods* of Ireland. Their mysteries were known in Gaul and Britain. Diodorus, v. 56; Strabo, iv.

But of all their deities, the sun, or *Baal*, appears to have been accounted in highest popular esteem. And of all heathen superstitions, surely, to adopt the language of Milman, sun-worship was the most beautiful and natural. It is said they recognised this planet under *forty* different appellations; but he was best known under those of *Grian* and *Baal*, or Belus,—from which the classical Apollo was derived by corruption.

Fire was consecrated to Baal as his emanation. Like the ancient Persians, they originally worshipped fire without temples. Zoroaster reformed the Persian ritual; who introduced his reformation amongst the Irish is not known; but undoubtedly such a change was effected when the *Round Tower*, which has its prototype *only* in Syria, Persia, and India, was introduced as a *fire temple*. Down to the period of the fall of paganism, fire was differently lighted up in Ireland, by two apparently opposing sections of the old religion; by one on the mountain sum-

mit, by the other beneath the cover of their *Tur-aghan*, or fire tower. A further sectarian difference prevailed between the ignicolist and the worshipper of water; the latter holding fire as the genius of evil:—"et ignem habebat ut infestum."—(Colgan.)

Four grand festivals in honour of fire were held within the year, viz. in the beginning of Spring, in May, at Midsummer, and on the first of November. The May and Midsummer fires are still kept up; the former under its old denomination of *Beal tinne* or Beal's fire; and the universality of ignicolism is evidenced by the observance of that day as a festival still by many nations. The *Beltain* of Scotland is but the *Calendi maggio* of modern Italy. In 1644 the May-pole was denounced by Act of Parliament in England. The Slavonians and Bohemians still light up a midsummer fire. In Ireland, candles, a kind of feast of the lanterns, have been substituted for the November fire—who is ignorant of the mysteries and superstitions of "*All-hallow eve?*" They possessed many places of sacrifice, such as *Magh adhair* (the field of adoration), in Thomond; *Bealach magh-adhair*, near Cork, still marked by the remains of a cromlech; several pillar stones inscribed with *Ogham*; and caves of various forms and sizes. Their principal periodical offering of victims was at Moy Sleacht, or the plain of slaughter, in the county of Leitrim.

They believed in a temporary future state and held the Pythagorean doctrine of the Metemp-

sychosis,¹⁶⁴ which taught a return again to a terrene existence after a certain lapse of years. A remnant of this belief still lingers in the superstition of the peasantry, who regard moths and butterflies as embodiments of the souls of their departed relations. Their Elysium was *Innis na n'oge*, or *Tir na n'oge*, or the Island of Youth. It was also called *Flath-inis*, or the noble island, and *Hy Brasil*. This belief was the origin of all those fabled Islands that have been luring dreamers, from the days of Saint Brendan, down to the discovery of Brazil, aided probably by some of those optical delusions, called *Fata Morgana* by the Italians.

It may be regarded as a distinguishing feature in the Celtic mythology, that its views of the spiritual world are not so gloomy and terrific as those of the *Gothic*; and we do not find any idea of a future state, or place of punishment, among its cheerful dogmas, as in the Edda and other Scandinavian monuments. Hence there is no indigenous word in the Irish language to express *hell*; whereas the word for heaven is strictly indigenous, and literally signifies "the isle of the noble,"—*Flath-inis*—as we have already said; to which there is the following allusion in the song of an ancient bard, preserved in the Highlands of Scotland:—

"Come thou mildly o'er the deep,
Oh friendly gale! that movest slow,
And bear my shade upon thy wings,
With speed unto the *nobles' isle*."

This island was said to be situate off the western coast of Ireland, and generally invisible, except to some gifted individuals, who occasionally descried it through the grey mists of the distant ocean. It was said to be a region of perennial spring and endless pleasure. And they even appear to have considered the very *scene* of their sepulture as affecting their state after death, from their anxiety to be buried in places remarkable for beauty. Thus, in the poems of Osian, (we mean the Irish Osian,) and other ancient bards, we read of "the grey stone rising amidst beauteous verdure," the warrior sleeping "beneath the green sunny hill," "the pleasant airy hill," "on the margin of the blue-rolling lake," with "the warm beam of the sun above him," "by the course of the blue-winding stream of the verdant field," &c. A similar custom seems to have prevailed in the East, in the remotest ages; as, for instance, Abraham bought for his sepulture, from Ephron, the Hittite, *a field bordered with trees*, and the ancient Arabians loved to be buried in a *verdant valley by a running stream*—which is supposed to be alluded to in Job xxi. 22, 23.

Their priesthood consisted of the celebrated Druidic Hierarchy. The propriety of the name has been disputed by some modern Irish antiquaries, who would substitute for the term *Druid* that of *Magus*; but the latter word is never found in ancient Irish writings, whilst *Draoi* is invariably used.¹⁶⁵ It is a curious coincidence that the name of the Parsee priest is also *Daroos*. The

order embraced numerous subdivisions, as bards, &c. Religion with them was essentially connected with medicine. To the use of medicinal herbs, administered with much mummary, were added amulets, charms, spells. The herbs were collected with great ceremony. The mistletoe, vervain, black helebore, &c., were deemed specific, and gathered at appointed seasons.

The costume of the Faid (Vates) or prophet, and the chief Druid, is described in a curious manuscript (in the possession of Mr. Wright) of the late Dr. Paul O'Brien, Irish Professor at Maynooth. The chequed under-garment is conformable to the ancient Irish law, which ordained that an ollamh (to which class the Druids belonged) should have six colours in his garment. The white mantle was common to all the Druids of the British isles. The grey or sky-blue hooded mantle on the Vates is also mentioned on the Welsh triads. The fan-shaped ornament representing the sun and the half-moon under it, in the chief Druid's head-dress, are not only found on sepulchral urns, but have actually been dug up in bogs, and have been accurately described from ocular observation by General Vallancy and others. In a figure of a Druid in Montfaucon, he is represented with the half-moon in his hand, as if it had been at times used as a talisman. The same author has another Druid with a *wand*, and in Ireland there is still a tradition concerning the "Druid's wand," which they say some possess, and are thereby rendered very knowing and successful.¹⁰⁶

The Druidical *Temple* consisted of a *circle* of large upright stones. The area was of various dimensions. Circularity in their stone monuments was a favourite form with the pagan Irish. It is observed not only in their temples, such as these circles and fire-towers, but even in their dwellings, their Cathirs, forts, &c. The circular form of the ancient Irish edifices appears to have its origin in sun-worship; and their being generally *open*, arose in all probability from an opinion similar to that of the ancient Germans, that it was unworthy of the author of all space to circumscribe his presence by walls and human architecture.—Vide Tacitus. It may probably be traced up to the ancient Zabian religion, which spread from India over Canaan, Greece, Etruria, and Scandinavia, under various modifications. The circle served at once as a place of worship, a court of justice, and as a rude sort of astronomical observatory, wherein they marked the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars, the seasons, and periods of the day, &c. It is curious that in the Scottish Highlands they still express going to church as going to the *clachan*, or stones. Circles are sometimes concentric. At Rathmichael, county Dublin, we have three of them, one within the other. Stone circles are common in America; they are also found in Persia, in the province of Coimbatoor in India, and over all northern Europe, as well as in several of the islands of the Mediterranean.

The altar known to English antiquaries by

the Greek name of *Trilithon*, received in Ireland the appropriate name of *Cromleac*, or stone of Crom, and a particular class of the priesthood was named *Crumthear*. It consisted of a great incumbent rock, or flag, in its rude state, untouched by chisel or hammer, and rested on a number of pillar stones, as at *Altoir* in the west of the county of Cork: however, we sometimes find the altar-stone resting at one end on the ground, whilst the other was lifted upon a single supporter. And again, but rather rarely, the natural rock is adopted as the basis. This is exemplified at *Carrig a Choppeen*, near Macroom, in the county of Cork, where the stone rests on the point of the rock, and is held in its place by wedges. Their erectors were rather curious in the formation of their monuments. In the county of Limerick is an altar stone which must have been conveyed several miles, no similar stone being found adjacent to its present site. The same may be observed of two altars near Kenmare; the incumbent or tabular stones are red, whilst the supporters are the natural limestone. The Cromleac was at once sacrificial and sepulchral; urns have been found beneath some that have been opened, thus proving their sepulchral uses. Their erection proves a knowledge, by those who raised them, of the wedge, the lever, and the inclined plane. The Hindoos raise such blocks by an inclined plane of solid earth, inclosing the upright stones on which the superincumbent one is intended to be placed. Sir William Ouseley saw a Cromleac near Fassa,

in Persia. At North Salem, near New York, is a very fine monument of this description. The *Stele*, or pillar stone, in Ireland called a *Dallàn*, stands generally single; but often it is found in groups of various numbers, from six to two, often in straight lines, and sometimes forming quadrangles and triangles. The *Dallàn* was set up for several purposes; sometimes as an object of worship—a *Phallus*—at others as monumental, marking the site of a battle, the grave of a chieftain, or serving as a terminus. Some had an astronomical purpose; on many of them inscriptions in the Ogham character have been found; circles are inscribed on more, within which the Christian has inscribed the figure of the Cross. One stone, near Bealahamire, already mentioned, has on it two circles, one above the other, designed apparently to represent the sun and moon. The single pillar stone was worshipped by more nations than the Irish. The *Elgabal*, which Heliogabalus adored at Emesa, was a cone-chaped stone. Eusebius, from the Phœnician annals, relates that *Usous* consecrated two columns to *fire* and *wind*—a very Irish practice. The Romans swore “per Jovem lapideum.” The original Mercury and Bacchus of Greece were unhewn stones. The Paphian Venus was a white pyramidal stone. In addition to the other objects of the *Dallàn*, above noticed, it should be mentioned that it was used also on the inauguration of the princes and chieftains of Ireland. Spenser has recorded this their use down to his own times; and many of

them still bear on their upper surface the imprint of something like the form of a human foot, fancied by the old natives to be the impression of the foot-mark of the first chieftain, who had been raised to the rule of his people. These marks were also connected with the celebration of religious rites, oil having been poured into the cavities which they formed. It is stated that stones capped with gold were dedicated to the sun, others with silver to the moon; and so it was of old in Israel: "Wo unto him that saith to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach: behold it is laid over with gold and silver." Hab. ii. 19.¹⁶⁷

We may now quit the county of Limerick—in many respects the most interesting and important county of Munster, not only in reference to the number and magnificence of its ancient remains, and its grand and picturesque scenery, but also as regards those modern improvements in agriculture, manufactures and commerce, by which it is rendered honourably conspicuous among the counties of the south of Ireland.

It is bounded on the north by the Shannon, which divides it from the county of Clare; on the south by the county of Cork; on the west by the county of Kerry; and on the east by the county of Tipperary. The population in 1812 was 218,432; and in 1831, 248,800. It is divided into ten baronies—Owneybeg, Coonagh, Clanwilliam, Small county, Coshlea, Coshma, Pobblebrien, Upper Connello, Lower Connello, Kenry, with the liberties of Limerick and Kilmallock.

Its principal towns are those of Kilmallock, Askeaton, Newcastle, Rathkeale, and Bruff.

The aspect of the county is generally flat, and its soil is proverbially rich; a considerable portion of it, stretching from the city, south-east, to the borders of the counties of Cork and Tipperary, being so fertile as to have received and merited the title of the Golden Vein; and few districts in Ireland are more abundantly supplied with rivers—the munificent and beautiful Shannon ranking transcendently above them all.

NOTES

¹ Until these tunnels were cut and the road made, travellers to Killarney were compelled to order carriages from Kenmare to meet them at the Kerry side of the mountain; or, as was usually done, hire five or six stout peasants from Glengariff to carry the car on their shoulders over rocks and along precipices exceedingly dangerous from the want of a protecting wall, and in consequence of the numerous ruts in the way. The misery of travellers so circumstanced was whimsically but pathetically described to us by several who had endured the fatigue and peril of the journey.

² This is, no doubt, a humorous exaggeration; but it is certain that about twenty or thirty years ago, gold, and even silver, were so scarce in this district, that its inhabitants rarely saw either. A circumstance related to us by the person to whom it actually occurred, may bear out the assertion. He left his home on horse-back to collect the county cess—an acreable tax on land—through a large and wild tract of country, expecting his journey to last two or three days; he was so long absent that his family became alarmed, and sent his servant to ascertain the cause. Every one of the tenants had paid him in pence and half-pence, which he was unable to get exchanged; the weight had increased as he advanced; until he found it so great as to prevent the possibility of his returning to his home, without leaving a large portion of it behind him; and he preferred remaining at one of the cabins until the event he anticipated occurred, and his friends sent him assistance.

³ The bridge is but just finished; we were unable to cross it, and had to drive these three or four miles into the town, a circumstance, however, we did not regret, for we might have missed the pretty village of Cross-Roads, on the town side of the river, from which there is a road into Kenmare of about two miles through an avenue of high and well-grown ash and elm-trees. We should observe that, to the angler, Kenmare holds out strong temptations; the Blackwater is one of the best rivers in Ireland; and is carefully preserved from the poacher, although entirely free to the visitor. We had not leisure to throw a fly ourselves; but we conversed with several disciples of old Isaac, who showed

us their hampers, in lieu of fishing-baskets, full of salmon and gigantic trout.

⁴ The cost of the ceremony is consequently very considerable; and not unfrequently, the bride and bridegroom have to begin life within empty walls, their savings barely sufficient to recompense the priest for uniting them. We have indeed known instances in which Roman Catholics have been married by a clergyman of the Church of England, in consequence of the small expense of the ceremony there; being resolved to become "one," and finding it utterly impossible to collect a sum sufficient to induce the priest to marry them; such cases, however are of rare occurrence.

⁵ This last is a species of dance very difficult to describe—it is, however, the male partner who 'shows off' in it: the best idea we can give of it is that it consists in striking the ground very rapidly with the heel and toe, or with the toes of each foot alternately. The perfection of this motion consists, besides its rapidity, in the *furor* with which it is performed. A stranger, not hearing the music and seeing only the dancer, would be likely to imagine he was killing a rat; nor would it be very safe to have this dance performed by a stout fellow on a *crazy loft*.

⁶ Come, come, come, my love,
Come quietly, come—come stealingly
Beside the door and away with me,
And may my love come safe.

⁷ On the first May-day after the wedding, it was customary for the young men and maidens of the parish to go to the wood and cut down the tallest tree, which they dressed up with ribbons, placing in the centre a large ball, decorated with variously coloured paper and gilt. This they carried in procession to the bride's house, setting it up before the door, commenced a dance round it, which lasted throughout the day. They were "thrated" liberally by the bride on such occasions. The custom, which appears to have been a relic of Druidism, is now nearly obsolete.

⁸ The following is a striking and creditable instance of attachment to the memory of a wife. We once remarked to a very respectable old man, and of very prepossessing appearance, that he must have been a great favourite with the fair sex in his youth. "Listen to me," said he, "and the divil a word of a lie I'm tellin' you, for I can't be far from my end now. Sometime afther the death o' my wife, a rich widow, and a handsome one, fell in love

with me, and offered to marry me. Faith, it was a temptin' offer—my manes were small, and the family were large and helpless. But when I went home and looked at the poor childher, and thought of her that was gone—oh, I could never bear to bring another in her place—for she was a good woman, and a lovin' woman, and a sensible woman (here his voice began to grow tremulous with emotion, but by an effort he added) and a likely woman!" He burst into tears. This man's wife had been dead nearly thirty years. We may link with this an anecdote of one of the other sex. We know a widow, who is now about fifty years old; she has two daughters well provided for, and two sons who "help to keep the cabin over her." She was as susceptible as most of her countrywomen, and in her youth had a sweetheart. He was not, however, the choice of her parents, who married her to another—the ugliest man in the parish. We were once present when somebody asked her whether she was not crying the whole night of her marriage? The question brought out her natural eloquence.—"I was," she said, "I'm not ashamed to own it now; I was giving myself up to a man I didn't like, and I fond of another at the time. He was the ordinaryest man in the county; but I won't wrong him; he was a good husband to me, and nobody can say I wasn't a good wife to him, thank God! He was sickly for eleven years before he died; and all that time I didn't lay my side on a bed for three hours together, day nor night, besides having a family of four children to look after. He left me without the means of helping them, except by the work of these two hands. I brought them up, thank God, decently; nobody can say I didn't, and never asked a meal for them from any Christian I didn't earn it from."

⁹ Give half the litter of pigs—bonneens—boneveens—bonnifs—
young pigs.

¹⁰ Advanced in years.

¹¹ There are of course exceptions to this rule, but they are very rare. We may relate one of them.—A man of the name of Walsh, a small farmer who resided many years ago within a few miles of Waterford, had a son whom he reared up with the greatest care and tenderness; the young man was every way worthy, being sober, attentive, and industrious. On the marriage of the son to the daughter of a more wealthy farmer, the father, like another Lear, losing his prudence in his paternal affection, and hoping to raise his boy in the world, on the day of his marriage gave up the farm into his hands, and being a widower, became a willing dependent on the filial affection and gratitude he

had never had the slightest reason to doubt. For some time things went on well; but as the old man every day became less useful, the son's wife, who was a woman of violent temper, and possessed high notions of her superior family connections, took every opportunity to let the old man feel the state of dependence to which he in his simplicity had reduced himself. As her young family increased, she resolved to get rid of the old man, and made the house a scene of continual confusion. The poor old farmer saw all this with a sorrowful heart, and resolved to put an end to his son's unhappiness by "taking to the road,"—i. e. going begging. "God will give me enough while I live," said he; "I want but little, and He that feeds the sparrows will put it into the hearts of the good Christians to give me that little." The son remonstrated, the old man remained firm, and the daughter-in-law in her joy was not long before she began to provide a bag for him; the next morning was fixed on for his taking the road. The eldest child, a boy about seven years of age, seemed to be an indifferent observer of what was going forward. He sat in a corner sewing up his bib into a bag. "What are you doing, Showneen?" says the young farmer to the child. "*Making a bag for you to go beg—when you're as old as daddy.*" The son burst into tears and hung on the neck of the old man; and the daughter-in-law too was so moved, that she sunk on her knees and asked forgiveness of God, her husband, and his father, for her undutiful hardness of heart.

¹² Confession.

¹³ The tourist, to whom time is an object, should take a guide from Kenmare; he will then be made familiar with every object of interest and importance before he arrives either at Cloghreen or Killarney, and not find it necessary to retrace his steps. He may also visit the Torc Waterfall on his way, and also Mucross Abbey. The journey from Kenmare, and the examination of these two places, may be easily accomplished in one day.

¹⁴ Pliny says it is called "Unedo" because, having eaten one, you will never desire to eat another. It is said, however, that an agreeable wine is made from the berry in the south of Europe.

¹⁵ A worthy gentleman with whom we conversed in reference to this peculiarity, committed a genuine bull: "If you go to Killarney, 'tis there you'll see NATURE—the trees growing out of the solid rock."

¹⁶ On this point, however, botanists are much divided in opinion. We have had opportunities of consulting two of the most eminent in Ireland. By one we are told, "There is not the least doubt of

its being truly indigenous, for it is found growing on the wild declivities of Glengariff, and bordering many of the little mountain loughs in the remote parts of Kerry, which still remain in a state of almost primitive nature." By the other, we are informed, "Touching the *Arbutus*, my opinion is, that although not growing spontaneously around Killarney, particularly on limestone, and what is termed red talcose slate, yet I am enclined to think it not strictly a native, but introduced from Spain by the monks. Innisfallen in the sixth century was a place of great wealth: numerous and valuable presents were constantly contributed to it; and the stranger monks procured from their own countries whatever would prove useful, either medicinally, culinary, or ornamental. Consequently, some of our rarest plants are found in the vicinity of these religious buildings."

¹⁷ A correspondent informs us, however, that since the publication of Mr. Newman's book, "At Mount Eagle, seven miles from Dingle, the most western highland in the county, the rare *Trichomanes speciosum* was found in the chasm of a moist but exposed cliff, unprotected by brushwood, and at a much greater elevation than the sheltered and shaded locality of these beautiful ferns at Torc."

¹⁸ It was certainly not very difficult to content us with "creature comforts" when so many means of obtaining intellectual feasts were within our reach; but if we had been less easily satisfied, we could in no way complain of the "table" furnished by Mr. Roche; everything was good and everything abundant. Our readers—such, at least, as have located at any fashionable English watering-place—will therefore share our surprise at perusing the bill laid before us; we extract the items for one day:—

	s.	d.
Two Breakfasts,	3	0
Two Dinners,	4	0
Pint of Wine,	2	0
Two Teas,	2	0
Bed,	1	6
	<hr/>	
	12	6

The moderate tourist may consequently calculate his necessary expenses at Killarney at something less than seven shillings *per diem*. The only charge for which he will complain is that for the hire of a boat—sixteen shillings; it includes, however, the dinners of five men. The charge for a pony to Mangerton or "the Gap"

is five shillings. Mr. Roche is amply supplied with good boats and sure-footed ponies with careful men and boys in abundance.

Travellers who prefer state to quiet, may take up their abode at "the Royal Victoria Hotel" kept by Mr. Finn, for many years landlord of "the Kenmare Arms," in the town of Killarney. The charges here exceed those at the Mucross Hotel; but it is a very splendid establishment, and may vie, both in external appearance, as well as in the costly character of its interior, with any hotel at Brighton or Cheltenham. Moreover, the situation is perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom; it is about a mile and a half from the town—the adjoining grounds are exceedingly beautiful: it skirts the lower lake, commands a fine view of Ross and Innisfallen, of the evergreen hills that form their background, and the most distant mountains.

¹⁹ We have seen scores upon scores of bogs looking like waving fields of snow, from the immense quantity of this beautiful down, which floats its own seed over the earth. It contrasts so well with the dark earth and still darker mountains. The people sometimes gather it for *quilting*, that is, to use as we use wadding. We thought that a little ingenuity might convert it to a more beneficial purpose.

²⁰ It is deplorable to see the hundreds of beggars and "guides" that infest this most exquisite scenery. We hope the time is almost come when they can shelter and feed beneath a roof; but last summer it was painful to see mothers of families, attended by their children, well-grown, handsome girls, and fine young men, wasting the entire day in moving up and down Mangerton with a cup of milk, a leaf of strawberries, or a couple of table-spoonfuls of whiskey; and worst of all, satisfied with the donation of a penny, or even a half-penny to each, for the expenditure of time which, in any other country under the sun, would have produced ten times the sum. "It's twice this blessed day I've been up to the top of Mangerton, and see, there's all I got to take home to a starving mother and blind sister," said a fine-looking girl of seventeen, while leaning against the garden-wall of the pretty hotel at Cloghreen, running her finger listlessly round the edge of the cup she dangled by the broken handle, and tossing three half-pence about in it. "And why don't you stay at home and knit or work?" was the natural observation. "I do knit, ma'am, and my mother mends my bits of rags, and my sister, God help her, begs betimes, and cries always; the only chances we have, is when the quality comes among us." It is vain to preach industry—that meets with no pay, or to tell people not to beg who are starving; we

return again and again and again to the regret that the legislature has not devised some means of employment and relief for this fine and superabundant population. We do not ask charity, we only ask, for them, employment; employment which the waste lands, the extensive fisheries, the rivers, that expend to no purpose their thousand horse-power in turbulence and foam, could supply.

²¹ It may be necessary to state that although we had our reasons for procuring the aid of so many—at an expenditure which brought a very ample return—one guide is, of course, sufficient for the Tourist; half-a-crown a day fully satisfied Sir Richard, and a less sum made content the junior officers in our service. Our guard however was seldom limited to these three; for a notion of our liberality having gone abroad, we found, generally, in attendance, a score of volunteers. “I’m following ye for the pure love of looking at ye, my lady,” said one of them, “and not for the poor pay I expect.”

²² The “brogue,” or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different from that of shoemaking; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers, and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The regular brogue was of two sorts—the single and double pump. The former consisted of the sole and uppers only; the latter had a welt sewed between the sole and upper leather, which gave it a stouter appearance and stronger consistency. In modern times the broguemaker has assimilated his manufacture to the shoe by sewing the welt on an inner sole, and then attaching the outer sole to it in shoe fashion. In the process of making the regular brogue, there formerly were neither hemp, wax, nor bristles used by the workman, the sewing all being performed with a thong, or, as they called it, a “fong,” made of horsehide prepared for the purpose; and it was no mean part of the art, the cutting and pointing of the fong for use. When the sole is formed to the last and the upper leathers put together, the workmen do not attach them on the last to each other for the purpose of sewing, as the shoemaker does, but, laying the

upper leather on his knee, he takes the sole, in which he has made a groove or channel to facilitate him in taking a hold for his sewing, turns down the edge, and placing it in the upper leather, begins usually at the heel part. He takes his hold not in a straight line, but puts his awl in a diagonal direction, and follows his stitch in this manner $\wedge\wedge\wedge\wedge\wedge$ so that a section of the seam would present this appearance. When the sewing is performed and the seam pared level and hammered flat on the block, which stands in the middle of the workshop, and serves as a lap-stone, the brogue is then turned inside out by the help of a long iron bar of from eighteen to twenty inches, with one end flattened, which they call "a spoon." This instrument serves the purpose of a long slick, or slicker, to harden and polish their work. When the brogue is turned, it is flattened by striking it against the block, and then, for the first time, the last is put into it. The brogue is then slicked all over, upper as well as sole, with the handle part of the spoon, and then set before the fire to dry and harden. The heel of the brogue is made of what they call "jumps," tanner's shavings stuck together with a kind of paste, and pressed hard, and dried either in the sun or before the fire. This, when properly dried, is cut to the size of the heel and sewed down with the fong and then covered with a top-piece of very thin sole leather fastened on with deal or sally pegs, and in this one particular they had to boast over the shoemakers in the neatness of execution. When the brogue is ready to be taken off the last, they give it the last finish by rubbing it over with a woollen rag, saturated in tallow, called a "gerrag," then the brogue is considered fit for sale. The brogue is worn larger than the foot, and the difference is filled up with a sap of hay or straw. They are considered by the country people more durable for field labour, being less liable to rip in the sewing than if put together with hemp and wax; and being cheaper than shoes, are in more general use, although there are few people, particularly females, who can afford it, who do not keep shoes for Sunday and holiday wear. The brogue is designated by the appellation "*brogue gailoch*;" the shoe "*brogue goulda*;" and the makers of each have the same distinctive names: "*gracy gailoch*" being the term applied to the broguemaker, and "*gracy goulda*" to the shoemaker, marking the distinction between the original Irish shoe and the one of English introduction. The broguemakers pride themselves on the antiquity of their trade; and boast over the shoemakers, whom they consider only a spurious graft on their more noble art.

²³ Such is the admission of Mr. Wordsworth in a letter we have

had the honour to receive from him on the subject; and he adds, "I have more than once expressed an opinion that the county of Kerry, so nobly indented with bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without injustice be pronounced in point of scenery the finest portion of the British Islands."

²⁴ There are many other lakes in Ireland that have originated in similar accidents; that of Loch Neagh has been made familiar to English readers by the great Irish poet—who commemorates

"The long-faded glories they cover."

Six centuries back, the tradition was related by Geraldus Cambrensis; which Holinshed repeats. "There was," says Holinshed, "in old time, where the pool now standeth, vicious and beastlie inhabitants. At which time was there an old saw, that as soone as a well there springing (which for the superstitious reverence they bare it was continuallie covered and signed) were left open and unsigned, so soone would so much water gush out of that well as would forthwith overhelme the whole territorie. It happened, at length, that an old trot came thither to fetch water, and hearing her childe whine, she ran with might and maine to dandle her babe, forgetting the observance of the superstitious order tofore used. But as she was returning backe, to have covered the spring, the land was so farre overflown as that it passed hir helpe; and shortly after, she, hir suckling, and all those that were within the whole territorie, were drowned; and this seemeth to carrie more likelihood with it, because the fisheries in a cleare sunnie daie see the steeples and other piles plainlie and distinctlie in the water."

²⁵ There is another family of the same name—O'Donoghue of the Glens—distinct from that of Ross, though equally ancient. This branch is described as, from time immemorial, the very opposite to that of the spectre-chief—being turbulent, cruel, and tyrannical. Their territory embraced the wild and uncultivated valleys watered by the river Flesk; and there still exist some remains of their castle of Killaha. The race is characterised by the ancient poets and chroniclers as "fierce leaders of battles." The latest of these chieftains, Geoffrey O'Donoghue of "Glinne," having joined in the great Tyrone rebellion, forfeited their estates—their "territory of Glinfleiske, containing twenty-one carrucutes, almost all mountain, bog, and unprofitable land." The present repre-

sentative of this branch of the O'Donoghues is a youth, the grand nephew of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. He is an only child; his father also was an only son; and for generations back there has been but one son to each, to preserve the famous name of the family. The peasantry, as usual, have their own mode of accounting for this fact—if it be so. One of them gave us the following tradition:—"Your honour should know that O'Donoghue of the Glin was a hard man; not all as one as O'Donoghue of Ross; and he took deep offence agin the only son of a poor widdy woman, and threw the poor boy into one of his great dark dungeons. Well, the widdy went for justice to the Mac Carthy More; who ordered O'Donoghue to deliver him up to his mother, or if he didn't he'd be after paying him a visit with his faction, just to ask him the reason why. So wid that O'Donoghue said he'd consent to do the bidding of the Mac Carthy, and tould the harald to wait outside the hall-door of his castle till he'd bring the boy to him; wid that we went and hanged the lone widdy's child, and pitched him over the battlemints, wid a scrap o' writin' telling the Mac Carthy that as he hadn't been plased to say whether he wanted the young fellow alive or dead, he had made the choice for him himself, and sent him the body to do what he plased wid. Well, yer honour, the widdy caught the corpse in her arms, and gave a screech that was heard by the holy monks of Aghadoe; and she down on her two bended knees and cursed the O'Donoghue, and prayed that none of the race might ever have more nor a single son. Her people were ould follyers of the family, and she couldn't ask the Lord to crush them out and out; so she prayed there might be only one son for ever and ever to keep the name of the grate O'Donoghue from perishing. And she was heard—from that day to this, there was never more than one boy of the name."

²⁶ Gandsey is old and blind; yet a finer or more expressive countenance we have rarely seen. His manners are, moreover, comparatively speaking, those of a gentleman. For many years he was the inmate of Lord Headley's mansion, and was known universally as "Lord Headley's piper." He was greatly loved by his patron, and respected by all his neighbours; and fortunately, his Lordship did not die without making some provision, though limited, for his venerable protégé. His son, too, plays the bugle for parties, when Spillane is occupied—for the "old residerter" has, of course, the preference. It would be difficult to find anywhere a means of enjoyment to surpass the music of Gandsey's pipes. No one who visits the lakes must omit to send for him.

Those who return without hearing him will have lost half the attractions of Killarney. Above all, he must be required to play the "Moothereen Rue" ("The Hunting of the Red Fox"). It is the most exciting tune we have ever heard, and exhibits the power of the Irish pipes in a manner of which we had previously no conception. It is of considerable length, beginning with the first sight of the fox stealing the farmer's goose; passing through all the varied incidents of the chase—imitating the blowing of the horn—the calls of the hunters—the baying of the hounds—and terminating with "the death," and the loud shouts over the victim. Gandsey accompanies the instrument with a sort of recitative, which he introduces occasionally, with very beneficial effect—commencing with a dialogue between the farmer and the fox, thus—

"Good morrow, fox;"—"good morrow, sir;"

"Pray, fox, what are you a-ating?"—

"A good fat goose I stole from you;

Sir, will you, will you come and taste it?"

"Then I tell you, I'll make you rue

The goose that you are a-ating!"

"Sir, all may see what I've with me—

It's the leg of a salmon I'm a-ating."

Gandsey is, moreover, a library of old Irish airs; his treasure is inexhaustible; and as a performer on the pipes he has very few rivals in Ireland. We have rarely enjoyed an evening so thoroughly as that he passed with us in our parlour of the inn at Cloghreen, and record it among the greatest treats of our lives.

²⁷ This tradition therefore is founded upon natural causes, and the spectre of O'Donoghue is a real vision. Many such illusions are on record. The mirage of the sands of the East exhibits distorted images of real objects, so as to deceive all travellers. M. Mongé, who accompanied the French army in Egypt, and Dr. Clarke, witnessed and have described these phenomena—lakes, trees, and houses in the midst of a naked desert; and so great was the optical deception, that they would not believe it such till they passed through the apparently lovely spots, and found nothing but a few miserable Arab huts and stunted shrubs in a waste of arid land. Similar appearances are recorded by Scoresby and others, as occurring in the Arctic seas: shapeless icebergs assume the form of towers and battlements and ships riding in harbours. Some of the ships seemed, as by enchantment, floating in the air; which Scoresby afterwards discovered to have been

the reflection of his father's vessel which accompanied him, in the atmosphere, though the real ship was at a distance far beyond that at which objects could be seen by direct vision. From a similar cause arise the "Fata Morgana," in the Straits of Messina, described by Swinburne and others. Beautiful landscapes, with men and cattle in motion, appear on the surface of the seas. These are found to be reflections of objects on the distant opposite coast of Reggio. In certain states of the atmosphere, these spectra are lost as it were on the surface of the sea, and every sheet of water as it passes becomes a distinct mirror reflecting them. But perhaps the most striking of these appearances is the celebrated "Spectre of the Hartz mountains," which kept the district in terror and alarm from time immemorial, till M. Haue, the French chemist, discovered the cause. He went for the express purpose of witnessing the phenomenon; and for thirty mornings climbed the Brocken Mountain, without being gratified. At length, early one morning, he observed on the opposite side of the hill the gigantic figure of a man turned towards him. The distinctness of the form left no doubt of the reality of the figure; while he contemplated the monster with wonder and awe, a sudden gust of wind nearly blew off his hat, and when he put up his hand to hold it on, he observed the giant do the same. He now found that it was nothing more than a dilated image of himself reflected from the surface of an opposite closed atmosphere. No doubt the legend of O'Donoghue took its rise from some similar optical deception. It is said to be seen at the same hour of the morning, and at the same time of the year, as that of the Brocken Spectre. Some horseman riding along the opposite shore of the lake is reflected by the atmospheric mirror, and seems to continue his course along the surface of the water. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the appearances which from time to time terrify the peasantry—and the scene witnessed by Reynolds is thus to be explained.

²⁸ The Promontory derives its name from a legendary personage, who is said, from some unexplained cause, to have leaped across the stream and left his footmarks imprinted in a solid rock on the other side; the guides, of course, point them out to the curious stranger. Impressions of a similar character, closely resembling the human foot, are found in various parts of Ireland; Mr. Windele considers that "in their origin they are druidic." Spenser mentions that he had seen in Ireland stones on which the ceremony of inaugurating chieftains was performed. On one of them he found "formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the

measure of their first captain's foot, whereon he, standing, received an oath to preserve all the auncient former customs of the country inviolable." Boullaye le Gouz, in 1644, notices the print of St. Fin Bar's foot on a stone in the cemetery of the cathedral of Cork—it has long since disappeared. The knees, as well as the feet, have left these impressions on rocks. That of Clough-na-Cuddy, in the demesne of Lord Kenmare at Killarney, is very remarkable. We copy a picture of the famous stone from Mr. Croker's "Legends." At "the Priest's Leap" (according to the story we have elsewhere quoted), his reverence left the marks of his feet and hands as well as his knees. These singular freaks of nature, or remains of art, are regarded with exceeding veneration by the peasantry, who have legends in connexion with every one of them. But we shall illustrate the subject of capsular stones more fully when treating of the county of Tipperary.

²⁹ One of them caught a very severe cold, in consequence of his visit below; and, of course, his illness was attributed to the effects of the curse upon all who put a spade in the Rath. It is the invariable custom to fill up all such openings; first, because it is considered unlucky to the land to leave them open; and next, because occasionally they break the legs of cattle, whose feet stumble in them.

³⁰ The weather had been exceedingly wet for some days before our visit; water had therefore made its way into the cave; but that in dry seasons there was no water there, we had conclusive proof. On examining closely, we found the sides of the cave scraped in a singular manner, the marks being evidently fresh. A little reflection convinced us that this arose from the rabbits, which had made their way in, and had been searching about to find a way out.

³¹ One of them is christened from its singular shape, "O'Donoghue's Heart." Sir Richard was ready as usual with the why and wherefore; but in this instance his interpretation was very Irish—"Gad, sir, we always knew his heart was a big one, but never thought it was so hard."

³² The Gap of Dunloe is famous in song as the favoured haunt of "Kate Kearney"—

"O, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney."

For a century at least, there has always been a "Kate," and no doubt will be to the end of time. A remarkably old woman, a few years ago, inhabited one of the cabins in the Gap; and when

she had numbered five score and six, she received the honourable and not unproductive distinction; this however was not, we presume, the Kate of whom the Poet says

“There’s mischief in every dimple.”

The present “Kate Kearney” we unfortunately did not see, for she was “up de mountain wid de goats.” We heard much of her; and imagine her to be a fine, stout, healthy lass, a worthy descendant of the Milesian giant. Midway in the Gap is a sort of hostelry, that reminded us of the little foreign mountain inns. A long narrow room neatly white-washed, and adorned with a few prints, shelters a very clean deal table, upon which whisky, goat’s-milk, and brown-bread, is placed for the refreshment of travellers who choose to partake thereof. It is a great contrast to the wretched dwelling a little beyond it, where the persons to whom it belongs resided. The woman was making a good linen shirt for her husband; and though the cabin was so dirty, the piggins for milk were exquisitely clean, and the woman told us she had “forty goats through the Glen; but the aigles, bad luck to them, took away every cock and hen she had in the world, *and laughed at her afterwards.*”

³³ The peasants relate several amusing stories of attempts to rob the “Aigle’s Nest;” and many feats are detailed of the efforts of daring mountaineers, to make property of the royal progeny. The Boatmen tell an illustrative anecdote, of a “vagabone” soldier, “Who says, says he, ‘I’ll go bail I’ll rob it,’ says he. ‘Maybe you will, and maybe you won’t,’ says the aigle; and wid that she purtinded to fly off wid herself. So the sodger when he sees that, lets himself down by a long rope he had wid him; and ‘I have ye now by your sharp noses, every mother’s son of ye,’ says he. When all of a sudden out comes the ould aigle, from a thunder cloud, and says very civilly, says she, ‘Good morrow, sir,’ says she; ‘and what brings ye to visit my fine family so airly, before they’ve had their break’ast?’ says she. ‘Oh, nothing at all,’ says the sodger, who ye see was gratefully frightened, ‘only to ax after their health, ma’am,’ says he, ‘and if ere a one of ’em has the tooth-ache, for which I’ve a specific that I brought wid me in my pocket from furrin parts.’ ‘Ye brought some blarney in the other pocket then,’ says the aigle, ‘for don’t I know ye came to stale mee childre?’ ‘Honour bright,’ says the sodger, ‘do you think I’d be doing sich a mane thing?’ ‘I’ll lave it to a neighbour o’ mine whether ye did or no,’ says the aigle. So wid

that, she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the aigle's nest?' In coorse the echo made answer 'to rob the aigle's nest.'—'Hear to that, ye thieving blacguard!' says the aigle; 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a sthroke wid her bake betune the two eyes, that sent him rowling into the lake—and I'll go bail none of his progenitors ever went to rob an aigle's nest after that day."

³⁴ "We gazed at the wood, the rock, and the river, with alternate hope and fear; and we expected, with a pleasing impatience, some very marvellous event. * * * Angels from the sky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donoghue from the river, we every moment expected to appear before us."—*Okenden*. (1760.) "Our single French horn had the harmony of a full concert, and one discharge of our little piece of cannon was multiplied into a thousand reports, with this addition that when the sounds seemed faint, and almost expiring, they revived again, and then gradually subsided. It equals the most tremendous thunder."—*Derrick*. (1760.) "Each explosion awakes a succession of echoes, resembling peals of thunder, varying in number and intensity according to the state of the atmosphere."—*Windele*. "Our imagination endues the mountains with life, and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we for a moment add the power of listening and a voice."—*Inglis*. "The mountains seem bursting with the crash—now it rolls, peal upon peal, through their craggy hollows, till at length, dying away in the distance, all seems over; hark! it rises again; other mountains mimic the thunder, and now it is lost in a low growl among the distant hills."—*Croker*. "A roaring is heard in the bosom of the opposite mountain, like a peal of thunder, or the discharge of a train of artillery, and this echo is multiplied a number of times until it gradually fades away, like the roaring of distant thunder."—*Curry's Guide Book*. "It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight."—*Weld*.

³⁵ We were not lucky enough to secure the prize which a "veritable Amphitryon" might covet; for although Mr. Roche took especial care that our dinner should not be without salmon, we suspect it was "fish out of water" many days. On the Shannon, however, we were more fortunate, having caught, landed, and eaten part of our salmon within a quarter of an hour. We can-

not say if our enjoyment arose from the principle that "the sweetest bread is that which a man earns;" but certainly we never tasted anything so thoroughly delicious.

³⁶ The cottage—sacred to the repose and refreshment of the travellers by land and water—has, beyond even its surpassing pictorial loveliness, a moral charm that hallows it in our memory. A friend of ours in Kinsale had told us of the kindness he once experienced from a woman, to whom Lady Kenmare has intrusted the care of her favourite haunt. This gentleman managed to lose his way on the mountain, where he was discovered, faint, weary, and ill, by one of the farm labourers; the worthy care-taker acted as she well knew her lord and lady would have done—received the wanderer with more than hospitality; and but for her timely aid he must have incurred a severe fit of illness. We ran into the little creek, and landed on the lawn, wandered about the fairy scene for some time, and gathered the fragrant boughs of the bog-myrtle, until warned by some large heat drops of a Killarney shower. To avoid this we retreated, not towards Lady Kenmare's cottage, although it is shown to visitors, but into the cheerful cottage of Mrs. Mc Dowel. In the kitchen, a clean well-furnished room, there were five or six girls of different ages, well-dressed, and well-looking, all actively and pleasantly employed. Two were folding and ironing clothes; clean, "well got up" things, that would do no dishonour to a lady's wardrobe. A little pretty blue-eyed maid was marking a sampler; another, who looked like her twin sister, was, with a very sober countenance, achieving the "turning the heel of a stocking," a mystery we confess we could never understand. Another was kneading dough. All was activity and cheerfulness; the father and his sons were abroad at their husbandry, the mother and her maidens busy in their home; the very cat, instead of sleeping lazily by the fire, was washing her kitten's face. We were shown into the little parlour:—good chairs and tables, a brilliant parrot worked in fair smooth tent-stitch, had just been finished to ornament the room; and there were a few rational books carefully placed, that evinced sound judgment in the selection. The mother of this happy family told us that a master came twice a week to instruct her daughters in plain education, as she did not like sending them to school; she could teach them a great deal of woman's work herself, and thought a mother's eye good over her children. We thought so too. Only let our readers imagine how a slovenly, negligent, dirty family would have marred the fascination of Glenà, and then picture to themselves the harmony that existed between the moral

and pictorial beauty of the scene. Improvement is progressing, and it only remains for those engaged in the work to be patient and united, and then such families as this will cease to be noted as extraordinary. The well-ordered and industrious, though humble household, will live in our memories with the exceeding loveliness of the natural scene.

³⁷ The lake derives its name from the Irish Torc, "a wild boar;" and Mucross, "the place of wild swine." Dinis is derived from Dine-iske, "the beginning of the water;" and Brickeen from Bric-in, "the place of small trout."

³⁸ Some years ago, on the occasion of a viceroy's visit to the lakes, in order to give his Excellency an unusual treat, the current was dammed up for several hours—the barriers to be removed as soon as he made his appearance. Unhappily for the glory of the place, however, one of the equerries rode on before, and the superintendent perceiving the glittering apparel through the trees, imagining that the moment was come, gave the signal, and long before the Viceroy appeared, the assembled waters had mingled with those of the lake.

³⁹ Dr. Smith states that the old bell which originally hung in this tower was, a few years before he wrote, found in the lake; and the "Cork Remembrancer," about the same period (1750), records that "of the bell found in Killarney Lough, the circumference is as big as a table that will hold eight people to dine at. The clapper was eaten away by rust, and they are now making it for a steeple at Killarney." We could not ascertain what had become of it.

⁴⁰ The following gracefully-written epitaph has been carved on the tomb, of which the descendants of the Mac Carthy Mor and the O'Donoghue Mor are now co-tenants:

"What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains
In death's embrace, Mac Carthy's Mor's remains?
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man spares not the good or great;
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls;
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow!

If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here."

⁴¹ A tract of country lying along the banks of the Laune is still distinguished as Mac Carthy More's country. Here, it is said, was the ancient castle of the chieftains of the sept; but their lands probably extended from the lake to the ocean. The Mac Carthy More was the representative of the ancient kings of Munster, and continued for centuries the most powerful prince of Desmond. The castle of "Palice, otherwise Caislean na Cartha," according to Mr. Windele, "stood a naked ruin" so late as 1837, when it was destroyed in the night by an accursed road-jobber, and its materials removed for the repair of the adjoining highway, to the grief and indignation of the whole people of the district. The Mac Carthy More was the elder branch of the Mac Carthys, Lords of Muskeriry (whom we have already mentioned). In 1565, Donald Mac Carthy More was created, by Queen Elizabeth, Earl of Clancare and Viscount Valentia. His haughty followers, however, despised his new title, and slighted their chieftain, who had condescended to accept it at the hands of the Sassenach; and it was speedily laid aside. The power and influence of the Mac Carthy More may be estimated by the extent of his feudal sovereignty. Besides the payment of tributes and other exactions, at his summons, the O'Donoghue of Ross, the O'Donoghue of Glenflesk, Mac Donough of Duhallow, O'Keiff of Dromlariffe, Mac Awley of Clanawly, O'Callaghan of Clounmeene, O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bere, Mac Gillacuddy, and others, were bound to attend him in the field, and furnish sixty horse and fifteen hundred foot.

⁴² It is believed that any person daring to pluck a branch, or in any way attempting to injure this tree, will not be alive on that day twelvemonth. To such an extent has this conviction taken root in the neighbourhood, that we thought our attendant would have fainted on seeing one of us pluck a small twig from the yew.

⁴³ Sir Richard Colt Hoare and Sir John Carr (whose travels in Ireland were published about the years 1816 or 1817) both complain of this evil in the strongest terms. The latter says, "So loaded with contagion is the air in this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values his life, not to enter this abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air

with pestilence, in a spot which nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty." Mr. Herbert, however, knew the Irish better than did the knight. To have "closed the abbey as a place of sepulture," would have been impossible. Their attachment to a place of family burial is notorious; to "lay their bones among their own people," being the hope that clings to them most firmly through life. It is a singular contradiction, that they manifest, notwithstanding, such utter indifference to the decencies of the grave-yard. Mr. Herbert adopted the wiser course of digging a large pit, and conveying into it the relics of mortality that were formerly scattered about the church. Mr. Roche, who assisted at the removal, informed us that the process occupied four men during five weeks; between seven and eight hundred cart-loads having been taken away.

⁴⁴ Only a month ago, we gave a poor woman, an inmate of our parish workhouse, a few shillings. On asking her soon afterwards what she had done with her money, she said she had purchased with it a fine calico under-garment, to be kept for her shroud, that she might be buried decently.

⁴⁵ The wake-feast of the present day, however, is confined to the use of tobacco and snuff. In some cases, indeed, punch is distributed; more rarely still tea and coffee. The practice, first perhaps prompted by hospitality, was carried to injurious, and often ruinous, excess.

⁴⁶ Indeed, sometimes, that event is anticipated by the assembling of friends and neighbours. Mr. Wakefield mentions the following circumstance, which occurred to him at a cottage where he called to inquire after a poor man who was ill of consumption, but who, having a good constitution, seemed likely to live for some time. "I found," says he, "the kitchen full of men and women, all dressed in their Sunday clothes; I, therefore, asked one of them, 'What are they going to do?' and the answer was, 'We are waiting for the wake.' I inquired who was dead. 'No one; but the man within is all but dead, and we are chatting a bit that we may help the widow to lift him when the breath goes out of his body.'"

⁴⁷ There is among the peasantry a religious order, called "The Order of the Virgin," the members of which, male and female, are always buried in a brown habit. The duties of this order are to say, daily, certain stated prayers. The garment is always prepared long before death.

⁴⁸ Salt has been considered by all nations as an emblem of friendship; and it was anciently offered to guests at an entertain-

ment as a pledge of welcome. In Egypt, and the neighbouring idolatrous countries, salt, when strewed about, was emblematic of calamity and desolation. Hence the popular superstition respecting "spilling the salt." The Persian Berhani Kattea, cited by Wait, explains the phrase, "to have salt upon the liver," as a metaphor expressive of enduring calamity upon calamity, and torment upon torment.

49 The Irish words "Caoin" and "Cointhe" cannot easily be pronounced according to any mode of writing them in English. The best idea that can be given of the pronunciation, is to say that the word has a sound between that of the English words "Keen" and "Queen." The word was anciently written Cine (Cine), and was similar to the Hebrew קנה, i. e. Lamentation, —*lamentatio planctus, ploratus*.—Vide 2 Sam. i. 17. To enter, with any degree of minuteness, into the antiquity of the Keen, and the arguments in support of its Eastern origin and character, would be impossible within reasonable limits. "The custom," observes the Rev. G. N. Wright, "of pouring forth a loud strain of lamentation at the funerals of their friends and relatives, though now probably peculiar to Ireland, is of very ancient date, and can be traced back to heathen origin with tolerable certainty. As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point: the Hebrew is *Huluul*; the Greek, *Ololuzō*; the Latin, *Ululo*; and the Irish *Hulluloo*. If it be then of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair, but, if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs, to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the sacred Scriptures many passages proving the existence of this practice among those who used the Hebrew tongue—'Call for the mourners,' &c. 'Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,' &c. Its existence amongst persons speaking the Greek tongue is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced mourning over Hector's dead body. It is not alleged that the Greeks introduced the name or the custom, but that the Greeks were in Ireland might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at Trim, in the county of Meath, and also from the life of St. Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, where mention is made of Bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Amongst the Romans there were women called *Præfices*, who uttered *conclamatio*; and Virgil, speaking of Dido's funeral, says, '*Fœmineo ululatu tecta fremunt*.' The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral ceremony before the govern-

ment of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers or Keeners (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish) are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals, among those of the twelve tables—'Mulier ne faciem carpito'—'Mulieres genas ne radunto.' The antiquity of this custom is thus established beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror."

⁵⁰ Two English gentlemen, one an officer, visiting Killarney a few years ago, were exceedingly anxious to be present at a wake; and as their stay was to be very brief, they had some fear that their curiosity was not likely to be gratified. The carman who drove them, overhearing their conversation, at once removed all dread on the subject, by information that "a dacent boy, a cousin of his, died suddenly that very morning; and sure he was to be waked that night; only, as his people lived far up the mountain, it would be troublesome to bring him into the town." To oblige their honours, however, the thing was to be done. Of course, the news was followed by a liberal donation; and a promise of whiskey enough to make the party merry. Evening came, and with it the two gentlemen. The body of "my poor cousin" was laid out in proper style; the empty bottles were filled by contributions from the strangers; and an ample supply of pipes and tobacco was also procured. The evening commenced; one visitor after another dropt in; some expressing their astonishment and horror at finding "laid out" the hearty young man they walked and talked with yesterday. The affair was proceeding capitally; the Englishmen asking questions, and passing comments upon the novel and singular scene; until, after some remark more than ordinarily ludicrous, the mouth of the corpse was observed to have a sudden twinge. One of the strangers noted the fact, and, starting up, exclaimed, "By Jove, the rascal is alive!" and at the same moment thrust a lighted cigar against his cheek. The dead man instantly started up, grave-clothes and all, made a rush to the door, fortunately plunged through it, and ran along the road, pursued by the exasperated officer. The dead outran the living—or there might have been a wake in earnest. It is needless to add, that the carman and his friends speedily vanished.

⁵¹ Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most

people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no incurious speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

⁵² The facility of producing rhymes in Irish arises from this, that *vocal* rhymes are sufficient for poetry. Provided the closing vowels be the same, like consonants are unnecessary—contrary to the laws of rhyme in other tongues.

⁵³ Thus a corpse, passing through Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, is always carried round the pump, because the old cross stood there in former times; and there is a certain gate of the same town, (for a considerable part of the fortifications remain,) through which a corpse is never carried, though in their direct course, because it was through that gate that Cromwell entered the town.

⁵⁴ In August, 1839, our informant saw lying, amongst the nettles in the burial ground at Mucross, a coffin, the lid of which had been removed, and in it there lay exposed to the unhallowed gaze of curiosity, a body in an awful state of decomposition, which had been left there by its relations, because they were not strong enough to possess themselves of some particular nook in the abbey, which was defended by the friends of a body already in possession; which this party would have exhumed, but failing to do so, threw the coffin into the nettles, and suffered it to remain unburied.

⁵⁵ A distinguished lecturer on anatomy in Cork, Dr. Woodroffe, whose name is familiar to men of science in every quarter of the globe, related to us some sterling anecdotes in illustration of the strength of this feeling among the humbler Irish. He was once summoned hastily to visit a family of considerable respectability, the head of which had died of apoplexy. He was the only son of his mother—and she was a widow. Dr. Woodroffe described the scene with a degree of eloquence in which we should vainly attempt to follow him. The "neighbours," poor as well as rich, had gradually strolled into the room in which the corpse lay; and the narrow chamber was crowded. The departed had been loved and respected by all; and there was everywhere signs of earnest sympathy in his fate. The agony of the bereaved household was absolutely appalling. The doctor tried several experi-

ments with a view to restore life—or rather to satisfy the eager demands of the survivors; for he well knew that all human efforts were vain. Every minute the mother murmured, “Doctor, doctor, give me back my good son!” At length he prepared to depart, when the half-frantic woman seized him by the arm, exclaiming, in a very angry voice, “I say, you shall give me back my brave son!” The doctor placed his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a deep and impressive tone, while the whole room was hushed, “Woman, apply to God—*can I raise the dead?*” Instantly, the solemnity of the scene was broken by a voice screaming out from a far corner of the apartment, “Raise the dead! raise the dead! that ye can, ye thieving villain—didn’t ye take my poor mother out of her quiet grave, in Douglas churchyard, bare three weeks ago?” On another occasion, the doctor, driving in one of the hired cars from Passage to Cork, observed that a pretty young country girl was his fellow-traveller; and on returning at night found she was again in his company. The circumstance led to a conversation; and the girl told him she had been to Kilcrea to see her grandmother buried, for the robber-doctor had sworn he would have the old woman’s body; and she (the granddaughter) had sworn to baulk him. Our readers will easily imagine that a curious and amusing scene ensued; the unsuspecting girl frankly explaining the mode she had adopted to keep her oath, which consisted principally in her having interred the body in a remote corner of the old abbey, and covered it with large stones. The dialogue was terminated only by the doctor’s saying, “Well, if Dr. Woodroffe said he would have her, you may be sure he will keep his word—for I am Dr. Woodroffe.” The astonished and terrified girl screamed to the driver to stop the car; sprung off—ran back to Cork—instantly proceeded to Kilcrea, a distance of several miles; and having explained her case, had no difficulty in procuring assistance to remove her old grandmother from the place she had, in her simplicity, pointed out to the very person from whom she most desired to conceal it.

⁵⁶ In Ireland, as we have said, they keep their relatives but a short time from the grave, after death. We expressed much pain at this hurrying mortality to decay. “Yah!” said an old Kerry man, “sure they could not afford to keep it longer, even the richest of us.” “How do you mean ‘afford,’ my good friend? the dead require no entertainment.” “Avick! no—but the living do. Sure no one would lave a corpse widout company, and company must have welcome; and how could they afford the entertainment

for more than three days at most? Sure they never turn the neighbours out while the corpse is in; that's the custom of the country, my lady, you see."

⁵⁷ This means—"Did he suffer severely at the last?"

⁵⁸ Of course the several legends connected with the name of the O'Donoghue have their source in this, his Castle of Ross. The peasantry will point out the window from which he leaped into the lake when he exchanged his sovereignty on earth for that of the waters under it. He was endowed, they say, with the gift of transforming himself into any shape, and his wife requested him to exhibit some of his transformations before her. He warned her, that if he did so, and she displayed any symptoms of fear, they would be separated for ever. She still persisted, in the spirit of female curiosity, and in perfect confidence that she could look on unmoved. On his assuming, however, some very terrible shape, she shrieked with terror. He immediately sprang from the window into the lake below, and remains there an enchanted spirit; his enchantment to continue until, by his brief annual ride, the silver shoes are worn out by the attrition of the surface of the water. Lady Chatterton observes that "the tale respecting O'Donoghue's subaqueous immortality, was first printed in a French romance, entitled '*Hypolite, Comte de Douglas*,' which is known to have been the production of the Comtesse d'Aunoy, who died 1705." And from the curious chain of argument which Lady Chatterton skilfully forges—we use the word metaphorically—it would appear that the immortal chieftain can be no other person than the identical O'Donoghue, who surrendered Ross Castle to the Parliamentary General Ludlow. Of the race of the O'Donoghues, "the Annals of Innisfallen" have furnished various particulars, which give a pretty clear insight into the character of gone-by times when "might made right," and illustrate the utter insecurity of life and property, that kept the "petty kings" always armed lest the stronger should come and strip them. From the year 1024 to 1238, of the "Kings of Locha Lein," nineteen out of twenty were "slain;" some in open fight, some by treachery, and some having been previously driven out of their territories. The last item in the dismal account stands thus:—"Jeffrey O'Donoghue, and Saova, daughter of Douchad Cairbreach O'Brien, his wife, as also his brother and his three sons, burned in his house at the garden of the Greenford, by Fineen M'Donnell Gud, being betrayed by his own huntsman." Among the "fierce leaders of battles," nevertheless, there were a few distinguished as "gentle at arms;" and some "who never

forsook the muse." The list, however, which gives so dark a picture of the age, refers to the O'Donoghue of the glens, and not to the ancestors of the spirit chieftain. Yet the milder branch has altogether withered and vanished; while of the "turbulent," the "ruthless," the "proud and stern in battle," the representative still exists.

⁵⁹ "Some repose their hopes on saints and angels;

Jesus,

Revered is that venerated name which has saved us.

Here, with his father, lies Thomas, by surname Chudleigh,
 For the kings of the English both built ships.
 The father's skill was uncommon; alas! alas! *his* life was short
 He caused a ship to sail on the land,
 That the ship did sail on the land Kerry well knows,
 The tower of Ross taken with difficulty proves.
 Proceed Muse, I implore; study to sing the *praises* of the son.
 He was very ingenious, skilled in the same art,
 He built a ship for the King to which Kinsale gives a name:
 He built, but to another great praise was given,
 He built this, I say, reader, though another bore away the honours.
 Thus for another, not for itself, the vine affords sweet grapes;
 Thus for another, not for himself, the horse bears heavy burdens;
 Thus for another, not for himself, the dog courses over the plains;
 Thus for another, not for herself, the ship herself sails the seas."

The descendants of the ship-builder are still living, and the name of the ship of war, "the Kinsale," appears in the old Navy Lists. The dockyards of Kinsale were famous for a very long period.

⁶⁰ "To the antiquary, the discovery of these early works at Ross is of some value, as imparting a distinctness and certainty to a somewhat, otherwise, nebulous portion of Irish history on which doubts had fallen, and thus verifying those much-disputed statements of the early working of mines in Ireland, which some would have treated as figments."—*Windele*.

⁶¹ The original work, written, and for several centuries preserved, in the Abbey of Innisfallen, is now in the Bodleian library. It is on parchment, in medium quarto, and contains fifty-seven leaves. The earlier portion consists of extracts from the Old Testament, and a history of the ancient world down to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, in 432. From this period it treats exclusively of the affairs of Ireland—terminating with A.D. 1319.

It appears to have been the production of two monks; one of whom carried it to the year 1216, and the other continued it to the year 1320. There are several copies of it extant; one of which is in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe; part of this was translated and printed in 1825 by Dr. O'Connor. The facts are narrated in the smallest compass, and present a dry but sad "succession of crimes, wars, and rebellions." Sir James Ware selected and published several passages, to which he refers as authorities; a single quotation may satisfy the curiosity of our readers:—"Anno 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the Macarthis. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege, by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

⁶² One amusing anecdote of quizzing an Englishman was related to us in the Gap of Dunloe. We met a donkey, with a coating of hair so long as to resemble that of the llama. John, our Cork driver, turned out of his way to look at it; and so suggested to one of our guides to have some fun with the "Corkeen." "Have you any *bastes* of that kind in Cork?" was the question. "Is it asses you mane?" was John's question in return. "Oh no!—bedad we know they're plenty enough in Cork; they needn't import them any how. But sure that's not an ass." "Not an ass!" "Yarra, man alive! when did ye see an ass with such a coat as that on its back?" John looked doubtingly at the mass of shaggy hair that was standing listlessly in the middle of the road; and its coat was so long that only the tips of its ears were visible above the shag. "Bedad it *is* a quare baste sure enough," said John at last; "but now before ye'll have time to invint any fresh lie about him, and sure you Kerry boys are quick at that—I'll tell ye that's the same baste the taylor in Patrick Street got to make the dandy coats from, the gentlemen are so mighty fond of wearing now." This little jest raised John immediately in the estimation of his companions, and led to a recital of the following story. "There were two young gentlemen here last summer, mighty dandy chaps intirely, and we couldn't make out what country they belonged to, purtending they couldn't understand us. And sure enough we could return the

compliment, for their words war fine-drawn, finer than flax, twenty cuts to the dozen—they bothered the life out of us with questions, and kept putting down everything they saw or heard in their bits of notebooks. One of 'em was from Americay, I believe; and his comarade called him 'Willey.' Well, they war just the sort—for we're used to them, and can see asy enough whether they have a good heart to the country or not; they war just the sort to misrepresent everything, not out of badness, but from being strangers to our ways; and so we thought we'd give them some fine big lies to carry home; and we met that baste in the Gap: and 'that's the original Irish ass, yer honours,' said I, 'the true breed;'—well, that went down in the book wid a sketch. 'That's the discendant, and the only one living in the counthry, yer honors, of the *rale* one, that O'Donoghue was riding for divarshin the evening the waters broke in upon him, 'Are you *sure* of that?' said one. 'It's as thrue, sir,' I made answer, 'as that it's the *rale* animal;'—well, *that* went down, and then they *coshered* together, and said 'that was a *singular* fact;' and so I thought I'd give them another to make it *plural*. 'There's an ould ancient woman in the Gap, makes beautiful stockings out of its hair,' I says; 'and if yer honors would like a pair, just as a curiosity, I think I could get them maybe as a favour; and then no one could misdoubt, when you had them to show;'—well, they took wonderful to the stockings, and got some; fine, grey, *coorse* stockings they war, made out of the wool of the Kerry sheep; and the ould woman caught the *wind of the word* cute enough, and was up to the thing at once;—well, they paid her for them more than what she ax'd, and yet her conscience wasn't altogether *tinder* about the price; and, och! O, yea, just to hear how they talked to each other in a furrin tongue that sounded mighty like *bog Latin*, and put the stockings by so careful." "What a shame!" we exclaimed. "Oh! it was only a bit of a spree!—an innocent joke for divarshin. Yarra! sure the strangers get many a laugh out of poor Paddy, and it would ill become us *not to return the compliment*."

⁶³ It is now ascertained that the height of Mangerton is 2,550 feet, while that of Carran Tuel is 3,410.

⁶⁴ It is said that Charles James Fox is the only person who ever ventured to swim across the lake. During his residence at Killarney, the christian name of the barber who attended him was Nicholas; and it was a frequent boast of the "*Ultimus Romanorum*," as Fox is styled by the great poet-biographer of the age,

that he was "shaved by old Nick in the morning; swam across the Devil's punch bowl at noon; and got as drunk as the Devil at night."

⁶⁵ The visitor must procure his "guide-books," if he desires them, before he leaves Cork, for he will not obtain them in Killarney. These books are, of course, numerous; but, as a mere key to the lakes, the old work of Mr. Weld continues without a rival. It is now, however, very scarce. The volumes of "Legends of the Lakes," by T. C. Croker, are capital in their way, but contain far more to excite a laugh than to convey knowledge. Curry's "Guide Book" is useful as a cheap directory, and it is exceedingly correct as well as, considering its size, comprehensive. The book, however, that no one should be without, is that by Mr. Windele, entitled "Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork and its Vicinity, Gougaun Barra, Glengariff, and Killarney."—Published by Bolster, Cork. It is full of information upon a variety of topics, and will prove at once a most efficient guide and a most agreeable companion. Since the above note was written, the authors of this work have published a small volume, entitled "A Week at Killarney," which contains the whole of the matter printed in this work, with many additions:—they may describe it as "A Guide to the Lakes," for they carefully collected all the information that might seem to be of service to the tourist: to this book they may presume to direct the attention of those who contemplate a visit to this beautiful and romantic district.

⁶⁶ Among the inducements to visit the lakes, there is one we cannot omit to notice. For a description of it we must draw upon a friend, as we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness it; we allude to one of Killarney's far-famed stag-hunts.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that its mountains abound with red deer. Torc alone contains many hundreds, and in the summer evenings they may be heard belling on all sides of its lake. The hounds are now kept by Mr. Herbert; a famous pack, well suited to the wildness of these glens. The place of meeting on this occasion was Derricunnihy, the beautiful cascade on the Upper Lake. The morning was fine, and we procured one of the many fine boats which are to be hired at Killarney. They were all in requisition; nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene as we threaded along the various windings between the Upper and Lower Lake; boats, lustily manned, filled with ladies, whose gay attire and cheerful faces caused even the mountains to sing with pleasure, for the merry laugh from each boat as it passed the far-famed Eagle's Nest was returned tenfold by its echoes, which

kept up a constant reply to the view-halloo of the boatmen, the bugle of the helmsman, and the fainter cadence of the female voice. At length we reached the Upper Lake, and were surprised at the number, beauty, and appointment of the various boats;—Lord Headley's with his crew, Mr. O'Connell's, O'Sullivan's, &c. &c., the flags bearing their respective mottoes, all eagerly awaiting the moment of action. At length Mr. Herbert arrived in a splendid cutter, manned by some old college friends, himself pulling stroke—his blue banner bearing the title of his bark, the "Colleen Dhas" (the beautiful maid). The hounds were now laid on, and soon made the echoes ring with their music. We pulled along shore parallel with their cry; at length we turned into a bay at the bottom of the lake, and then lay to by the advice of our boatmen. We had scarcely reached the spot when the helmsman raised his hand in silence, and pointed towards the glens; we saw a majestic stag bounding towards us. Within a few yards of our boat he dashed into the lake, and was quickly followed by the hounds, tracking him with fatal accuracy. They soon reached the opposite shore, and climbed the mountain-side; at length the bugle sounded, and a hundred voices proclaimed that the monarch of Torc had fallen. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of the peasantry, the beauty of the rowing—all contributed to render interesting this novel pastime.

⁶⁷ Of the hundreds of books of "Travels in Ireland," there is scarcely one that does not bear testimony to its abundant sources of interest and enjoyment; and of late the only ground of complaint—habits of intemperance,—which frequently produced discord and danger, has been entirely removed. To the security with which persons may journey we have already made reference—in no country is a stranger so completely secured from injury and insult; and nowhere is the property of a traveller in greater safety. We might fill a dozen pages with extracts from the works of travellers, which recommend, in stronger terms than those we have used, a visit to Ireland as a means of obtaining pleasure and information. We shall content ourselves with one, selecting a passage from the interesting and valuable volumes of Lady Chatterton, who is not only an English lady, but one who has travelled through every state of Europe. To her experience we are indebted for this evidence in support of our opinion:—"After having travelled so much over the dusty and beaten track infested by the usual summer tourists abroad, I find infinite pleasure in exploring the grass-grown and interesting nooks of deserted Ire-

land; in arriving at inns where they do not know by rote the whole list of one's wants; where the landlady's face expresses a refreshing mixture of surprise, awe, and pleasure, in which cannot be detected that cold, confident, sum-total-of-a-bill sort of look, which is visible on the blazé'd countenances of foreign innkeepers. My ill health makes me often peevish and impatient at the sight of a bad bed when travelling; and the poor chambermaid has much trouble to content me in the arrangement of it, which I generally superintend myself. In the midst of my fretfulness I have often been amused with the impatient and contemptuous toss of the head with which the French *fille-de-chambre* unwillingly assists my innovations on the established rules of bed-making—so unreasonable in her eyes. I have smiled at the muttered '*Che seccatura, che donna capriziosa!*' of a dark-eyed Italian; and have observed the imperturbable air and plodding obedience of German *mädchens*; and the half-provoked, half-dull stare of the English chambermaid. But 'tis only in Ireland that my peculiarities have met with compassionate sympathy from the eager and kindly sensitive, ragged maid-of-all-work, of a little unfrequented inn. This is the more strange, as the girl has, perhaps, never slept on anything better than a 'lock of straw' herself, and therefore the most uncomfortable bed would appear in her eyes luxurious in the extreme."

⁶⁸ This river ceases to be navigable at a place called Blackstones, where the river from the mountains rushes into it, through large masses of black rock, from whence its name. At this spot, one of the prettiest on the Lake, Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, established, about the end of the seventeenth century, a little colony of Englishmen, who selected the site for a foundry for smelting iron, both for the convenience of water carriage, and the neighbourhood of the large forests that then covered the country. Of this little settlement there still exist very interesting remains: their furnace is almost perfect, surrounded with large heaps of clinkers, the residue of the iron stove, and the ruined gables of their habitations, amongst which can be discovered that of their clergyman and their chapel. A very peculiar interest attaches to those remains of by-gone industry. The destruction of the Irish woods must have been a very profitable speculation, which could have induced them to encounter the many difficulties of their situation, where they were obliged to form their little gardens on the bare rocks with earth brought a distance of many miles, and where their only communication for provisions and the export of their iron was by the lake. Large

masses of iron have been found in turning up the ground; and the hops they planted for their ale are now growing wild in the woods. They remained some years in the county; until, indeed, they had consumed nearly all the timber.

⁶⁹ In "Hone's Every-day Book," hurling is described as a game "peculiar to Cornwall." According to the account there given, it differs materially from the Irish game. "It is played with a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which is sometimes gilt, and has commonly a motto—'Fair play is good play.' The success depended on catching the ball dexterously when thrown up, or dealt, and carrying it off expeditiously, in spite of all opposition from the adverse party; or, if that be impossible, throwing it into the hands of a partner who, in his turn, exerts his efforts to convey it to his own goal, which is often three or four miles distant."

⁷⁰ Matches are made, sometimes, between different town-lands or parishes, sometimes by barony against barony, and not unfrequently county against county; when the "crack men" from the most distant parts are selected, and the interest excited is proportionably great. About half a century ago, there was a great match played in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, between the Munster men and the men of Leinster. It was got up by the then Lord Lieutenant and other sporting noblemen, and was attended by all the nobility and gentry belonging to the Vice-Regal Court, and the beauty and fashion of the Irish capital and its vicinity. The victory was contended for, a long time, with varied success; and at last it was decided in favour of the Munster men, by one of that party running with the ball on the point of his hurley, and striking it through the open windows of the Vice-Regal carriage, and by that manœuvre baffling the vigilance of the Leinster goals-men, and driving it in triumph through the goal. This man is still living; his name is Mat. Healy, and he has been many years a resident in London. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, there were several good matches played on Kennington Common, between the men of St. Giles's and those of the eastern parts of the metropolis; the affair being got up by the then notorious Lord Barrymore and other noblemen who led the sporting circles of the time.

⁷¹ The passion for knowledge received not many years ago a singular and striking illustration. The people who inhabited a rude district of the Commera mountains felt the necessity of a teacher for their children. They were a half-savage race, who had "squatted" among the rocks and bogs, parts of which they had

reclaimed so as to afford them something beyond the means of existence. They could, however, offer very little inducement to a schoolmaster to settle among them; every temptation was tried without effect; at length they resolved upon a daring expedient to remove the evil of which they complained. They took forcible possession of a Domine, and conveyed him by night from a distance of several miles to the vicinity of their rude mountain-huts. He was freely and bountifully given everything to make him comfortable; a cabin was built for him; his "garden" was dug and planted; a "slip of a pig" was added to his household goods; and he was told that he had only to order to have aught that the "neighbours" could procure him. But he was closely watched, and given clearly to understand that until he had educated one of his new pupils, and fitted him to supply his place, he was not permitted to wander a mile from his domicile. This imprisonment actually continued for five years; and it will, perhaps, surprise no one to learn, that when the Domine obtained permission to visit his old friends, and communicate to them the fact of his being still in existence, he positively refused to stir, and died among the people to whom he had become attached, and whose children's children he lived to educate. We believe such occurrences are not uncommon; circumstances brought this one under our especial notice. The feeling is by no means confined to the peasantry; there is a mania for giving youths a classical education, which in the middle class is decidedly inimical to the commercial interests of the country. A young man may have a liberal and polished education without entering a University; doing so, frequently unfits him for the ordinary routine of business; he is but too apt to imbibe a taste for display, at variance with the sober and honest duties of middle life.

⁷² Pretend to know.

⁷³ Taken ill.

⁷⁴ A square of flannel, or shawl.

⁷⁵ A figure of speech.

⁷⁶ Soggarth, young priest.

⁷⁷ A poor scholar never considers himself a beggar, nor is he ever so considered—he *travels for learning*, and this bare fact entitles him to respect and assistance—it is regarded in the light of a pilgrimage, but not beggary.

⁷⁸ Dr. Smith gives a striking account of the perils through which the penitents passed. To the top of the Great Skellig there is but one path, and that so difficult that few people are hardy enough to attempt it. Upon the flat part of the island are several

cells, said to have been chapels—for “here stood anciently an abbey of canons regular of St. Austin.” “They are built in the ancient Roman manner, of stone curiously closed and jointed, without either mortar or cement, and are impervious to the air and wind, being circular stone arches at the top.” Upon this subject we shall have some remarks to offer hereafter. Dr. Smith’s description of the superstitious ceremonies performed here by the peasantry is interesting; the more so as, if even in his time “the zeal of devotees” was cooling, in ours it is more than likely to vanish altogether. “Here,” he says, “are several stone crosses erected, at which the pilgrims perform certain stationary prayers, and have peculiar orisons to perform at each station. When they have visited the cells and chapels, they ascend the top of the rock, part of which is performed by squeezing through a hollow part resembling the funnel or shaft of a chimney, which they term the *Needle’s Eye*. This ascent (although there are holes and steps cut into the rock to climb by) is far from being gained without trouble; but when this obstacle is surmounted, the pilgrim arrives at a small flat place, about a yard broad, which slopes away down both sides of the rock to the ocean; on the further side of this flat, which, from its narrowness on the top, is a kind of isthmus, the ascent is gained by climbing up a smooth sloping rock, that only leans out a very little, and this they call the *Stone of Pain*, from the difficulty of its ascent; there are a few shallow holes cut into it, where they fix their hands and feet, and by which they scramble up. This kind of sloping wall is about twelve feet high, and the danger of mounting it seems terrible, for if a person should slip, he might tumble on either side of the isthmus down a precipice headlong many fathoms into the sea; when this difficult passage is surmounted, the remaining part of the way up to the highest summit of the rock is much less difficult. On the top are two stations to visit, where there are also some stone crosses; the first is called the *Eagle’s Nest*, probably from its extreme height; for here, a person seems to have got into the superior region of the air, and it is ascended by the help of some steps cut into the rock without much difficulty. If the reader can conceive a person, poised as it were, or rather perched, on the summit of this pinnacle, beholding the vast expanse of the ocean all around him, except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like so many low houses, overlooked from the lofty dome of some cathedral; he may be able to form some idea of the tremendousness and awfulness of such a prospect. The second station which the devotees have to visit on this height, and which is

attended with the utmost horror and peril, is, by some, called the *Spindle*, and by others, the *Spit*; which is a long narrow fragment of the rock, projecting from the summit of this frightful place over a raging sea; and this is walked to by a narrow path of only two feet in breadth and several feet in length. Here the devotees, women as well as men, get astride on this rock, and so edge forward, until they arrive at a stone cross, which some bold adventurer cut formerly on its extreme end, and here, having repeated a *pater-noster*, returning from thence concludes the penance. To get back down the *Stone of Pain* is attended with some address, in order to land safe on the rock, which I called an isthmus. Many persons, about twenty years ago, came from the remotest parts of Ireland to perform these penances, but the zeal of such adventurous devotees hath been very much cooled of late."

79 The Pacata Hibernia notices the siege and taking of Ardfert Castle by Sir Charles Wilmot; and the same page relates an incident frightfully illustrative of the period. "Ardart for some nine days made good defence, and had burned with fireworks such boards and timber as Sir Charles had placed against the wall of the castle for his men's safety as they undermined. But at the last, Sir Charles sent for a saker out of an Englishman's ship (which one Hill, the master, lent him), with a purpose only to break open the door of the castle, for the walls were too strong for so small a piece to offend. The rebels at the sight of the saker yielded; Sir Charles hanged the constable; the rest of the ward, which was but eight, with the women and children, were spared. Towards the latter of August, Maurice Stack, the brave undertaker before spoke of, was by Honore ny' Brien, wife to the Lord of Lixnaw, invited to dine with her, in her husband's castle of Beaulieu, in Kerry; at which time Donnell Obrien, brother both to her and the Earl of Thomond, was then with his sister. Dinner being ended, the young lady desired to speak with the said Stack privately in her chamber, where, after a little time spent, and disagreeing about the matter then in speech, the lady cried out unto Dermond Kewghe Mac Corman, William Odonichan, and Edmond Oheher (being at the chamber door), 'Do you not hear him misuse me in words?' Whereupon with their skenes they instantly murdered him in the place; as soon as he was slain, she sent unto her husband, and willed the murderers to repair unto him. Of this barbarous and inhuman act, some say that this lady was the principal agent, though some of her friends have since sought to excuse her. The Earl of Tho-

mond upon the knowledge of it was so infinitely grieved, and for the same held his sister in such detestation, as from that day forwards (to the day of her death), which was not many months after (as I think), he never did see her, nor could not abide the memory of her name. But, howsoever, this worthy subject (more worthy than whom there was no one of Ireland birth of his quality) was thus shamefully butchered as you have heard. The Lord of Lixnaw, not satiated with his blood (traitorously and shamefully shed), the next day after he hanged Thomas Encally Stack, the brother of the said Maurice Stack, whom he had held prisoner a long time before."

⁸⁰ A fort called the Fort Del Ore, was built by the Spaniards close to Smerwick; they received—in 1580—a considerable reinforcement, and assumed so formidable a position, that the Earl of Ormond "marched towards them." Being, however, unprovided with artillery and provisions, he retired without attacking the foreigners; but on his way back he encountered Sir Walter Raleigh with some other captains, and together they advanced towards the enemy. "Captain Rawlegh," says the historian, "having been well acquainted with the custom of the Irish, remained in ambush, and waited until several of Desmond's Kerns came into the forsaken camp, to pick up whatever the English might have left, when he immediately fell upon them with his men, and cut many of them to pieces." The Spaniards and the Irish being close pressed by land and sea, and after many vain sallies, surrendered "at discretion." The usual system was adopted. The Spaniards were all, except their commander, put to the sword, and the Irish were hanged to a man. The cruelty, however, it would appear, "displeased the Queen;" the English, according to the admission of the historian, "having no excuse for it, but the smallness of their army (being only equal in number to the enemy), the scarcity of provisions, and the near approach of the Irish rebels." The butchery is, and ever will be, a foul stain upon the memory of Raleigh: it was a gratuitous and merciless act of slaughter, utterly indefensible; and was so considered in England, where Sir Walter had some difficulty in clearing himself of the charge that arose out of it. It was, however, but in keeping with the whole of the system pursued by the English in these parts: they gave their Irish foes no quarter, and seem to have considered their courage and endurance only as additional reasons for their extermination. The "*Pacata Hibernia*" describes such atrocities without the smallest approach to sympathy with the sufferers. The details of the sieges of several

castles in this vicinity, although full of horrors, are highly interesting. Glin Castle, in the county of Limerick, but on the borders of Kerry, was gallantly defended by the Knight of the Valley. The knight's son, a child of six years old, was in the President's hands, "ready at his will to be executed." To terrify the warders, "he caused the child to be set upon the top of one of the gabions," sending word to the garrison, "that they should have a faire marke to bestow their small shott upon." The knight made answer, that fear for the boy's life should not make his followers forbear to direct their volleys against their enemies, for the mother who bore him still lived and might have more sons. The President, however, changed his mind, and the "poor child was removed." The knight was slain in a sally. The "rebels" retired to the battlements of the castle, "to sell their lives as deare as they could." "In conclusion, some were slaine in the place, and others leapt from the top of the castle into the water underneath it, where our guards killed them."

⁸¹ Tarbert is on the confines of the county of Limerick, and was the seat of Sir Edward Leslie, Bart.; from whence Lord Macartney embarked for his government of Madras in 1781.

⁸² The account of the siege, as published in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," is exceedingly interesting. As a chamber was preparing to place the powder in a mine to blow up the castle, a spring of water gushed out in such abundance, that Sir Charles was obliged to begin a new work, which he carried under ground to the midst of a vault in the castle. The work being perceived by the garrison, they called out for mercy, but he would hear of no other terms but their surrendering at discretion. The ward, being eighteen men, submitted on their knees, but the women and children were suffered to depart. Nine of the English having been shot during the siege, he presently caused the same number of prisoners to be hanged; and by the President's order, the residue were soon after executed, as they had all of them been under protection, except an Irish priest, named Sir Dermot Mac Brodie, who was pardoned for the following reason:—It happened that, upon surrendering the castle, the Lord Kerry's eldest son, then but five years old, was carried away by an old woman, almost naked, and besmeared with dirt. Wilmot detached a party in search of him, who returned without finding the child; but the priest proposed, if Sir Charles would spare his life and that of the child, to discover where he was: which being granted, he went with a captain's guard to a thick wood, six miles from the castle, which was almost impassable, where, in a hollow cave ("not

much unlike by description to Cacus his denne, or the mouth of Avernus"), they found the old woman and the child, whom they brought to Sir Charles, who sent both the priest and the child to the Lord President.

⁸³ "The cliffs of Ballybunian are even less remarkable for their dimensions, than they are for the singular form of rocks, which seem as if carved by the hand of man; and, independently of the lofty mural precipices, whose angular proportions present every variety of arrangement, as in Smugglers' Bay, where they oftentimes are semicircularly arranged, like the grain-work of an arch, or the tablets or small strings running round a window, or are piled above one another in regular succession, presenting a geological phenomenon of great grandeur and magnificence; they have also other distinct beauties, which originate frequently in similar causes."—*Ainsworth*.

⁸⁴ Although Dungarvan occupies but a very minor position in history, one very interesting circumstance is connected with it. In 1649, it was besieged and taken by Cromwell, who, having ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, rode into the town at the head of his "ironsides." It is stated that, at the precise moment upon which the fate of many hundreds depended, a woman, named Nagle, forced her way through the ranks, with a flagon of beer in her hand, and drank the General's health, calling upon him to pledge her. It is added that Cromwell not only very gallantly accepted the challenge, but was so pleased with the woman's courage and courtesy, that he retracted his order for carnage and pillage, and permitted his soldiers to partake of the liquor which they, heated and thirsty, found very refreshing, and which the servants of the woman abundantly supplied. Smith, who relates the anecdote, gives no authority for it.

⁸⁵ The bridge was commenced in the year 1829, and finished in the year 1832, at a cost of somewhat less than £18,000. The architect was Mr. Nimmo; the resident engineer during the erection of it was J. E. Jones, Esq., who is now successfully pursuing his profession in London. Until the bridge was built, a dangerous ferry of nearly a half a mile was the only means of communication at this point between the two counties, except by going a distance of sixteen Irish miles by the bridge of Lismore. Youghal bridge is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom; it is 1,542 feet in length, and is composed of forty-seven bays of thirty feet span. Its breadth is twenty-two feet; and height above high-water ten feet.

⁸⁶ On the west end of this ruined church are several carvings

in basso-relievo, which, although much injured by time, are evidently illustrations of sacred history: one of them represents "Adam and Eve with the Tree of Knowledge between them," and another the "Judgment of Solomon."

⁸⁷ Dr. Smith, in his *History of Waterford*, settles the matter at once, by affirming that this at Ardmore was used for a belfry or steeple, there being towards the top not only four windows to let out the sound, but also three pieces of oak still remaining, on which the bell was hung. "There are also," he adds, "two channels cut in the sill of the door, where the rope came out, the ringer standing below the door withoutside." We shall see, however, that the learned Doctor has been very unsuccessful in carrying conviction to the Irish antiquaries generally—although some of them entirely agree with him—the "pieces of oak still remaining" whereon to hang the bell, being regarded as of no value on the question.—In fact, some others of the round towers, at this day, at Cloyne, are used as belfries. The channels in the sill of the door are also with great probability deemed to have been formed to secure the head of a ladder which rested on them. Several corbel stones project, without any apparent regularity, from the interior face of the wall. Two are rudely sculptured, and represent the faces of some nondescript animals. Whether similar sculptures appertain to any other round tower is unknown, as few of them have been subjected to so rigorous an examination as this of Ardmore. The occurrence of such figures may afford subject for curious speculation to the antiquary, but as yet no determinate opinion has been formed about them. Mr. W. Hackett, of Middleton, has had casts taken of them, and thus brought the objects, doubtless of contention, home to the doors of the belligerents.

⁸⁸ One of them asked us for a halfpenny. "We have none to give ye," was our answer. "That's bad English, yer honour," was his instant reply.

⁸⁹ The Holy Well—Tubber Quan—near Carrick-on-Suir, is in great repute for the many miraculous cures effected by its waters. The well is dedicated to two patron saints, St. Quan, after whom it takes its name, and St. Brogawn. The times for visiting it are the three last Sundays in June, when the people imagine the saints exert their sacred influence more particularly for the benefit of those who apply for their assistance. It is confidently said, and firmly believed, that at this period the two saints appear in the well in the shape of two small fishes, of the trout kind; and if they do not so appear, that no cures will take place. At this

time, among the penitents who go pilgrimaging to the well, the bustle is immense around the neighbourhood for many miles, people coming from a great distance to avail themselves of the benefits. Among them are to be seen persons afflicted with almost every disorder, and many who are perfectly convalescent, either from curiosity, or under an impression that using the waters while under the blessed influence of the patron saints, will preserve them from being afflicted at some future time. At the well the ceremonies are as follows:—On ascending the hill, which the penitents do bare-foot (and, in many instances, the entire journey is undertaken in the same way), they kneel by the side of the stream, and, with their bodies bent, repeat a certain number of Paters and Aves. They then enter the stream, the water of which all describe to have a particularly intense coldness. They go through the stream three times, at a slow pace, repeating in each round a certain number of prayers; they then go on the gravel walk, and traverse it round three times on their bare knees, often till the blood start in the operation: in this part of the ceremony they repeat the same number of prayers in each round as they did in the stream, and when finished, without giving themselves time to rest, they perform the same rounds on their bare knees round the tree, but on the grass. This tree is a particular object of veneration, and presents a curious spectacle, being covered all over with human hair, the penitents cutting off locks of their hair and tying them on the branches as a specific against headache. Perhaps nothing can evince more powerfully the strong natural affections of the people than a visit to this place. There may be seen labouring up the acclivity the father, and more often the mother, bending beneath the weight of the grown-up son or daughter, who have been rendered by illness unable to perform the pilgrimage for themselves, and not unfrequently the sturdy rustic, or dutiful daughter, in the fullness of filial love, carrying an aged father or mother, and performing by proxy all the requisite ceremonies, while others do the like for the repose of their departed relatives. As might be expected, the place is well attended with beggars, who crowd there from an immense distance, expecting to reap a good harvest; and many of them are provided with beads and crosses for sale, which they offer to the notice of the visitors. It is said that a church, dedicated to the saints, Quan and Brogawn, formerly stood here, and where the tree stands at the present day was the site of the ancient altar.

⁹⁰ We copy the following account of the melancholy scene from

the note-book of a gentleman of high attainments and undoubted veracity. It was written on the spot:—"22nd July. Arrived this evening at Ardmore, preparations already making for the due celebration of the Patron's day; visited the dormitory of St. Declan; an old meagre figure had possession of the grave, in which she ate, drank, and slept, that none other might claim a right to it; one half of her only appeared above ground; the last supply of earth for the approaching demand had just been put in; she recommended us strongly to take a portion in the name of God and the blessed Saint (on pronouncing the latter name she with due reverence dropped a low curtsey), as a preventive against fire, drowning, &c. &c., if eaten with due faith.—23rd. Barrels of porter and whiskey arriving by sea and land in numbers, already three hundred have landed, and every avenue teems with figures moving along to pay their devotions.—10 o'clock. Commenced my rounds, though the 24th is the Patron's day; walked down to the sea shore, where a few yards below high water mark is the far-famed stone that in the fourth century (before the arrival of Saint Patrick) came floating over from Rome at the prayer of St. Declan, with a bell upon it for the edification of the Irish. On our way, we passed through assembled multitudes pitching tents, fastening up carts and cars as dwellings, arranging their goods, and now and then fighting, without which Paddy cannot live long in *good humour*; passed on, here the first scene began, and I counted 154 persons kneeling round the stone, fresh comers every moment succeeding those who had told their beads and said their prayers. I watched their motions as they approached the stone; they took off their hats, then lowly bowed their heads, and dropped their knees on the pointed rocks; here they repeated several prayers, telling over their beads; then solemnly drew near and reverentially kissed the unformed mass several times, then bumped their backs against it three times, drew back in awe, dropped again on their knees repeating more prayers, and silently retired; children in arms were pressed down till their little mouths touched the holy stone. The crowd then formed a long line winding up the narrow path that leads along the mountain's brow to St. Declan's chapel; here, too, I went: the scenery was beautiful as we looked over the precipitous cliffs across the bay of Ardmore. On the brink stand the remnants of a chapel, said to be the first built in Ireland. On entering the gateway, on your right hand, is the well St. Declan blessed; a narrow doorway leads to it, a formidable figure had possession of it, and dealt out in pint mugs to those who paid; some drank

it, some poured it on their limbs, their head, their backs, in the most devout manner; some claimed a second portion to bottle and carry home to sick relatives, or to preserve their houses from fire; they then knelt down to the well, and said their prayers; after which, devoutly turning round, they repeated their prayers to a little mount, under which had been the east window, crept on their knees to it, kissed it, said more prayers, crossed themselves, and walked on; here the crowd of mendicants was great, and the miserable objects of deformity more lamentable than I had ever seen, and too disgusting to detail; the crowd now wound higher up the hill, inclined back again, and proceeded to the grave, here they knelt again in the most abject posture, saying prayers, and waiting for their turn to be admitted into the little dormitory, where the old hag distributed the earth, and gave lectures on its efficacy, as preventing drowning, burning, &c. A few yards brought us to the far-famed round tower, the most perfect in Ireland; here again the devout pilgrims repeated prayers and told their beads, and knelt with the utmost humility, kissed the tower, broke off pieces, which they carried away; then the whole crowd filed off to the chapel, which was open to receive them, and mass was celebrated in all due form; here the devotions of the day ended; at twenty different periods I counted the people as they passed; they averaged fifty-five a minute, which gives a total of 12 or 15,000 persons; these numbers accorded with other calculations. The tents, sixty-four in number, are now complete, eating, drinking, dancing, occupy the multitude. One figure is walking about with a boiled leg of mutton and salt in one hand, a big knife in the other, vociferating 'a cut for a penny!' 'a cut for a penny!' here cheese and fish are selling; some tents contain gaming-tables; but the great body of persons are going round as on yesterday; they are more numerous, a few force themselves under the stone, praying as they crawl with difficulty. Seven o'clock—All now appears confusion, every man is drunk, and every woman is holding a man back from the deadly combat; bloody knees from devotion, and bloody heads from fighting are not uncommon. Eight o'clock—Three cabins are now blazing furiously, not a vestige can be saved; such a scene—fighting, pulling; drinking whiskey, holy-water; crying, cursing—I have never seen. Nine o'clock—Fire nearly subdued for want of fuel; here comes the old Jezebel from the grave, covered with earth, half naked, and yellow as the clay of which she bears a portion, and is strewing it in places the fire cannot reach, *to show its virtue* in destroying that devouring element. 25th—Tents nearly struck; a few of

the most devout remain to complete their devotions. Seven o'clock—All is still again, and Ardmore is again a mere secluded village."

⁹¹ In the neighbourhood of Affane, according to Mr. Ryland, may be examined the traces of two remarkable works. The first is a large double trench, called in Irish, Rian Bo Padriuc, or the trench of St. Patrick's Cow. It extends for many miles through the district. The peasantry assert that it was the work of St. Patrick's cow, when she went to Ardmore in search of her calf that had been stolen. Dr. Smith conjectures that it is the remains of an ancient highway from Cashel to Ardmore, between which two places there was probably in the time of St. Patrick, and his contemporary St. Declan, a frequent communication, and then this road was made by these saints in imitation of the Roman highways, which they must have often met on their travels. Another, but less extensive, ridge, the Doctor conceives to have been "a boundary or fence made to preserve the cattle against wolves," which were not banished from Ireland until many centuries after "the serpents."

⁹² The rivalry of the two great earls might furnish materials for a volume. Prior to the fight at Affane, Russel says, they appointed a day to end their differences by the sword; and the place of battle was to be on the bounds of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. "The Earl of Desmond brought upon that occasion into the field (he says, as my father who served under him told me), 4,000 foot and 750 horse, the greater number being his own followers, and the chief men of Munster. And the Earl of Ormond came thither with no less preparation, both in number of forces and also with artillery. These strange competitors, for the space of fourteen days, confronted each other in the open field, and yet came not to a battle, contrary to both their desires; but, by the meditation of certain great lords then in the army, and especially by the intercession of the Countess of Desmond, who was mother to the Earl of Ormond, they were reconciled and made friends." This friendship was of an odd kind, however; we are told upon the occasion of another reconciliation, an aperture was cut in an oak door for the earls to shake hands through, each fearing to be poniarded by the other. Cox says, that in the conflict at Affane the Earl of Desmond lost 280 of his men. To this, Dr. Smith (*Hist. of Waterford*), apparently for the sake of speaking in round numbers, adds twenty, making the number of killed amount to 300, which, in a recent publication, has been magnified into 800! no doubt by a typographical error,

easily accounted for, the substitution of the figure 8 for 3. Now it appears from the answers of the Earls of Desmond and Ormond to certain interrogatories dated 18th of February, 1564 (5), respectively addressed to them on the subject of this affray, which original documents are preserved in the State Paper Office, that the total amount of Desmond's force was not 200 men, viz., fifty-six horsemen, threescore gallowlasses, whereof thirty-one were harnessed (in armour), and about threescore footmen and kern, making a total of 176, besides horse-boys and stragglers, number unknown. The force of Ormond was more than double, viz., 100 horsemen, and 300 gallowlasses and kern, besides stragglers. And according to the artful representation of Ormond, who states that he merely went to assist Sir Maurice Fitzgerald in removing his goods from Dromana, it would appear that Desmond, at the head of his followers, rushed at him in a ferocious and headlong manner, without assigning any reason for his conduct, or having received any direct provocation. Ormond's words are, the earl "when in the plain field, without message or other further circumstance, gave charge upon me."

⁹³ Dr. Smith informs us, that when St. Carthagh founded the Cathedral of Lismore, (in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Melleray,) he founded also an abbey of Canons Regular. "His rule is said to be extant in ancient Irish, and was very severe and particular." He adds in a note, that "one custom practised by these religious men was, that when they had been sent out of the monastery, at their return they kneeled down before the abbot, and acquainted him that they had done their endeavours to fulfil his orders. These monks lived after the same manner as those of La Trappe in France at present; for they confined themselves to feed on vegetables, which they raised and cultivated with their own hands."

⁹⁴ A continuance of rain during our stay in the vicinity prevented our visiting Mount Melleray,—a circumstance we do not so much regret, since Lady Chatterton has fully described the Convent and its inhabitants in her interesting "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" just published:—"We were," she says, "very courteously received by the Superior, who showed us all over the establishment. He has a most benevolent countenance, full of Christian humility, yet quite devoid of that cringing and servile expression I have sometimes remarked in Italian monks. He first took us through the garden; where the only flowers they have yet cultivated were blooming over the few graves of deceased brethren. The sun was shining upon them and upon the

painted glass window of the chapel near. I was struck with the idea that these poor men must enjoy a more firm conviction of future bliss than most people. Their own daily fare is hard, and apparently miserable. No luxury, no ornament of any kind, is visible in those parts of the building in which they dwell. The garden, too, only contains common vegetables for their use; but the church is highly decorated. They expend all their money, all their ingenuity, in embellishing the temple of the God they serve; and they cause flowers to bloom on the graves of those who are gone, as if to show that real bliss can only be found in a hereafter. There are about seventy monks in the establishment, all English and Irish. They were invited to return to France, but refused. Some of them were men of rank and fortune; but once a brother, all distinction ceases. Their dress is a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, with long ends reaching before nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue. The effect of these singularly attired and silent beings in the carpenter's shop, where seven or eight were at work, was very striking; it seemed almost as if we were visiting another world and another race. Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter; yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six; and we saw what was preparing for it—brown bread, stir-about, and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam; and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they make the best butter in the neighbourhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and a crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress and perform his devotions. The chapel is very large; and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving. It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who, of course, had never even tried to do anything of the kind till after they became monks. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones, and make mortar. With all this hard life of deprivation and labour, the monks appear happy and very healthy."

²⁵ His Grace is but "the proprietor of estates in Ireland;" for

he is not an Irishman either by connexion, birth, or descent—and the country has no natural claim upon his affection. He cannot therefore justly be named among “absentees.” Persons of all classes—the rich landowner and the poor cottier join in his praises; from every side we received confirmation of our own impressions, after glancing round his property in this and in other districts. He is fortunate in having just and benevolent agents, but they have been selected in accordance with the suggestions of his own upright and generous mind. Every tenant upon the Duke’s estates may, if he be honest and industrious, live as comfortably and as independently as the tenant of any landlord in England. He is not permitted to pay a larger rent than the agent knows he can afford to pay by moderate labour and taking into account the chances of accidents and failures of crops; and every possible inducement is held out to him to improve his condition. Happily there are in Ireland many such landlords. But, unhappily, those of a very opposite character are by no means rare.

⁹⁶ There is a tradition that James the Second started back in terror when suddenly conducted to a lattice, from which he was to take a view of the surrounding scene. The window still bears his name.

⁹⁷ There are no fewer than 42 salmon weirs on the Blackwater between Youghal and Lismore; the one immediately under the castle is the last and the most productive; where it is by no means rare to take 600 fish at a haul. The fishery is rented from the Duke by Mr. Foley—at a rental, we were informed, of £700 per annum. The fish, being property, are consequently preserved; and the water is not free to the angler, although he may, and we believe often does, obtain the privilege to fish there from the courtesy of the renter. From all we have heard and seen, we consider there is no spot in Ireland that offers to the angler so many temptations; the scenery is everywhere delicious; the banks that immediately skirt the river are not inconveniently crowded with trees; the accommodation at the inn is unexceptionable—the charges small, the rooms comfortable, and the servants attentive to a degree; above all, the river is thronged with salmon, and abounds with the finest trout. It is no exaggeration to say that we saw the salmon leaping in hundreds. Circumstances prevented our being able to throw a fly until the evening of the day after our arrival; and as our stay was brief, we had but a couple of hours to devote to the sport—a sacrifice of enjoyment to duty which all brethren of the angle will understand and appreciate. Our recompense was, therefore, but a brace of fish—comparatively

small in size, for the largest weighed but ten pounds and a quarter. If the river in the neighbourhood of Lismore were free, we doubt if there be any place in the United Kingdom that would promise so ample a recompense to the votaries of the gentle craft; and we presume to hint that so great would be the consequent influx of visitors to his beautiful town, that a far greater revenue would arise to the Duke than that which he derives from the rental of the weir. Even under existing circumstances, there are few places at once so prolific of enjoyment and so accessible—Lismore being but a few hours' journey from Waterford, and Waterford being but twenty hours' sail from Bristol. It may be well to suggest that the angler should take with him to the Blackwater but a limited supply of flies; those that may be very killing elsewhere he will find perfectly useless here. There is, however, a sportsman resident in the neighbourhood, who is an accomplished master in the art, from whom all requisite aid and information may be obtained. His name is Hallahan: and he will act as a guide.

⁹⁸ The old historian, in allusion to them, states that "the working and the noise of the water through them, that here runs pretty rapid, forms a kind of an artificial cataract, and resembles the sound of such, which though not high is of a considerable extent, and adds a lulling softness to the beauty of the scene."

⁹⁹ Dr. Smith states that the name is derived from "Lis," a fort, and "Mor," great; in reference to a Danish fortification that formerly stood to the east of the town; but that its more ancient name was Dunsquinne—"Dun" also signifying a fort, or place situated on an eminence, and "Skein," a flight—which seems to allude to the flight of St. Carthagh to this place; before which it was named Magh-sqaith, *i. e.* the field of the shield.

¹⁰⁰ An old writer of the life of St. Carthagh thus commemorates the ancient fame of Lismore. "Lismore is a famous and holy city, half of which is an asylum, into which no woman dare enter; but it is full of cells and holy monasteries, and religious men in great numbers abide there, and thither holy men flock together from all parts of Ireland; and not only from Ireland, but also from England and Britain, being desirous to move from thence to Christ." There is a tradition that King Alfred received part of his education in the college of Lismore; and although it rests upon no good authority, it is by no means unlikely to be true. Henry the Second, as we learn from Matthew Paris, first promulgated English law in Ireland, at Lismore, in 1172.

¹⁰¹ The Rev. R. H. Ryland, in his History of Waterford, states

that Mr. Eeles had his horse and dog interred with him on the summit of the mountain. We have, however, the testimony of his relative and representative that the statement is incorrect. "It is true that he was interred on the summit of Knockmeledown mountain; but not that his horse and dog were buried with him." Rumour has, of course, added largely to the fact that the eccentric gentleman selected his last home apart from the crowds. We not only heard the addition of the steed and hound, but were told by many that, by his directions, an iron rod was driven through his body, in order that it might attract the lightning to descend and consume him utterly.

¹⁰² Another romantic incident is connected with the career of Cromwell in Waterford. There were three branches of the Le Poers (ancestors of the present Marquis of Waterford), settled in the county; their castles were Kilmeaden, Curraghmore, and Don Isle. Kilmeaden was destroyed, its master hung upon an adjoining tree, and his estate parcelled out among the soldiers. A similar fate was decreed for Curraghmore. It chanced that the lord thereof had a shrewd daughter, who well knowing that her father would as soon eat his breastplate as say a civil word to the king-killer, devised a plan, which she luckily carried into execution, of seducing the lord into one of his own dungeons, where she safely bolted and barred him in. She then received the Protector, readily placed in his hands the keys of the castle, and succeeded in persuading him that although her father had considered it prudent to remove for a time out of the way, he was not only well disposed towards the existing dynasty, but willing to give proof of it in any way the Protector might command. The consequence was that Curraghmore remained with its lord. Of the third branch the story is still more remarkable. The Castle of Don Isle was bravely defended by a lady. It was built on a rock almost inaccessible, and judging from the ruins that still remain, the place was of prodigious strength. It is situated on the coast, between Tramore and Dungarvon. History records that it made a gallant defence, holding out for a long time against the attacks of a fierce soldiery well provided with artillery; but that it yielded at length and was destroyed. To this fact tradition has largely added. The brave Countess was the life and soul of the defenders; day and night she was upon the ramparts, animating by her presence and energy the spirits of her dependants. She had it seems a skilful engineer, who defeated all the plans of the besiegers; and, at length, wearied out, Cromwell was on the point of raising the siege; he had, indeed, partially drawn off his forces.

The Countess had retired to rest, but had neglected to attend to the wants of her fatigued soldiers. Her engineer sent to demand refreshment for himself and his comrades, and received in return the unwarlike meed of "a drink of buttermilk." Irritated by the insult, he made signals to the retreating foe, and surrendered to them the castle. It was forthwith blown up by gunpowder, and the Countess perished among the ruins.

¹⁰³ The building of this bridge was undertaken in 1793, by a company, (incorporated by act of parliament,) who subscribed £30,000 to complete the work, including the purchase of the ferry. The money was raised by loans of £100 each, the interest of which was to be paid by the tolls of the bridge. The work, having been completed for a less sum than was originally estimated, only required the payment of £90 on each debenture. The present value of the shares is about £180; the tolls letting for £4,500 per annum. The architect proposed to the company to erect one stone arch every year, until the whole should be completed, and thus ultimately raise a substantial and permanent structure. Unhappily the suggestion was not acted upon; a subject of blame, when it is considered that the funds were ample for so desirable a purpose. The architect was a Mr. Cox, of Boston, America.

¹⁰⁴ The Commeragh Mountains have often afforded a secure retreat to those unfortunate men who have set the laws of their country at defiance; and within the fast few years have been famous for harbouring two notorious outlaws, *the Connollys*. These unhappy men were brothers, and had been three times taken prisoners, and as often made their escape from jail. By retiring into the fastnesses of the mountain districts, they contrived, for a long time, to baffle all attempts of the police—they were assisted by the farmers, who supplied them with necessaries—and they had made every preparation for embarking for America, when unfortunately for themselves, they were fool-hardy enough to venture into Waterford to buy new hats; and the police having received information, they were taken prisoners from their beds.

¹⁰⁵ The principal trade is with England, to which is exported a large quantity of agricultural produce of every kind—butter, pork, bacon, flour, and all kinds of provisions; and since the establishment of steam-packet communication, great numbers of live cattle have been sent across the Channel. The value of these exports in 1813 was £2,200,454. 16s. The average for the last few years scarcely exceeds £1,500,000; but this decrease is rather the result of reduced prices, than of any diminution of the quantity. On an average of three years, from 1831 to 1834, the quantity of pro-

visions exported annually was 38 tierces of beef, 880 tierces and 1,795 barrels of pork; 392,613 flitches of bacon; 132,384 cwt. of butter; 19,139 cwt. of lard; 152,113 barrels of wheat; 160,954 barrels of oats; 27,405 barrels of barley; 403,852 cwt. of flour; 18,640 cwt. of oatmeal; 2,857 cwt. of bread: and of live stock, the number annually exported during the same period was, on an average, 44,241 pigs, 5,808 head of cattle, and 9,729 sheep; the aggregate value of which amounted to £2,092,668. 14s. per annum.

¹⁰⁶ An ancient statue of carved wood stands in a niche on one side of an altar at the extremity of one of the rooms. It is supposed to represent the Almighty, with the globe of the earth in his hand, resting on the sabbath day, after the creation. Hence the name of the statue in Irish is "Ri an Downy,"—the King of Sunday.

¹⁰⁷ The Friary—one of the many suppressed in the reign of Henry the Eighth—was purchased by Mr. Walsh, a member of a respectable Roman Catholic family, then residents in the city, with the property annexed to it, for the endowment of an hospital, to be called "the Holy Ghost Hospital," for the support and maintenance of poor inhabitants of Waterford; the Corporation were nominated as Trustees, and the appointment of the masters of the Hospital was to be approved by the representative of the Walsh family. They afterwards became aliens, and the master is now selected by the Corporation. The Institution supports sixty poor females. We were informed that in the charter or deed which conveyed the property, by the founder, there was introduced a curious clause appropriating a certain sum to be paid a Roman Catholic clergyman annually to say masses for the repose of the soul of King Henry the Eighth.

¹⁰⁸ There are at present upwards of 600 boys in attendance, the average number through the year is 550. The system of education pursued, combines what is most excellent in Lancaster's and Bell's, with what is most practical and useful in recent improvements. The course of education comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, English grammar, and (for those destined for trades) geometry, mensuration, and architectural drawing. There is besides a good deal of miscellaneous information incidentally furnished to the pupils. The conductors of these schools endeavour to ascertain the taste, talent, and intended trade or business of each boy, in order to give a proper direction to his studies. But their great concern is the training of the affections, the manners, and the habits of their youthful charge. Many of the boys have already made the education they received in these

schools the means of an honourable maintenance, and many have their present prospects considerably brightened by the possession of an education suited exactly to their condition in life. Subscriptions collected annually in the city and vicinity are the principal support of the establishment. All denominations contribute liberally. Those among the subscribers who contribute most bountifully, according to their means, are such as have been educated in the school. The most destitute of the children are clothed—but in such a way as that their dress does not distinguish them from the other scholars. Boys leaving school for situations are, when in need of it, provided with decent and comfortable clothing. A circulating library, containing about four hundred religious and literary works, is attached to the school. The scholars are admitted “without religious distinction”—but, of course, they are all of the Roman Catholic faith; the city containing excellent schools for Protestant children. It is but just to state that in the books used in the school, and in one more particularly—a “literary class book”—compiled for its especial use “by the brothers,” we found the best principles inculcated by selections from the best authors. Of schools for Protestant children, there are, as we have said, many. In the parochial school (under the patronage of, and carefully attended to by the Protestant clergy), there are 140 children of both sexes, well and respectfully educated under the care of a respectable master and mistress gratuitously. The mercantile school is also a Protestant establishment; it was founded for the purpose of educating young persons for the situations of clerks in merchants’ establishments. A number of respectable inhabitants of the city formed themselves into a committee, collected funds, annual subscriptions, and so founded the school. There are at present sixty boys there, whose education is remarkably well attended to, and under the direction of the committee, who meet periodically; and once a year there is an annual meeting of the subscribers at large, before whom the statement of the funds of the institution is laid. All persons who cannot afford to pay for their children’s education have them educated there gratuitously, on being recommended by two members of the committee; and those who can afford, pay very moderate sums, according in a great degree with their means. There is also an infant school, in which about 150 children from three to eight years of age are educated on the same principle, *i. e.* gratuitous to those children whose parents cannot afford to pay for their education, on their being well recommended; and those who can afford, pay a very moderate sum. This is also a most useful institution, and is

under the superintendence of a committee formed of the ladies of the city. It may be considered also as a Protestant establishment; for although Catholic children are equally admissible with Protestants, there are not more than ten in the school.

¹⁰⁹ Tekin-corr, from Teagh cinn Cora, "the head of the Weir," was the ancient residence of the Osborne family, the first of whom in Ireland was Sir Richard Osborne, of Ballintaylor, co. Waterford; created a baronet in 1629. The last of the family, who inhabited Tekin-corr, was Sir John Osborne, who died in 1743. The family afterwards removed to Newtown, on the co. Tipperary side of the river. The late Sir Thomas Osborne married an English lady, who has since resided on the estates, which are inherited by an only daughter, recently of age. Lady Osborne and her daughter are almost idolized by their tenantry; and it would be hard to find in Ireland more satisfactory evidence than may be procured here, of the vast improvement that can be wrought in the condition of the people by judicious management.

¹¹⁰ Between Dungarvon and Killmacthomas, in a glen at a short distance from the road, is a large insulated rock, called by the country people Clough lourish, of which they tell the following legend:—At some period, by them undetermined, a dispute arose between two gossips—a thing in that part of Ireland formerly of rare occurrence, as they considered the affinity of sponsorship bound them more closely together, than even the closest ties of consanguinity; so that it would be considered a more heinous crime to wrong a gossip than a father or a brother. This dispute arose out of the accusation of a man, for some base purpose, that his female gossip had been unfaithful to her husband. There are no people on earth more tender of female honour than the Irish, and the slightest imputation subjects the unfortunate accused to the lowest degradation, neglect, and banishment. It was usual, in such cases, to refer to the priest of the parish; he being supposed to have a greater knowledge of local affairs than any other person, would best judge of the character both of the accuser and the accused, and have no by-interest to serve, that would hinder him from giving a fair and impartial judgment on the point referred to his decision. In this instance, the woman bore untarnished fame. Early in the morning, all the parties assembled, attended by their friends and relatives, and set off for the chapel, where the cause was to be examined before the altar, it being considered impossible that any person would there pronounce a lie. Nothing particular occurred until the party arrived at the stone, where some altercation ensued between the accuser and the hus-

band of the accused; when the former, falling on his knees, called upon the stone to bear witness to the truth of his allegation. At the moment, a loud crash was heard, the earth shook, and the stone was rent from its summit to its base; while the words were distinctly spoken from the cleft in the rock, "Asminic een eirin a shoriv;" which is Englished by "The truth is bitter sometimes." And it is a common saying, when a doubt hangs over any allegation made to the prejudice of a person, "Asminic een eirin a shoriv, arsa Clough lourish a taloubh:" "The truth is bitter sometimes, says the stone speaking in the earth."

In Curraghmore house there is a "Murrain Stone," which, it is believed, will cure the murrain in cattle. We have heard that the stone is frequently borrowed by the country people, and placed in a running brook, and the cattle driven through the water, charmed by the stone, are considered cured. The "Murrain Stone" is one of the heir-looms of the Beresfords.

¹¹¹ In the year 1818, the Messrs. Malcolmson, who are members of the society of Friends, commenced the erection of their cotton factory; there was then a small flour-mill on the premises. This was taken down, and the first portion of the now extensive pile of buildings erected on its site.

¹¹² As very satisfactory evidence of the removal of many of these obstacles, we may quote the "Report" of the Mining Company of Ireland, published during the present year. "The improvement in the company's affairs arises from increased productiveness in the mines, and additional economy in working them—which latter has been greatly facilitated by the more sober and industrious habits of the men employed, who have thereby participated in the company's prosperity." This improvement is mainly attributed to the perseverance of the men in *keeping* the "Temperance Pledge" which they have nearly all of them taken.

¹¹³ On this subject, one fact is worth a thousand arguments. A few months ago, we voyaged from Dublin to Liverpool in company with one of the most extensive of the Manchester manufacturers—a gentleman of immense wealth, who holds nearly the highest position among the wealthy cotton-spinners of that town, and is a "liberal" in politics. He informed us, that his main object in visiting Ireland was, to ascertain what prospect existed there, that might induce certain individuals to remove their mills from the neighbourhood of Manchester to some parts of Ireland—in order to introduce among the people of that country a new mode of employment. The result of his inquiries was, he said, in

all respects satisfactory; and he should, undoubtedly, have recommended the parties, who had faith in his judgment, to establish cotton works there, with a view, especially, to the export trade with America—but *for the repeal agitation*, which so unsettled men's minds, as to create strong doubts whether such undertakings were justifiable; or, at all events, convinced him, that to postpone their introduction for a time was the surest way of rendering them permanent. *He could not, therefore, advise the experiment, until* "the repeal agitation" was abandoned.

¹¹⁴ The Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., to whom we are chiefly indebted for this account of New Geneva, states that "among the attempts to escape recorded to have been made by the unfortunate men confined here, one is remarkable. The place was surrounded by a high wall, which several had endeavoured to scale, but were shot or detected in the attempt. It was then resolved to try and escape, not over, but under it. For this purpose they commenced running a mine from one of the cells, and adopted a most ingenious expedient to dispose of the clay. Their wives had been permitted to bring provisions and refreshments of different kinds, and when they had deposited the contents of their bags or baskets, they took away each a portion of the earth raised from the excavation, and repassed the sentinels without suspicion. In this way, by every day removing and scattering a little of the mould, the mine was actually pushed to a considerable distance beneath the wall. But just as their plan was likely to succeed, it was discovered by Colonel Hall, who commanded the garrison; the unfortunate convict who was working at the now nearly finished excavation, was dragged out of the hole, and placed with his companions under stricter guard for the future." It will be no slur upon the memory of a generous soldier to say, we have often heard Col. Hall express the exceeding grief he felt at being compelled to disappoint the hopes of so many unfortunate men at the moment when they were assured of fulfilment. The labour of excavating had occupied some weeks, and so certain were the prisoners of obtaining their freedom, that their friends were actually waiting for them with boats, cars, and horses, to convey them away, at the very hour the discovery was made.

¹¹⁵ The following return of sales of copper ore, the produce of Irish mines, at Swansea, April 29th, 1840, will illustrate the superiority both as to quality and quantity of the Knockmahon Mines over the other mines of Ireland:—

MINES.	21 CWTs.	PRICE.			PRODUCE.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Knockmahon ..	704	8	5	0	5,807	14	0
Ballymurtagh .	504	2	7	4	1,192	11	0
Allihies	388	7	17	5	3,053	16	0
Tigrony	137	4	0	0	547	18	6
Connoree	14 (precip.)	21	15	6	304	17	0
<hr/>					<hr/>		
1747 21 cwts.					10,906	16	6

During the half-year ending the 1st of December, 1840, the quantity of ore obtained from the Knockmahon Mines was 3,716 tons, and the gross value £31,703 0s 1d.; the net profit, £10,951 1s. 9d. The report from which we have quoted gives a very encouraging statement of the company's actual condition and future prospects. We quote from it the following passage:—"Referring for details to the abstract of accounts presented herewith, your board has the satisfaction to state, that the result is profit amounting to £22,986 15s. 5d., of which sum £3,463 17s. 4d. has been applied in improvements and additions to your mines, still leaving available £19,522 18s. 1d.; a sum considerably exceeding the amount hitherto obtained in a similar period, and unusually large in proportion to the amount of deposited capital, £140,000." At the Knockmahon Mines there has been expended in working during the six months ending with the 1st of December, 1840, £18,560 6s. 3d. How gratifying a contrast does this state of things present to that which existed scarcely thirty years ago!—for so recently as the year 1811, Mr. Wakefield thus writes ("Account of Ireland, Statistical and Political," vol. i. p. 134): "Mr. Weaver, an eminent mining agent, informs me that the Cronebane mines are discontinued, and those at Killarney also; so that there is not a copper mine now worked in Ireland."

¹¹⁶ Of this man we obtained two anecdotes that may be worth taking note of. He had engaged one night to drive an elopement, with, as he said himself, a horse and a half, for one of his cattle was lame, and the other blind; but while rattling down a hill in famous style, the traces, or more properly speaking, the ropes, gave way, and the chaise upset. The fair *innamorata* was lifted through the roof by her intended, and, to Tom's dismay, he distinctly heard the rattle of a pursuing chaise on the brow of the hill; in an instant he had mounted the lover before his intended bride on the blind horse, which he knew to be sure-footed, and giving it a good lashing sent them off at full gallop;

he then placed across the road the body of the carriage. Of course, a fearful tumbling and struggling ensued, in the midst of which Tom managed to cut the traces, and mounting upon one horse, he led the other off in triumph. His career was nearly brought to an end by this daring adventure, for the lady's enraged father discharged a pistol after the cunning waiter, which took effect—not upon him, but upon the lame horse, so that he escaped for the time scot free.—Tom was never more delighted than when gentlemen were engaged in an affair of honour; the sight of a pair of duelling-pistols gave him as much spirits as an extra tumbler, and he was known to be so useful on those occasions that his following the party to the ground was never objected to. He would tell tales by the hour of hair-breadth escapes and of duelling determinations amounting to positive thirst for blood, that would hardly be credited now-a-days; and yet, strange to say, he appeared as much delighted with stories of subsequent reconciliation: "It was a treat to see them so peaceable after it—as loving as two brothers—ating the buttered toast, and the spiced beef, and the peppered devils, and drinking the tea, with a drop of mountain-dew to flavour it, and yet to know, that for anything or nothing at all, they'd be up and at it again." Tom Lavery was never a spoil-sport but once:—A young man, the only son, the only hope, of a widowed lady in the neighbourhood, had fired at some slight which he imagined he had sustained from another youth about his own age. Tom liked them both after his own fashion, and certainly did not like that the lad should run the chance of being "murdered entirely," and he nothing better than a gorsoon, when, if suffered to live ten years longer, he might make the finest fighting man in the county. This was Tom's argument to himself, but there was an under-current of deep feeling for the poor lady-mother of the hot-headed boy, for she had been a kind friend to Tom's people. Tom's love of fighting was so well known that no one ever dreamed of his endeavouring to prevent a rencontre, and the pistols were given him to carry to the ground. The old waiter's dropping a handkerchief was to be the signal for firing. Tom managed to extract the balls with admirable dexterity, and at the appointed signal they fired. To Tom's utter astonishment the youth opposed to the widow's son staggered and fell, and the generous-hearted boy, who but a few moments before had declared that nothing but blood should wash out the insult he had received, was in an instant on his knees beside his "expiring" friend, giving vent to the most bitter self-reproaches, and mingling them with

prayers that he might be spared. After a little time, the youth revived. In the bitter agony of repentance, his friend entreated his forgiveness. "Yarra! Masther Charles," whispered Tom, "don't take on so. Sorra a ha'porth of harm ye've done each other, though ye may have that luck in a few years, plaze the pigs. Get up, Masther Bob, I'm ashamed of ye—so I am! Yarra, bad cess to me if there's anything upon the face of the living earth the matter wid you—*didn't I draw the bull-dog's teeth meeseif?*"

¹¹⁷ Towards the beginning of the ninth century, the Danes of Limerick seem to have been a numerous and powerful body; they proclaimed one of their chieftains, Turgesius, king, and cruelly and ruthlessly oppressed the native inhabitants, "ruling them with a rod of iron, and forcing them to taste of the very dregs of servitude." The spirit of resistance was at length roused; and—

"Malachy wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader."

Malachy was King of Meath, who "had a daughter of excellent beauty," whom Turgesius desired to be "the favourite and prime mistress of his seraglio." The Irish king dared not insense the tyrant by a refusal; but entreated that the maiden might be received privately and at night into his palace, "to conceal her shame from the world," promising also to send with her fifteen of the most celebrated beauties of his small kingdom—each of whom eclipsed the charms of the lady the Dane designed to honour. The proposal was accepted, and a time appointed "to crown his hopes and give him possession." To fifteen of his soldiers he promised the fifteen Irish virgins; and they assembled to receive their gifts. The princess and her train were admitted through the gates of the palace, and introduced into the apartments of the king. She was pronounced to be—as she well might be—far lovelier than her companions; and the Dane seized her, with the view to force her into his chamber. The touch of his base hands was the signal agreed upon. The fifteen attendants in an instant doffed their maidenly attire, each armed with a sword that had been concealed by the woman's garments, and stood before the astonished and terrified tyrant, as the stoutest and bravest youths of the Irish chivalry. They seized and bound the tyrant, fell upon his unprepared guards, slew all who opposed them, and opened the gates to the King of Meath and his troops, who had been anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment, without the

walls. Not a man of the Danes escaped. "When the fury of the Irish was abated," adds the old historian Keating, "and there was no enemy left in the castle, the King of Meath entered the room where Turgesius lay bound, and upbraiding him with his excessive cruelties, the injuries he had committed upon the Irish ladies, and his repeated murders, he commanded him to be loaded with irons, and to be carried before him in triumph." The effect of this victory was to destroy the power of the Danes, for a time, in Ireland; some of them, however, were permitted to remain in a state of bondage as irksome as that in which they had so long kept the Irish. The tyrant Turgesius, after enduring a severe imprisonment, and being a witness to the miseries of his countrymen, "had an end put to his unfortunate life, being thrown, bound in fetters as he was, into Loch Ainnin, where he perished."

¹¹⁸ The traitor received his reward. We learn from Clarendon that he was, a few months afterwards, taken prisoner by the Parliament forces, "and hanged, notwithstanding his services in their cause." Leland and Ferrar both state that Fennel was tried for several murders, condemned to death, and executed at Limerick immediately after its surrender.

¹¹⁹ "Nov. 29, 1651. The Parliament approved of the Articles of Limerick; they gave the messenger one hundred pounds who brought the news of the surrender, and ordered the next Lord's-day to be a day of thanksgiving."—*Memorials of English Affairs*.

¹²⁰ A history of the sufferings of the Irish of Munster during this calamitous period would exceed credibility, if they were not attested by the actors themselves who perpetrated the wholesale butcheries. Plague, pestilence, and famine, combined with the sword to depopulate the district; so that, according to undoubted testimony, "a man might travel twenty or thirty miles without meeting a living creature." Wherever an Irishman was encountered, no quarter was given. Ludlow himself describes the atrocious device of his soldiers, to smoke the Irish out of the caves in which they had taken refuge. Yet it must be borne in mind, that this horrible system was considered only a just retribution for the massacres of 1641, which—making due deduction for the spirit (so close upon the time when it was almost impossible to judge rationally, much less mercifully) in which it is written—Sir John Temple characterises as "the most execrable plot laid by the Irish, for the universal extirpation of all these British and Protestants; the bloody progress of their rebellion within the compass of the first two months; their horrid cruelties in most bar-

barously murdering or otherwise destroying many thousands of men, women, and children, peaceably settled and securely intermixed amongst them, and that without any provocation or considerable resistance at first made."

¹²¹ The Bishop of Emly, O'Brien, was one of the most active "soldiers" of the garrison; and to his exertions was mainly attributable the resolution with which it held out against the powerful army of the Commonwealth. Lord Clarendon states that he had, "from the beginning, opposed the king's authority with the greatest passion, and had the misfortune to be put to death by those who were equally the king's enemies." The following interesting account of him is given by Dr. Bourke in the "*Hibernia Dominicana*." "Terence Albert O'Brien was a friar of the Dominican convent in Limerick, a doctor of divinity, elected provincial of that order in 1643, and appointed Bishop of Emly in 1644. He was so active in persuading the Irish to hold out against Cromwell's forces, that Ireton, during the siege of Limerick, offered him forty thousand pounds to desist from his exhortations, and quit the city with a passport to any other kingdom. He refused this offer heroically, in consequence of which he was exempted from pardon, tried, and condemned to be beheaded. He bore the sentence with resignation, and behaved to his last moments with manly fortitude. He addressed Ireton with a prophetic spirit, accusing him of the highest injustice, threatening him with life for life, and summoning him to the tribunal of God in a few days. Ireton caught the plague in eight days, and died soon after, raging and raving of this unfortunate prelate, whose unjust condemnation he imagined hurried on his death. The Bishop of Emly was executed on the eve of All-Saints' Day, and his head was fixed on a spike, at the top of a tower, near the centre of the city." He died with great courage; but General Purcell, who was hanged with him, was so weak as to be held up by two soldiers at the place of execution.

¹²² After the battle of the Boyne, the Duke of Tyrconnell established his vice-regal court at Limerick.

¹²³ Yet the fame of Sarsfield seems to have been derived from a single exploit, and one that argued activity rather than courage. Those who read the histories of the period will be at a loss to discover the facts upon which his reputation is grounded, and will, we imagine, arrive at the conclusion, that it was at least magnified beyond its just proportions. The single circumstance referred to is this. A French deserter from the English camp had conveyed intelligence to the town, that a large supply of artillery stores

were on their way from Dublin; Sarsfield resolved to intercept it; and set out for that purpose, with a body of 500 chosen horse. They lurked all day among the mountains; and at night, when the escort had turned their horses to graze, and were sleeping in the full sense of security, within little more than a dozen miles of the English force, the Irish dragoons burst upon them with a terrific shout, and slew, or took prisoners, the whole of the convoy. It was, however, impossible to convey the prize into Limerick; Sarsfield, therefore, filled the guns with powder to the muzzles, and half buried them in the earth; collecting the other stores around them, he formed an immense pile, to which a train was laid; to the train a match was applied. The shock produced by the explosion was felt in the camp of William. Sarsfield knew every pass of the mountains, and easily made his way back to Limerick, although troops were on the alert in every direction to intercept him. Sarsfield was killed at the battle of Landen, and the following lines are to be found under an engraving of his portraiture:—

“Oh! Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland’s wonder,
Who fought in field like any thunder;
One of King James’s chief commanders,
Now lies the food of crows in Flanders.”

Desertion from the army of William the Third—in which were many Frenchmen—was by no means rare. It was induced by proclamations from Tyrconnell, which found their way into the English camp. The following is an extract from one of them:—
“Whereas we are informed that the foreign troops and others now in the Prince of Orange’s army in Ireland, sensible of the injustice of his cause, and reduced to great extremity for want of pay and subsistence, are inclined to withdraw from his service. For their encouragement, we do hereby publish, declare, and engage, that every trooper or dragoon who shall quit the Prince of Orange’s service, and come into Limerick or Athlone with his horse, shall have two pistoles in gold or silver, and every foot soldier one pistole of the like coin; and such of them as shall desire to go abroad, shall have a conveniency of going to France, and on their arrival there they shall have pardon and indemnity from the king, for deserting his service and joining the Prince of Orange.”

¹²⁴ The historians of the period dwell in terms of enthusiastic praise upon the courage of the Irish forces; and William himself,

who witnessed the scene from an adjacent fort, is said to have mingled expressions of disappointment with those of generous admiration of the bravery of his enemies. Within two minutes after the commencement of the attack, "the noise was so terrible," writes an eye-witness, "that one would have thought the very skies ready to be rent asunder." "This was seconded by dust, smoke, and all the terrors the art of man could invent to ruine and undo one another; and to make it the more uneasy, the day itself was excessively hot to the by-standers, and much more, sure, in all respects to those in action." "The smoke that went from the town reached, in one continued cloud," it is said, "to the top of a mountain at least six miles off;" an assertion that will not appear exaggerated, when it is known that a battery, which formed one of the defences of the breach, and which contained a magazine, was blown up during the engagement. Among its ruins lay the blackened bodies of a whole regiment of Brandenburgers, who had succeeded in taking it, when an unknown hand—doubtless that of some self-devoted patriot—set fire to the powder, and hundreds of brave men were blown into the air.

¹²⁵ Paul de Rapin, the author of the "History of England," was a lieutenant in General Douglas's regiment, at the siege in 1690; the day before the siege was raised, he was wounded in the shoulder, and his brother was shot through the body the same day. Dean Story, also, the historian of the period, was actively engaged on the occasion of the last siege, in 1691, being chaplain to the army.

¹²⁶ Colonel Luttrell, an officer in the Irish army, was accused of betraying to the besiegers an important "pass" of the Shannon, which greatly facilitated their attacks upon the city. The name has ever since been synonymous with infamy in Ireland;—he "sould the pass," is a common saying with the peasantry to denote the iniquity of "informing;" and they believe, when a powerful storm disturbs the river Shannon, that "the spirit of the traitor Luttrell is abroad shrieking upon the waters." This fact is singularly illustrative of the injustice that may be wrought by tradition. There is no doubt that Luttrell was entirely guiltless of the charge of treason to his party advanced against him. He was tried by a court-martial, the members of which were selected by Tyrconnell, and acquitted. The following testimony of the Earl of Westmeath, in a letter to Mr. Harris, the author of a Life of King William, is unimpeachable. "I was in Limerick," he writes, "and present at Colonel Luttrell's trial; though neither I nor Sarsfield, nor Colonel Purcell, were on the court-martial.

My Lord Tyrconnell appointed those he thought he had an influence on to be on it, who, though many of them were his nephews, and Mark Talbot his natural son, who being much wounded at Aughrim came to the court-martial, Colonel Luttrell was acquitted, and it was impossible he could be found guilty by men that had either honesty or honour. I read in a printed book a false allegation against Colonel Luttrell, as if he had given an opportunity to Ginckle to have a bridge laid over the Shannon. Colonel Luttrell was then confined in the castle of Limerick, and brigadier Clifford commanded when the bridge was laid over, and by a very great neglect he made no opposition to it. He was for that neglect confined in the castle; and I believe, if the capitulation had not been made, he must of course be condemned by a court-martial."

¹²⁷ The only remarkable incident that occurred during the siege was the slaughter that took place at Thomond Bridge, in consequence of the treachery or pusillanimity of a French major. On the 22nd of September, the works which defended the Clare side were ordered to be attacked; the Irish fought bravely, but were ultimately beaten, and made a rush to the bridge. The Frenchman, fearing, it is said, that the English grenadiers would enter with the retreating soldiery, ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and left the fugitives to the mercy of their pursuers. The consequence was, that nearly all the Irish were destroyed; 600 having been put to the sword, and 150 drowned, in the vain attempt to reach the walls by swimming. The circumstance undoubtedly contributed to the ultimate surrender of the city, as it increased the suspicion with which the Irish had long regarded their French allies.

¹²⁸ This celebrated document is said to have been signed by the several contracting parties on a large stone, near to Thomond Bridge, on the county of Clare side of the river. The stone remains in the position it occupied at the period, and is an object of curiosity to strangers, as well as of interest to the citizens of Limerick. Although the statement depends entirely on tradition, it is not unlikely to be true. A medal was struck to perpetuate the memory of the surrender of Limerick. The busts of King William and Queen Mary were represented; on the reverse was "Fame sounding her trumpet, her wings spread, holding in her right hand a mural crown and a palm branch, which she extends towards a bright light diffused from heaven. The city of Limerick is seen in the background, closely besieged, the bombs flying into it, and round the medal this inscription:—*Non hæc sine numine*

Divum,'—these things are due to propitious Heaven. On the exergue, 'Limerica capta, Hibernia subacta, Octobris 1691; '—Limerick taken and Ireland subdued, in October 1691."

¹²⁹ "William and Mary, by the grace of God King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defenders of the faith. To all to whom these presents shall come greeting. Whereas certain articles, bearing date the 3rd day of October last past, made and agreed on between our justices of our kingdom of Ireland, and our general of our forces there, on the one part, and several officers there commanding within the city of Limerick, in our said kingdom, on the other part; whereby our said justices and general did undertake that we should ratify those articles, within the space of eight months or sooner; and use their utmost endeavours that the same should be ratified and confirmed in parliament: and whereas the said city of Limerick hath been since, in pursuance of the said articles, surrendered unto us: now know ye, that we, having considered of the said articles, are graciously pleased hereby to declare, that we do for us, our heirs, and successors, as far as in us lies, ratify and confirm the same, and every clause, matter, and thing therein contained. And as to such parts thereof for which an act of parliament shall be found to be necessary, we shall recommend the same to be made good by parliament, and shall give our royal assent to any bill or bills that shall be passed by our two houses of parliament to that purpose."

¹³⁰ Even in the very place where "The Treaty" was agreed to and signed, it was most flagrantly violated. In 1703, an act was passed that no Roman Catholic should come to dwell in, or inhabit the city or suburbs of Limerick, or town of Galway; and that the then Roman Catholic residents should depart out of the said city and town before the 25th of March, 1705, unless they gave sufficient securities for bearing true and faithful allegiance to the queen and her successors. These measures were carried into effect with more or less rigour as the rumours of invasion rose or fell, until the year 1724, when liberty to dwell within the city of Limerick was granted to Roman Catholics, without requiring them to enter into securities for their good behaviour.

¹³¹ It is said that Ginckle was so mortified and disappointed at the result of the day's proceeding, and especially with the active interference of the Roman Catholic clergy, that he was inclined to quarrel with the Irish general, and threatened to send back the hostages. Sarsfield bowed, and said, "I am in your power." "Not so," replied the gallant Dutchman, "for you shall go into the town again, and do the worst you can."

¹³² That the hearts of the army were not with the French is, however, sufficiently notorious. Of the portion that was marched for Cork, a very large number—more than half, indeed—deserted on the way. “The men,” says O’Driscoll, “quitted their ranks every mile they proceeded, and went to their own homes, or to look for homes amongst their friends and relations;” and of those that were embarked in the Shannon, “A regard for truth,” writes the old historian of Limerick, “obliges us to confess, that many unjustifiable means were used to inveigle these brave fellows into the French service. They were torn from their wives and families, and when some of the unhappy women clung to the sides of the boats to share the fates of their husbands, their fingers were cut off, and some of them perished in sight of their husbands.”

¹³³ Ferrar states that the city derived its ancient name “Lumneach” from the fact that “the island on which it is built, so pleasing in its situation, and so well calculated to prevent surprise by the river Shannon surrounding it, was fixed on for the rendezvous of a gang of outlaws, who subsisted by plundering the neighbouring counties. Here they brought their horses and other booty, from whence it acquired the name of Lumneach, or a spot made bare by feeding horses.”

¹³⁴ There is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the bells of Limerick cathedral. The story is prettily told, and will bear repetition. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d’œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and the bells were carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he

formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him dead!

¹³⁵ We are indebted to the industry of Mr. Inglis—to whose accuracy in collecting facts, and perfect fairness in reporting them, we gladly bear testimony—for the following statement, showing that the advance of the prosperity of Limerick has been rapid and uniform:—"The amount of exports has nearly doubled since the year 1822. Nor has this increase been in only one branch of trade. With very few exceptions it has attended every branch. The corn export trade, especially, has advanced. In 1822, the export of wheat was 102,593 barrels; in 1828, the export had increased to 150,583 barrels; in 1832, the quantity exported was 194,144 barrels; and in 1833, 218,915. In barley, the export has never been great; and although it has doubled since the year 1824, it has somewhat decreased during the two last years. In oats, the increase has been very great. From 155,000 barrels, exported in 1822, the quantity had risen, in 1832, to 408,000. In flour and oatmeal, too, the increase of export has been steady and great. Of the former article, 172 cwt. only was exported in 1824. In 1828, the quantity had risen to upwards of 6,000 cwt.; in 1832, it was 33,000 cwt.; and in 1833, upwards of 37,000. In oatmeal, the advance has been equally great. The butter trade, which I have found rather declining in most other places, exhibits no symptom of decline in Limerick. In 1822, 42,869 firkins were exported; in 1831, 67,699 firkins were exported; the following year, there was an advance upon this quantity; and in 1833, 75,000 firkins were

exported. In many other articles of trade, the increase has been equally great; but the general increase of trade is best observed by the estimated value of the whole exports. In 1822, the estimated value was £479,538; in 1830, the estimated value was £720,266; the following year, it was £854,406; in 1832, it was £1,005,945; and in 1833, £936,995. The tonnage of vessels clearing out of the port exhibits the same advance. In 1822, the tonnage was 92,876; in 1825, 41,871; in 1831, 52,326; in 1833, 56,850." We have procured the following returns of the quantity of provisions shipped from the port in the year 1840:—Beef, 1,097 tierces; ditto, 48 barrels; pork, 9,573 tierces; ditto, 15,726 barrels; butter, 71,513 firkins; bacon, 56,542 cwt.; wheat, 54,528 barrels; oats, 325,901 barrels; barley, 10,454 barrels; bran, 1,883 cwt.; flour, 58,840 cwt.; oatmeal, 29,660 cwt.; lard, 11,328 cwt.; hams, 8,269 cwt.; hides, 460 cwt., malt, 485 cwt. The whole of the exports of this year, 1840, may be estimated at about the value of £1,500,000. Unhappily, however, the extent of the export trade, although sufficiently illustrative of the prosperity of the city, is by no means a test of the comforts and welfare of the people. In 1822, when the exports were comparatively small, potatoes were not above 1½*d.* per stone; and in the year 1840, when they were greatest, the same article of food had reached to 8*d.*—the poor being literally starving.

¹³⁶ The leather was so delicate, and the workmanship so fine, that a pair was frequently passed through a wedding ring; we purchased a pair enclosed in a walnut shell.

¹³⁷ The Limerick hook is formed of the purest steel, and each hook is separately tempered; the point is remarkably sharp, carried almost to the fineness of a needle; it will never bend and rarely break; it is longer in the fang than any other hook; and has no bend, as in the Kirby hook. The salmon hooks are frequently much larger than the No. 6. The flies used on the Shannon are of a very gaudy character—much more so than either the English, Scotch, Welsh, or even those applied to other Irish rivers—the feathers most available are those of the golden pheasant (toppings). Although fully effective in luring the salmon, it resembles no insect hitherto discovered. We had prepared, for introduction here, some observations on angling in Ireland; but the county of Limerick supplies us with so many topics more peculiar to it, that these remarks we reserve for a future occasion. The Shannon is famous for salmon-fishing, but not for the salmon alone; and the rivers that run into it abound in trout. The increased facilities for exporting to England have of course ma-

terially raised the price of the fish; but a few years ago salmon was usually sold in Limerick market for a penny a pound; and it was a common proviso in the indentures of an apprentice to any decent trade, that he should not be required to eat salmon for dinner more than thrice a week. We have seen one of the contracts that contained the singular stipulation.

¹³⁸ There are three principal lace manufactories in Limerick, that of Messrs. Walker and Lambert is the oldest, and continues to be the most extensive. A considerable loss was sustained by Mr. Walker at the commencement of his patriotic undertaking; but as he became acquainted with the character and habits of the people, he was enabled, gradually, to overcome all the difficulties in his way, and of late years his establishment has steadily progressed. In 1844, he employed 1,100 females, about 800 of whom were apprentices, working in the factories at Limerick and Kilrush; while about 300 were employed at their own houses, in the counties of Limerick and Clare. The great superiority of the lace manufactured by these gentlemen, over that of a similar class of goods made either at Nottingham or other lace manufacturing districts of England, is universally admitted by all who are acquainted with it. It should be borne in mind, that a vast quantity of inferior material is constantly thrown into the market as Limerick lace, that has no affinity to it, either in design or in execution. The manufactory next in importance is that of Mr. Lloyd (an Englishman as well as Mr. Walker). He settled in the city in 1834, to aid in the management of Mr. Walker's concern, where he continued for eighteen months, devoting his attention to the introduction of a new style of work, which he asserts "has given to the manufacture the character it now bears in the English and Scotch markets." In 1835, a separation took place between Mr. Walker and Mr. Lloyd; and the latter commenced the establishment which he now carries on, in Abbey Court; where he employs about 400 girls and women, whose ages vary from eight or nine to about thirty. A third factory, but more limited, is that of Mr. Greaves (an Englishman also); it was commenced, in 1836, on a small scale, but in consequence of the great energy and activity manifested by this gentleman, his factory has largely increased; he now gives employment to 200 females, and is continually adding to the number. In the several establishments, the utmost attention is paid to the social and moral condition of the workers; and good habits are studiously taught them as well as their business; they are remarkably cleanly and well-ordered; and their appearance is healthy and comfortable. Their health is care-

fully watched by medical practitioners, who attend upon them at their own houses in cases of illness, the expense of which is defrayed by the masters. The utmost attention is paid to them by their instructors, who are much interested as well as earnestly disposed to render them proficient in their work. They are apprenticed at an early age, and although some time must elapse before the employer can receive any recompense from their labour, they at once receive a small rate of wages, equivalent, however, to their actual wants, and augmenting as they progress. The proprietors of the several concerns spare neither trouble nor expense to improve the manufacture. Mr. Lloyd annually visits Brussels, Caen, and other parts of France, to collect new designs; and he is consequently enabled to produce specimens as elegant and highly wrought as any of continental manufacture.

¹³⁹ Mr. Russell has a "rat barrack" on his premises. It is about twelve feet long and six feet broad, and the walls about four feet high with a coping-stone on the top, that projects a couple of feet inside the wall—the inside of the wall is full of holes that just admit a rat's body, leaving his tail outside—the whole is covered with old boards; there are two passages for them to come outside into the yard, where they are fed and never disturbed; the consequence is they never go into his store where the bacon is—once every three months he closes the holes that communicate with the yard—he uncovers the walls and the rats all run into the holes in the walls; their tails are "hanging out," when a man goes in, takes them one by one by the tails and throws them into a barrel, when they are all destroyed, to leave room for a fresh supply.

¹⁴⁰ The name *Mons Pietas* came with the invention from Italy. In the first century of the Christian era, free gifts were collected and preserved in churches to defray the expenses of divine service, and for the relief of the poor. The collections thus made were called *Montes*, or *Mounts*, a name originally applied to all money procured or heaped together, and it has appeared that the inventor added the word *Pietas*, to give to his institution a sacred or religious character, and to procure for it universal approbation and support. In Italy their establishment is of a very early date; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the plan had spread to nearly all its cities. The first lending-house in Germany was authorised by the Emperor Maximilian the First, in 1498, in a grant to the citizens of Nuremberg. In 1568, a lending-house was established at Amsterdam by the magistrates, at the recommendation of William, Prince of Orange; and in 1619, at Brussels; in

1620, at Antwerp; in 1622, at Ghent. Attempts were made between the years 1626 and 1695 to introduce the system into France; but they were unsuccessful until the year 1777, when a Mont de Piété was established in Paris by a royal ordinance of Louis the Sixteenth. Buonaparte, by the Code Napoleon, 1804, further regulated these establishments in France, enacting "That no house of loan or security can be established but to the profit of the poor, and with the approbation of government;" and declaring that the object of these institutions should be, "*to lower interest to the poor, and turn profits to the Hospitals.*" The principle upon which these institutions were formed, therefore, is to relieve the temporary wants of the poor by advances of money upon pledges, securing them from rapacious and usurious exactions, and that the *profits* (after defraying the expenses and paying the interest of the capital employed) should become a fund for the benefit of the class of persons from whom they are *derived*, and appropriated to *their* maintenance and support, when sickness or disease prevent their pursuing their ordinary occupations.

141 "Taking a view of this majestic river, its lakes and lateral branches, which receive the drainage of a considerable portion of Ireland, they also appear as if formed and designed by *Nature* as the great arteries of the kingdom for facilitating its agricultural and commercial purposes, by marking out a splendid line of intercourse for an expeditious and cheap mode of conveyance (through a populous country) superior to any in the empire, and only requiring a little assistance from *Art* to render it beneficially useful to an unlimited extent; but her grand designs have hitherto been in a great measure frustrated, and may not improperly be compared to a 'sealed book.' This is caused by a few natural, but the greater part are artificial, obstructions, which dam up the water, and inundate the country to a formidable extent; this renders the navigation very imperfect by the great accumulation and expanse of its waters in winter, few beacons to mark out the course, and the detention by adverse winds, unless aided by steam power. In summer-time the water is too shallow at several parts for a laden vessel, or even with a moderate draft of water, to get over them, so that, taking it altogether, it almost amounts to a prohibition of any trade being carried on with certainty, (at present being very limited,) which is to be regretted, as it tends greatly to retard any general or permanent improvement taking place throughout this great extent of fine country. fertile and abundant in its agricultural and mineral productions."—*Report, River Shannon Navigation* (Mr. Rhodes), 1832.

¹⁴² The second Report of the Commission for Improving the Navigation of the Shannon has been recently issued. It having been arranged with the Treasury that the ordinary expenditure for work shall not exceed £100,000 a-year, nearly the whole of this sum has been absorbed by the necessary payments for compensation and purchase of lands, providing steam-dredging vessels, and other expenses, preparatory to the commencement of the principal works, several of the most important of which have been commenced during the spring of the present year. The Commissioners are also about to turn their attention to the plans and specifications necessary for entering into contracts for works on the Upper Shannon, the improvement of which appears to be of more pressing necessity than the Limerick division, as the navigation of the latter is already open. Several eel weirs, and other impediments to the navigation, have been removed with complete success. The Commissioners have also very properly turned their attention to the preservation of the eels and salmon with which the river abounds, and have, by the organization of water-bailiffs, &c., prevented much of the fry of both from being destroyed, as they used to be, wantonly. They have received the co-operation of the neighbouring proprietors, an association of whom have appointed watchmen to act under the water-bailiffs appointed by the Commissioners—the latter in no way interfere with fishing at the proper season. The actual expenditure for the past year has been £2,370 for establishment, £87,628 for works, and £44,714 for loans to counties, which are to be repaid. They have received in rents, tolls, and wharfage, £3,960.

¹⁴³ “The opening of the Shannon will be the certain means of physical improvement to the people along its banks and in its vicinity, and to the country at large, and is deserving the most serious consideration of the legislature; as the establishing of lines of intercourse, and promoting habits of industry amongst the people, would be the most effectual means of dissipating the present feelings of discontent, and of preventing the recurrence of those lawless acts which are so much to be regretted throughout this part of the country: but it is a work of too much magnitude, under all the circumstances, to be attempted by any individual interest; and I am of opinion that no great and really permanent system of improvement must be looked for upon the general line of the Shannon, but through the intervention of legislative enactment and superintendence.”—*Report River Shannon Navigation* (Mr. Rhodes), 1832.

¹⁴⁴ We cannot easily forget our sensations of mingled alarm and

enjoyment, while rushing along this course—at night, but by the light of a brilliant moon; it was exciting to the highest degree. We had confidence in our helmsman (if so we must term the man with the paddle-rudder he held in his hand); yet every now and then the voyage was a startling one; and the danger quite sufficient to shake stronger nerves than ours. He had nothing to do, but to keep a keen eye upon the rocks, at either side, and guide his “cot” by pushing aside a wave with a strong arm, so as to keep in the centre of the current; and he did so with wonderful accuracy. We were afterwards convinced that there was in reality no more peril than there would have been upon the Thames; for the boatmen are so skilful and so well practised that they govern their boats with absolute certainty. The boats are flat-bottomed (for often the stream is not above a few inches deep), narrowed, and squared at the stem and stern. The paddle is a piece of flat wood, about three feet long, increasing from the handle to the breadth of about ten inches; only one is used; which the man changes from side to side according to the direction in which he desires to proceed—using it alternately to advance the boat, and as a helm to steer its course. We refer more especially to the boats used by the fishermen, in which the oars are seldom resorted to; for they are pushed up the stream by a long and strong pole; and the current takes them down it without an effort.

¹⁴⁵ About sixty years ago, Ferrar, the historian of Limerick, thus wrote of the Palatines:—“They preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at reasonable rents; they are consequently better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their modes of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have, by degrees, left off their sour-cROUT, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oaten and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many. They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oaten straw; their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have stables, cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen-gardens: the women are very industrious, and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides their domestic employments and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in everything. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a labor-

ious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

146 "The most remarkable of all the ruins, because the most uncommon, are the remains of a wide street, with a range of houses on each side, the walls of which, built of hewn limestone, are as fresh as the day they were finished. The plans of these houses are nearly all the same; they present two or more gable-ends to the street, and are divided into three stories. The entrances, by spacious portals with semicircular arches open into small halls, which communicate with broad passages, that probably contained the stairs, whence there are door-ways leading to the principal apartments. The windows, of a square form, and small in proportion to the size of the rooms, are divided into compartments by one or more uprights, and sometimes by a cross of stone. The chimney-pieces are large and lofty, and the fire-places calculated for containing huge piles of wood. All the ornaments are of a very simple kind." We have copied this description from Weld's "Killarney;" it was sufficiently accurate in the year 1812; but, as we have stated, the beauty of these ruins is gradually departing—a spoiler more constant in labour at their destruction than even the queen's deputy or the general of Cromwell being continually at work among the marvels of the old city.

"Tradition relates," (we again borrow from Mr. Weld,) "that when the commander of the Parliamentary army entered Kilmallock, he was so struck with its uncommon beauty that, contrary to the dictates of that cruel policy which led to the destruction of every fortified town and every castle and habitation of the Irish, he resolved to spare the place; but having afterwards learned that nearly the whole of the inhabitants bore the same name, he judged it imprudent to leave so powerful a confederacy in quiet possession of their property, and, adding another to the numerous examples of vengeance which had already been exercised to strike terror into the enemy, he gave orders to demolish the city." At this period, however, Kilmallock had risen phoenix-like from its ashes, for it had been previously destroyed during the reign of Elizabeth, by order of James Fitzmaurice. The following extract from a letter addressed by the council of Ireland to the queen relates the particulars of that event:—"After Gilberts departinge, the government of that countrie being committed to the Earle of Ormonde, wee understood by an advertisemente sent from the earle the continuance of the rebells weakness, till of late that

gatheringe a force of naked rascals unto him, (as the earle writethe,) the copy of whose letter we hearewith send unto your Majestie, uppon a sodaine hathe assailed the town of Kilmaloge, the second of this present" (March 15), "skalinge the walles abowte the dawinge of the daie, and not beinge resisted in eny sort by the inhabitants of the towne of Kilmaloge, hathe taken it (being as we are enformed encouraged to come thether partie for that it was made knowne unto him (as it shoulde seeme by secret advertisements) how slenderlie and necligently the towne was garded), and as some suspecte, and not altogether without cause, he was alured and brought thearunto by the drawghte of some of the inhabitants or their neighbours neir abowtes. So that enteringe the towne as afore we have declared he bourned the most part of it, a fewe castles excepted, the walles yet remaininge standinge and with no great chardge to be repaired, and made gardeable: the things seemed to be so sodaine, that neither the earle who had chardge of the countrie, nor the townes men themselves whom it semethe to toutche neerest, never suspected eny suche matter; for if they had advertised eny suche daunger or increase of rebel's power, thear had bene sufficient supplie of men sent to have prevented that attempt. And thus muche oure dier Sovereigne, we thought it oure bounden dewties to advertise yor highness of the trouthe of the surprise of Kilmaloge, knowinge how apt these people be to spred slanderous and sedicious brutes, and to sowe vaine and faulse rumours, wch are not unlike maye be by some report brought to youre Majesty's ears." This curious historical extract, from the MSS. of the State Paper Office, and other particulars respecting the history of Kilmallock, have been copied from the "Historical Illustrations of Kilmallock," in 4to, by Mr. Crofton Croker, of which *one* copy only of the letterpress was printed, with fifty copies of the illustrations for distribution among his friends.

¹⁴⁷ It was a daughter of this earl who inspired the muse of Surrey. He made, it is said, in conformity with the chivalric spirit of the age, the tour of Europe, proclaiming the unparalleled charms of the ladye Geraldine; issuing a defiance against any knight who should presume to question her superiority; and proving his prowess and knightly skill, by overcoming aspersers of her beauty, at Florence and at Windsor:

"Fostred she was with milke of Irish breast;
Her sire an erle."

148 A romantic incident of the war is thus recorded in the life of Sir John Perrot. It is so striking an illustration of the character of the age, that we do not hesitate to give it at length. "James Fitz Moris, (the brother of the earl,) knowing that the Lord President did desier nothing more than the finishing of those warres, and the subduinge of those rebells, made shew that he was willing to finish the same with combate or single fight, and did send the Lord President word thereof, as believing that the Presidents longinge for a speedie yssue and expectation thereof would keepe hym for a time from farther action and proceeding agynst the rebells; and soe indeede it tooke the same effect, for James Fitz Moris did first offer to fight with fiftie of his horsemen agynst the Lord President and fiftie of his, which the Lord President willingly accepted, and made choyse of soe many, whereof most were his owne servants. But when the time of performance came, James Fitz Moris made excuse, and sent word that he would willingly fight with the Lord President in single combate, hand to hand. To which message the Lord President sent answer, that although he knew there was a difference betwixt theyr persons and theyr places, yet he would willingly accept his challenge for the finishing of the warres. Then the time, place, and manner of this combate was concluded on, the place appointed at Amely, an old toun six miles from Kyllmallock. The weapons that were assigned to fight withall, was by James Fitz Moris appoyntment, sword and targett; and they should be both clad in Irish trouses, which the President did provide of scarlett, and was redie according to appoyntment, saying—'That although he knew James Fitz Moris to be his inferior in all respects, yet he would reckon it a life well adventured, to bereve such a rebell of his life.' Thither came the Lord President, and thither came most of the nobilitie and gentlemen of that province to see this combatt performed. When the time of performance came, James Fitz Moris came not, but sent a cunning and subtle excuse by one Cono Roe Oharnan, beinge an Irish poet, saying, that he would not fight with the Lord President at all, not soe much for feare of his life, but because on his life did depend the safety of all such as were of his party. 'For,' said he, 'if I should kill Sir John Perrot, the queene of England can send another President into this province; but if he do kyll me, there is none other to succede me, or to command as I doe, therefore I will not willingly fight with hym, and so tell hym from me.' When the Lord President herd this, he was much discontented

that he had suffered hymself to be thus abused, and that he had lost so much time and opportunitie, therefore he vowed without delay to 'hunt the foxe out of his hole,' as he sayd."

The tragical fate of this James Fitz Moris, who, after many encounters with the best troops of Elizabeth, was slain in a petty broil, may bear transcribing. "He had advanced some distance into the county of Limerick, when his carriage horses (which they terme garons) waxed faint, and could not travell anie further: wherefore he commanded some of his men to go before and look what garons they first found in the fields, they should take them and bring them unto him. And as it fell out, they espied a plow of garons plowing in the field, which they foorthwith tooke perforce from the poore husbandmen, two of them, and carried them awaie. Whereupon, according to the custome of the countrie, the hobub or the hue and crie was raised. Some of the people followed the track, and some went to their lord's house, which was Sir William Burke, being neere at hand to advertise the matter, who having three or foure of his sonnes and very tall gentlemen at home with him, they tooke their horses and a few kernes, and two shot with them, and followed the track, and overtooke them at a fastenes fast by the wood side, where they found James Fitz Moris, whom before they knew not to be come into those parties to make head to answer them. But when he saw that it was his cousine Theobald Burke, and his brother, and his companie, who had beene his companions in the late rebellion, when Sir John Perrot was Lord President of Mounster, he spake ouer unto them and said, 'Cousine Theobald (who was the eldest son to his father), two carriage horses shall be no breach betweene us two; and I hope that you which doo know the cause that I haue now in hand, you will take my part therein, and doo as I and others will doo:' and so continuing some speeches, did what he could to draw him and all his companie to be partakers in this rebellion. But he answered that he and his father had already dealt too much that waie with him, and that he will neuer doo the like againe; for his father, he, and all his brethren had sworne to be true, obedient, and faithful to the queenes majestie, and which oth they would neuer breake, cursing the daie and time that euer they joined with him in so bad a cause against hir majestie; and therefore required to haue his garons againe, or else he would come by them as well as he could. James Fitz Moris standing upon his reputation, thought it too such dishonourable unto him to depart with that which he had in hand, and, therefore, utterlie denied the deliurie, and thereupon each partie set spurre to the horses

and incountered the one the other. The skirmish was verie hot and cruell, and Theobald Burke and one of his yoonger brethren were slaine and some of their men. James Fitz Moris likewise and his companie had the like successe, for he himselfe was first hurt and wounded, and then with a shot stricken through the head, and so was slaine, with sundrie of his companions; wherein he found that the pope's blessings, and warrant, his *Agnus Dei*, and his graines had not those vertues to saue him, as an Irish staffe, or a bullet, had to kill him." "Thus," says Leland, "the ambitious schemes of this aspiring and turbulent Geraldine ended with his life in a petty brawl unworthy of a soldier." Smith states that Fitzmaurice being remarkable by a yellow doublet was shot in the breast, and died in the arms of Doctor Allen, and these particulars occur in an Irish manuscript, from which source, although he has not referred to his authority, they were probably derived by that writer. It is also related by Smith, that "after Fitzmaurice's death, his cousin, Maurice Fitz John, caused his head to be cut off, and left it wrapped in a blanket under an old oak; the body without an head being brought to Kilmallock, and there hanged upon a tree." His mangled remains were afterwards, according to the barbarous fashion of the time, cut into quarters, which were set upon the gates of the town. Hooker says, "After he was thus dead, and the same made knowen to the Lord Justice, he gave order that he should be hanged in the open market of Kilmallocke, and be beheaded and quartered, and the quarters to be set upon the towne gates of Kilmallocke, for a perpetuall memoriall to his reproch for his treasons and perjuries, contrarie to his solemne oth.

¹⁴⁹ The estates confiscated contained nearly 600,000 acres, in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Waterford: more than one half were restored to the "pardoned traitors;" the remainder was divided into seigniories of 12,000, 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres. The English undertaker was to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniorie of 12,000 acres, for the first three years, £33 6s. 8d. sterling, and after that period double the amount. The undertaker was to have for his own demesne, 2,100 acres; for six farmers, 400 acres each: six freeholders, 100 acres each; and the residue was to be divided into smaller tenures, on which thirty-six families at least were to be established. The lesser seigniories were to be laid out and peopled in the same manner, in proportion to their extent. Each undertaker was to people his seigniorie in seven years; he was to have license to export all commodities duty free to England, for five years—the planters were to be English,

and no English planter was permitted to convey to any *mere Irish*. Each undertaker was bound to furnish the state with three horsemen and six footmen armed—the lesser seigniories in the same proportion; and each copyholder was to find one footman armed; but they were not compelled to serve out of Munster for seven years, and then to be paid by the crown.

¹⁵⁰ The hair-breadth escapes of the Sугan Earl were as remarkable as those of his predecessor. On one occasion he was tracked to a wood near Kilmallock, and a party sent to arrest him. He was in company with Mc Craghe, “the Pope’s bishop of Corke;” and they were both “lodged in a poore ragged cabbín.” Desmond fled barefoot, “having no leisure to pull on his shoes:” but Mc Craghe was met by some of the soldiers “clothed in a simple mantle, and torne trowsers, like an aged churle; and the soldiers neglecting so poore a creature not able to carry weapon, suffered him to pass unregarded—not thinking him worth a hanging.” The earl’s capture was at length effected thus:—we condense the account from the ‘*Pacata Hibernia*.’ One Desmond Odogan, a harper, dwelling at Garryduffe, used to harbour this arch-rebell; upon one occasion of some stealth in the country, the thieves making towards this fastnesse, the soldiers pursued them into the wood, where the supposed erle was ready to goe to supper, but discovering the soldiers, he and his companions left their meate and made haste to shift for themselves. The soldiers finding the provision and a mantle, which they knew to be his, followed the chase of the stag now roused. By this time the harper had conveyed the Sугan Earle into the thickest part of the fastnesse, and himselfe with his two other companions of purpose discovered themselves to the souldiers, and left the wood with the lapwings policie, that they being busied in pursuit of them, the other might remaine secure within that fastnesse; and so indeed it fell out. The earl was supposed to have fled into the country of the white knight, his near kinsman; and the knight was rebuked with sharp words and bitter reprehensions for not having apprehended the traitor, for which he was threatened to be called upon to answer both with life and lands. Upon which the white knight vowed with his soule that he would give the president a good account of him alive or dead. Forthwith he made known unto some of his faithfullest followers to help him in the perill he stood; upon which one of them which loved him dearely compassionating the perplexity he was in,—But would you indeed (said he) lay hands upon James Fitz-Thomas, if you knew where to

find him? the knight confirmed it with protestations; Then follow me, said he, and I will bring you where he is. They were guided to a narrow cave, in the mountain Slewgor, which had but a narrow mouth yet deepe in the ground, where the caitiff earl was then lurking: and so he was taken.

¹⁵¹ A whimsical legend in connexion with the priory is still current among the peasantry; a saying "as wise as the women of Mungret" being common to this day. It arose, as it is said, from the following circumstance:—The fame of the learned and musical monks having widely spread, a deputation was sent from the famous college at Cashel, in order to ascertain which of the two monasteries might claim the honour of being most perfect in the dead languages. The monks of Mungret became alarmed, lest they might be beaten in the contest, and so their reputation be ruined. They, therefore, hit upon an expedient to escape the danger of defeat; and having dressed up some of the junior students as women, and others as peasants, placed them at convenient distances along the road, by which their rivals of Cashel must necessarily travel. As the deputation advanced, they naturally inquired the way to Mungret, and put to the persons they met other questions—each of which was immediately answered either in Greek or Latin. The worthies, consequently, held a conference; and disliking also to encounter the risk of being worsted at their own weapons, they very wisely resolved to retrace their steps, and avoid a battle in which they would of course be overcome—inasmuch as so impregnated was the whole neighbourhood with learning, that even the women and workmen thereof could speak fluently the languages they came to make the subject of battle.

¹⁵² The legend of Beamon's candle—said to have given a name to the "Rock"—is a very famous legend. In ancient times a hut stood where the castle now stands; and the only dweller in it was an old witch, named Beamon. Every night a candle flung its gleams around the adjacent country; and whoever chanced to see it became a corpse before morning. Even to this day the peasant when he passes it, after the sun is down, will turn his eyes in an opposite direction. The power of the necromancer was destroyed in the manner described to us by our guide.

¹⁵³ There are several ancient tombs inscribed in Mæso-Gothic letters. Some handsomely-executed canopied niches, richly ornamented with crockets and finals, line the side walls, and near the altar end is a mural monument with the following inscription,—the first line a hexameter, the second a pentameter:—

Epitaphium chronographicum
 Hic Oliverus inest genitus genitorque Richardus
 Stephenson clericandor uterque choro est,
 Ano. 1642.
 D. O. M.

Maritis suis Richardo Stephenson eivs et filio Dm. Olivero Stephenson ac posteris suis hoc bustum fieri fecerunt D. Margarita ni Brien et Elinora Browne. Ano. Do. 1646.

We were told that the only living descendant of these Stephensons is now a poor weaver, residing in the neighbourhood.

¹⁵⁴ Many of these war-cries are retained as family mottoes—that of the Fitzgeralds, for example, “Cromaboo,” by the Duke of Leinster; others have been long since abandoned, and others have departed with the families who bore them. The O’Neal’s cry was Lamh-dearg-aboo—Huzza for the red hand (his crest); O’Brien’s, Lamh-laidir-aboo—Huzza for strong hand; the Bourkes, Galraigh-aboo—Huzza for the red Englishman; the Fitzpatricks, Gear-laidir-aboo—Huzza for strong and sharp—alluding to their crest, a lion and a dragon; the Mac Swineys, Battailah-aboo—Huzza for the noble staff; the Hiffernans, Ceart-na-suas-aboo—Huzza for the right from above; the Husseys, Cair-direach-aboo—Huzza for strict justice, &c. &c. In the tenth year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, an act was passed, prohibiting the use of these family war-cries: “*Item*, prayen the commons in this present Parliament assembled, that forasmuch as there has been great variances, malices, debates, and comparisons, between diverse lords and gentlemen of this land, which hath daily increased by seditious means of diverse idle and ill-disposed persons, utterly taking upon them to be servants to such lords and gentlemen; for that they would be borne in their said idleness, and their other unlawful demeaning, and nothing for any favour or entirely good love or will that they bear unto such lords and gentlemen. Therefore it be enacted and established by the same authority, That no person, ne persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, take part with any lord or gentleman, or uphold any such variances or comparisons in word or deed, as in using these words, Com-abo, Butler-abo, or other words like, or otherwise contrary to the king’s laws, his crown, and dignity, and peace; but to call only on St. George, or the name of his sovereign lord the king of England for the time being. And if any person or persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, do contrary so offending in the premisses, or any of them, be

taken and committed to ward, there to remain without bayle or mainprize, till he or they have made fine after the discretion of the king's deputy of Ireland, and the king's counsail of the same, for the time being."—*Rot. Parl. cap. 38.*

¹⁵⁵ There is no object which the peasantry regard with so much superstitious dread as the rath, from the belief that it is the especial property of the fairies. It is almost impossible to find a labourer who can be tempted by any reward to put his spade into one of them. They have consequently remained undisturbed for ages; and often a large space is, therefore, suffered to continue an unprofitable waste in the centre of a fertile meadow. Stories in abundance are told of punishments that have followed attempts to open or level these raths, and of scenes and objects witnessed by persons who have unconsciously slept beside them, or passed them at night. We have a large collection of these illustrative stories, some of which we may hereafter print. One of them may, for the present, suffice.—Several hundred years ago, long before Dane or Saxon had set foot on "the sod," and disturbed the viewless revels of its guardian genii, a man stood within the circle of a rath in that part of Ireland now called the county Kilkenny. He was a man who, through improvidence, had reduced himself to a state of utter destitution, and had probably sought that spot lonely as consonant to the state of his mind. It was midnight; and amidst the breezes that sighed in the long grass of the hill, he recognised aerial voices, and soon discovered that he was in the presence of no less a personage than the king of the fairies, who was holding a council of his tiny subjects as to the best method of carrying off the daughter of the king of Munster. The man immediately offered his assistance, which was as readily accepted. Off they set for the court of the king of Munster; and before many minutes they were back again at the rath with the king of Munster's fair daughter among them, whom the fairies were about to take with them into the rath, when the man had the courage to ask her for his bride, and the fairy king generously complied with his request. But in bringing her to his humble dwelling, he found her to be only a breathing statue, beautiful indeed, and warm with life, but incapable of speech or motion. He once more repaired to the rath, and again heard two fairies conversing—"A man went with our host last night," said one of the speakers, "and carried off the king of Munster's daughter, who still lies in the cloud of death; but if he pulled the herb that is now under his feet, and gave it to her boiled in new milk, she would soon recover." The man accordingly acted on the hint, and

his lovely bride was soon in full possession of all her faculties, and continued to live with him happily for some time, until the bridegroom began to dread the realization of the old adage, "When poverty enters the door," &c., and had recourse once more to the rath. Here he overheard another conversation of the fairies, wherein they planned no less an enterprise than the carrying away of all the king of Munster's cattle. The child of earth again offered his services, which were as readily accepted; and the "creagh" was gallantly accomplished. But the king of Munster was a cunning old fellow, and notwithstanding the precaution of the fairies in changing the print of the cattle's hoofs, he succeeded in following the course of his flocks and herds, and arrived at the dwelling of his unknown son-in-law, now a rich and happy man, the fairies having bestowed on him a large share of the spoil in recompense for his assistance—(for Swedenborg's doctrine, that spirits can only act on men by men, is an axiom in the philosophy of fairy-land.) The son-in-law, whom we shall call Kenneth, received the king very courteously, and having cautioned his wife against discovering herself to her father, got ready a very sumptuous entertainment. The king having first caught, through the casement, a view of the cattle, remarked that they were very like his own that he had lost. "There is nothing in the world," replied his host, "that has not some other thing exactly like unto it." "True," replied the king, and seemed satisfied. But when he beheld his daughter, nature could not be deceived, and he burst into tears. "Why dost thou weep, O king?" demanded Kenneth. "Because thy wife is the exact resemblance of my long-lost daughter," replied the king. "And what reward wouldst thou give to the man that would restore her?" demanded Kenneth. "Her hand." "Behold her, then, before thee." An explanation now took place, the happy result of which we may anticipate; and Kenneth had ever after good reason to bless the hour in which he first heard the fairy voices in the rath. That raths are structures of very remote antiquity is apparent from the circumstance of their being found in places where the Danes never settled; as also from the cromleachs and stone circles sometimes found on their summits, plainly identifying them with the age of heathenism.

¹⁵⁶ Of other fortified dwellings they possessed several kinds, as the *Dun*, the *Dangion*, the *Lios*, the *Cashiol*, the *Cahir*. These names are sometimes found combined, as Dundangion, near Cork (*corruptè* Dundannion), *Lois na ratha*, the Court of Forts, &c. The Cashiol and Cahir are generally of stone. Staigue fort, in Kerry, of which we have spoken at page 29, is one of this class.

157 "Called by the people of the country 'Knock Dhoinn Firinne'—the Mountain of Donn of Truth. This mountain is very high, and may be seen for several miles around; and when people are desirous to know whether or not any day will rain, they look at the top of Knock Firinne, and if they see a vapour or mist there, they immediately conclude that rain will follow, believing that Donn (the lord or chief of the mountain) and his aerial assistants are collecting the clouds, and that he holds them for some short time to warn the people of the approaching rain. As the appearance of mist on that mountain in the morning is considered an infallible sign that the day will be rainy, Donn is called 'Donn Firinne'—Donn of Truth."—Mr. E. O. Reilly.

158 The legend is, that the last chieftain of the Desmonds—of course, excepting him who became an "apostate" and died in England—keeps his state under the waters of the lake, from which he rises at daybreak, on the morning of every seventh year, and rides, fully armed and accoutred for contest, round its shores; and this duty he is compelled to discharge until the shoes of his steed, which are made of silver, are worn out, when the term of his enchantment will expire, and he will return to earth to resume his station and regain his estates. About seventy years ago, Mr. Stackpoole Baylee made some attempts to drain the lake, and formed a channel to convey the water into ground still lower. The progress of the work was stopped by the sudden death of that gentleman, who was killed by a fall from his horse on returning at night from the house of a neighbour with whom he had dined. It is scarcely necessary to add that the peasants universally attributed the circumstance to an encounter with the Earl of Desmond, who killed the new proprietor of the lands for his presumption in attempting to disturb the chieftain in his dominions beneath the waters. There is another curious legend connected with this lake, but not peculiar to it; it is, that for many years no farmer could cultivate an acre of ground along its borders; for the moment the grass or corn sprung up, the young shoots were eaten off by some unseen or unknown animal. A sturdy fellow, however, set himself to watch, night after night; and at length he saw a fine fat milch cow, followed by seven milk-white heifers, emerge from the Lough, and enter his meadow; he ran between them and the water, and closed the gate of the field, but not before the old cow, more "cute" than her progeny, had rushed by him and made her escape; but the calves remained and became his property—and "mighty proud he was of them, for there weren't the likes of them in the barony." One night he

left the gate open, and next morning his singular visitors were gone. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter "to the author of the *Fairy Legends*," has this remarkable passage: "As for the water-bull, they live who will take their oaths to having seen him emerge from a small lake, on the boundary of my property here (Abbotsford), scarce large enough to have held him, I should think. Some traits in his description seem to answer the hippopotamus, and these are always mentioned both in Highland and Lowland story; strange if we could conceive there existed, under a tradition so universal, some shadowy reference to these fossil bones of animals, which are so often found in the lakes and bogs."

¹⁵⁹ The peasantry have their legends in connexion with every round tower; in nearly every instance the tower is said to have been built in one night.

¹⁶⁰ The vulgar tradition which attributes so many of the antiquities of Ireland to the Danes, has probably arisen from a mis-translation of "Tuatha-de-danaun"—the Danonians, one of the oldest tribes of the aboriginal Irish, who were supposed to erect all their works by magic.

¹⁶¹ The pair of moose-deer horns at Kilfrush were found east of Slieveriagh, at Garryspillane. Another and a larger pair was discovered in the same locality, and are now at Beavor Castle, having been given to the Duke of Rutland by Mr. Gubbins; another pair was given by that gentleman to Sir David Roche, of Cahiras. Several bones were also found, but have not been preserved. Three pair of horns were found at Castle farm bog, near Hospital, two of which hang up in the hall of Kilballyowen, the seat of the O'Grady; the largest of these measures from tip to tip about eleven feet, the other is much smaller. Mr. Lowe, of Castle Jane, has two pair of moose-deer horns, which were found east of Slieveriagh, under the mountain. At Castle Jane, a pair was used to stop a field-gate. The late Mr. Oliver, of Castle Oliver, had a noble pair of moose-deer horns which were thrown away. At Mr. Harrison's, of Castle Harrison, there is a pair which was found at Ballingaddy. At Mount Coote, the seat of Mr. Coote, there is another pair. Three pair were found at Kippane, about a mile from Charleville, and were in the possession of Copley, an innkeeper there. A pair of horns was turned up in Ballyhay bog, in making the new line of road, by a man who flung them in again. At Derk, near Pallasgrane, a pair of moose-deer antlers is in the summer-house of Mr. Beary's garden. Another pair are at Mr. O'Donnell's, of Killredagh, who has also several bones. At Elton, the Rev. Standish O'Grady's, there were two pair of moose-

deer horns, one pair of which have been given by Mr. O'Grady to Lord Dunraven. At Mr. Considine's, at Derk, there is a pair, which were found close to the house. Mr. Gubbins, of Kenmare Castle, near Hospital, gave a pair of moose-deer horns to Mr. Ginnis, of —, near Devonport, said to measure from tip to tip sixteen feet. From the bog of Garrycahira, under Cromwell Hill, an imperfect pair of horns were taken out, which must have been of prodigious size, as the beam at the root of the brow-antlers measured fifteen inches. In 1829, Mr. Crofton Croker raised in Ballingaddy bog a pair of moose-deer horns, but as they were near the surface, the ground in drying had cracked them into several pieces; one horn, however, measured twelve feet and three-quarters of an inch from the tip to the root of the brow-antler; and he was told that no less than nine or ten pair of moose-deer horns had been dug up about the same place, within the previous sixteen years, by a man named Cleary. We might readily extend this catalogue, but we have done enough to show how abundant this noble animal must have been in the county of Limerick; indeed, although such remains are more numerous here than in any other county, they are found in all parts of the kingdom; few of the mansions of the aristocracy are without a pair.

"*When* and *where* did this gigantic species of deer exist? Such is the question which arises at once to every man's mind—yet nothing but mere conjecture can be given in reply. No tradition of its actual existence remains: yet so frequently are bones and antlers of enormous size dug up in the various parts of the island, that the peasantry are acquainted with them as the 'old deer,' and in some places these remains are so numerous and so frequent that they are often thrown aside as useless lumber. A pair of these antlers were used as a field-gate near Tipperary. Another pair had been used for a similar purpose near Newcastle, in the county of Wicklow, until they were decomposed by the action of the weather. There is also a specimen in Charlemont House, the town residence of the Earl of Charlemont, which is said to have been used for some time as a temporary bridge across a rivulet in the county Tyrone. Now, though similar remains have been found in Yorkshire, on the coast of Essex, in the Isle of Man, in different parts of Germany, in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, and in some parts of Lombardy, it is evident that the animal had its favourite haunts in our fertile plains and valleys, and has some claim to the title of the *Irish* fossil deer. Thus one part of the question is answered—we can tell *where* the animal existed, as far as extreme probability can go, but, as to *when*, it baffles our in-

vestigations. There is presumptive evidence that MAN existed at the same period with this animal—one proof of which seems to be in a rib of the deer (presented to the Dublin Society by the same gentleman who presented the skeleton), and which has evidently been perforated with an arrow, or some similar sharp pointed instrument. It is not improbable that the chase of this gigantic creature formed part of the business and pleasure of the then inhabitants of the country, and that amongst its enemies might be included the wolf, and the celebrated Irish wolf-dog.”

¹⁶² The Sidhe (pronounced Shee) were called spirits of the hill, because supposed to come out of pleasant hills, (vid. O’Flaherty’s *Ogygia*). They were also supposed to come in the breeze, the musical sighing of which was thought to be their voices. Among the divinities of the Tutha-de-dananns, it is mentioned that “Storm, Wind, and Breeze (Sidhe) were their three horses.” Many allusions are made to them in Macpherson’s *Ossian*, which are all genuine, as they correspond to passages in old Irish poems.

The genii of the fountains correspond to the angel of the waters in the Revelation, ch. xvi. 5. The question asked St. Patrick and his companions by Eithne and Finola, the daughters of Laoghre, was whether God dwelt “in the hills or the valleys, in the fountains or the rivers?” It is also observed that they took the apostle and his companions, from their *white garments*, to be *men of Sidhe*, or gods of the earth. It may be worthy of observation, that the notions of the Irish and other ancient nations concerning the world of spirits wonderfully harmonise (allowing for the colouring of unenlightened fancy) with the intimations of Scripture.

¹⁶³ Aine, in Irish, signifies a ring or circle.

¹⁶⁴ Some are of opinion that they did not hold the Metempsychosis exactly in the Pythagorean sense. They believed that the body went to the formation of other bodies, but that the spirit hovered in the air, watching over the destinies of earthly friends, frequenting groves, woods, and valleys in summer, and rocks, caves, and mountains in winter—that they all followed their favourite sports, associated together, and fought many battles with the spirits of their former enemies, and in defence of their friends on earth. That their enmity to each other caused them to abuse, sometimes to kill, and carry away their enemies’ relations, haunt their houses, disturb their rest, injure their cattle, &c. Hence the origin of fairies, Banshees, Pookas, &c.

¹⁶⁵ The simple solution of the difficulty is this, that those who wrote in Latin on the Druids, finding a resemblance between them

and the Magi of the East, very properly adopted Magus, as the fittest word for translating the Irish Draoi.

¹⁶⁶ In Ireland, where the ancient laws distinguished the different ranks by the number of colours in their garments, the bard wore a garment of five colours; the Druid—strictly so called—one of six colours; and the three degrees were further distinguished as follows:—The bard, or properly speaking, the File, wore a white mantle, and a blue cap ornamented with a gold crescent. The Faid, or prophet, wore a mantle of grey, or sky-blue (the original word may signify either, or, properly speaking, a hue or tint compounded of both), and a white hood, called prophet's hood: his badge was a golden star, with the inscription "The judgment of Heaven will severely punish iniquity." The Druids, or highest degree of the order, wore a long robe of crimson, and a shorter one of white, and each had suspended at his side his Druid's knife: they wore white caps, ornamented with gold plates, in shape and appearance like fans. The Arch-druid, in addition to these garments, wore a white mantle edged with gold: around his neck was a golden chain, from which was suspended a gold plate, inscribed with the words "The gods require sacrifice:" on the front of his *apaoibedinc* or Druid's cap, was a golden representation of the sun, under a half-moon of silver, supported by two Druids, one at each cusp, in an inclined posture. That this is a correct representation, appears from the number of gold and silver ornaments which have been found in Irish bogs. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship, having in some of their devices a resemblance to those described above: we may instance, in particular, the crescents and fan-shaped ornaments said to be worn by the Druids; the former were, as we have said, very probably used also as talismans, as Montfaucon represents a Druid with one of them in his hand. The most judicious antiquaries have referred these ornaments to a very remote period. Dion notices the art of dyeing a beautiful crimson among the Irish; and garments of various colours were much worn among the Celtic nations, as appears from Diodorus Siculus, and others.

¹⁶⁷ Divination, according to Livy, was very common among the Celts, and we see from Tacitus how much it was practised by the Germans; and in Ireland the same word signifies a Druid and a diviner. In an ancient poem ascribed to Ossian, we find the Druid of Tara directing the attention of Fingal to "the signs of the air," and drawing omens from the aspect of "the sun in the field of the clouds." Fingal (or as he is called in Ireland, Fin Mac Cool)

appears from the same poem to have belonged to the degree of Faids or Vates. But it is in that part called the Lamentation, and sometimes the Song of Omens, that we find a distinct enumeration of the various omens observed by the Druids. Ala (who appears from another part of the poem to have been a Druidess) lamenting the death of her husband and her two sons, who fell in battle with the Fenians, says—

I knew by the mighty hosts
In the clouds above the summit of the tower
By the forms in the valleys of the air,
That danger was not far from my three (heroes)
I knew by the fairy voice in the breeze,
Resounding from the spirits of the hill, surely in my ear,
That not far from me was the rending news—
Your fall—my deep, bitter sorrow!
And I foresaw on the dawn of the day,
When my three fair heroes parted from me,
By the appearance of tears of blood on your cheeks,
That you never would return to the fort.
I knew by the deep voice of the raven,
Each morning since you departed from me
That some of you would fall,
And, alas! too true was the warning.
I foresaw, oh! lights of valour,
From the foam of the torrent beside the fort,
Like blood at the time of your departure,
This deceit which was ever with Fingal.
I foresaw, when the great tree withered
Between the branches, and verdant leaves before the tower,
That victory would not attend your course,
From the wiles of Fin, the son of Comhal.
I knew, when looking after you
On the day you departed from the court,
By the flight of the dark raven out before you,
That it was not a good sign of your return.
I knew, by the hound of Ciardan
Mournfully baying at evening,
That it was not long till I'd find grief,
Your fall, my three heroes, under sorrow.
I knew by the vision of my dream,
That show'd to me its awful form,
My head and my hands cut from me,

That you were without power.
I knew in the appearance in my vision,
A lake of blood in place of our tower,
That my three heroes were killed
By the wile never absent from Fingal.

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